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THE

METHODIST HARMONIST,

CONTAINING

A COLLECTION OF TUNES

FROM THE

BEST AUTHORS, EMBRACING EVERY VARIETY OF METRE,

AND ADAPTED TO THE WORSHIP OF THE

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

A SELECTION OF ANTHEMS, PIECES, AND SENTENCES,

FOR PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

NEW EDITION—REVISED AND GREATLY ENLARGED.

NEW-YORK,

PUBLISHED BY B. WAUGH AND T. MASON, FOR THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, AT THE CONFERENCE OFFICE,
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J. COLLORD, PRINTER.

1833.

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PREFACE.

Singing forms such an interesting and important branch of Divine service, that every effort to improve the science of sacred music should meet with corresponding encouragement. Nothing tends more, when rightly performed, to elevate the mind, and tune it to the strains of pure devotion. Hence the high estimation in which it has been constantly held by the Christian Church. Indeed, every considerable revival of true godliness has been attended, not only with the cultivation and enlargement of knowledge in general, but of sacred poetry and music in particular. Singing and making melody in the heart to the Lord, is the natural result of having the love of God shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Spirit. The melodious notes of many voices, harmoniously uniting to sound the praises of God, cannot but inspire the heart of the Christian to devotion, and elevate the affections to things spiritual and Divine. Who then can be uninterested in the improvement of a science so beneficial to the Church of God! What heart that has ever vibrated to the inspiring sounds of sacred and vocal music, but must exult in every attempt that is made to cultivate and diffuse the knowledge of this useful auxiliary in spreading the knowledge of God our Saviour.

Though the Methodist Episcopal Church has never been insensible to the advantages resulting from the knowledge and practice of vocal music, having always used it—perhaps more than most other denominations of Christians—in public assemblies and private associations; yet a suitable Tune Book, adapted to the various Hymns and metres of its Hymn Book, has long been a desideratum in its spiritual economy. Several efforts, indeed, have been made, by individuals, to supply this deficiency. The subject was brought before the General Conference at its last session; and it was finally referred to the discretion of the Book Agents.

Believing such a collection of tunes, as should be suited to the various metres and subjects of our Hymns, would be highly advantageous to the members and friends of our Church, soon after the Conference closed its session, the Agents adopted measures to accomplish this very desirable object. For this purpose a Committee, consisting of members of our Church, was appointed, who, beside their competency to this undertaking, felt a deep interest in the reputation and utility of this very important part of Divine service. They were requested, in conformity as nearly as practicable to the requisition of our discipline, to make a selection of tunes from authors of approved merit, keeping in view the various sections of our widely extended Connection, that the peculiarity of taste, in the choice of tunes, might, as far as possible, be gratified. They entered upon their labour with cheerfulness, and persevered with conscientious care and diligence until they brought their work to a close: and the tunes comprised in the following selection will evince the result of their exertions, and their communication to the Agents, with which we close this preface, will explain the manner in which they executed the trust confided to them.

N. Bangs,
T. Mason.

"Dear Brethren,—

"Your Committee whose task it has been, by your request, to compile a Book of Tunes for the use of the Methodist Episcopal Church, report: That they have been fully aware of the extreme difficulty of making such a collection of tunes as should in all respects be accommodated either to the fancy or taste of every section of our widely extended Connection. In the use of any particular style of tunes, so much generally depends upon education, local feelings, or mental constitution, that, except with those who are skilled in the science of music, the choice of a tune is seldom caused by a discovery of its intrinsic worth, or its adaptation to the solemnities of Christian worship. Your Committee, therefore, will neither be surprised nor disappointed, if their selection, in coming before the public, meet with some of those discouragements which have attended works of a similar nature.

"Your Committee, however, have not been regardless of the partialities of our societies, in different parts of the Union. They have availed themselves of standard works which have obtained celebrity in the eastern and southern states, as well as those that are in general use among us. The best European authors have also been consulted. Books edited by members of our Church, or with a design to suit our Hymn Book, have received particular attention. They have neglected no means of ascertaining the wishes of our friends, and of accommodating, as far as possible, their plan to those wishes.

"It may be proper to suggest, that the primary object of your Committee has been, not to prepare a collection of tunes for social circles, or singing associations, (though they hope the work will not be unacceptable even in this light,) but, according to your own directions, for the use of worshipping congregations. They have therefore, in the first place, carefully avoided the choice of all such tunes, as from the intricacy or unsuitableness of their style, are incapable of being easily learned by ordinary congregations; for one of the most important objects of public singing is lost, when every tuneful voice in the house of God cannot join in the solemn exercise.

"Secondly, In cordial approbation of that clause of our discipline which disapproves of fugue tunes, they have (with the exception of a very few, the use of which has been established by general practice) passed by those distinguished by that peculiarity.

"Thirdly, In order to assist leaders of singing, they have carefully affixed over each hymn in the new Hymn Book, the name of such tune as in their opinion is suitable to that hymn.

"Your Committee have thought proper to insert brief instructions in the rudiments of music, which will be found of great utility where the work is introduced into singing schools.

"Thus, after the labour of nearly a twelvemonth, your Committee have the pleasure of delivering into your hands the result of their joint exertions: they are happy in having this opportunity of contributing their part toward the improvement of one of the most delightful, as well as one of the most devotional parts of Divine worship. Uninfluenced by the expectation or desire of any pecuniary recompense, they only wish as a reward for their labours the approbation of their brethren, beloved in Christ, who compose the General and Annual Conferences, and that of the membership of the Methodist Church. We have long needed a work which might be considered as a standard of music for our Connection in America. That which your Committee present to you, is an attempt for this, according to the best of their judgment.

"Finally, praying that the blessing of Heaven may accompany their efforts, they would subjoin the language of our Bishops, as a just expression of their own sentiments:—'We exhort all to sing with the Spirit, and with the understanding also: and thus may the high praises of God be set up from east to west, from north to south; and we shall be happily instrumental in leading the devotion of thousands, and shall rejoice to join them in time and eternity.'—All which is respectfully submitted.

New-York, October 23, 1821.

"John M. Smith,
Daniel Ayres,
John D. Myers,
G. P. Disosway."

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE REVISED AND ENLARGED EDITION.

The General Conference of 1832, ordered that a revised and improved edition of this work should be prepared and published, with all convenient despatch; and with a view, as far as practicable, to suit the different habits and tastes of the lovers of sacred music, it was at the same time recommended, that an edition should be issued with the patent or angular notes. This has accordingly been done.

The following communication, from the Committee to whom was confided the task of revising and enlarging the work, will show the principles which guided their conduct; and the work itself will evince the result of their labours.

N. Bangs.

"In compiling the revised edition of the Methodist Harmonist, the Committee appointed for that purpose have bestowed unwearied pains to make it as comprehensive and perfect as possible. It was thought proper to retain the entire former selection of tunes, as the work is now generally known, circulated, and approved among us. To this has been added a large collection of new music, made with great care, and contains every variety of metre that is required for the sacred poetry of our Church. For this purpose, the most approved works of psalmody, in this country and from abroad, have been examined. A few original tunes, composed expressly for this edition, are also added. The number of anthems, set pieces, and sentences is increased, embracing what is generally necessary for social or public purposes.

"The *Air*, or principal part, is placed next above the Bass, and is designed for female voices, and in passages *Pia.* should be sung by them *exclusively.* The Tenor is placed next above the Air; and the Alto, or Counter Tenor, on the upper stave.

"Nothing, in the opinion of your Committee, has produced such discordance, and such difficulties in the sacred music of the American Churches, as the alterations so often introduced, from the *original* airs and harmonies of tunes: hence the melodies are given according to the orginal or most approved copies. In arranging the harmonies the same rule has been followed.

"The whole selection will be found very extensive; and the object constantly kept in view has been to make it chaste, simple, and correct. We have endeavoured to render the work a standard and useful one, and calculated to supply the wants and religious services of our large and widely extending Connection.

New-York, September, 1833.

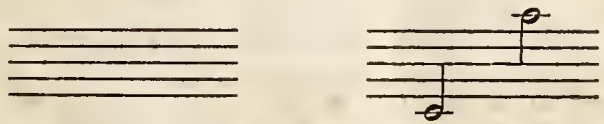
"George Coles,
Daniel Ayres,
Gabriel P. Disosway."

A BRIEF

INTRODUCTION TO THE SCIENCE OF

MUSIC.

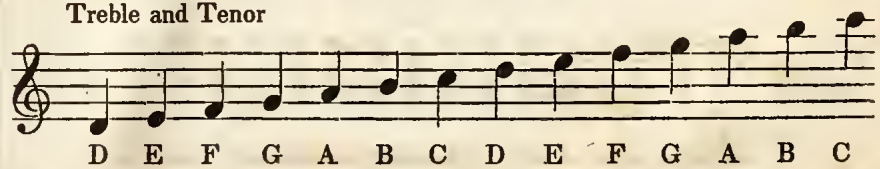
Music is written on five parallel lines, and four intermediate spaces, which are called a Staff, and when notes ascend or descend above or below the Staff, short lines are added, which are called Ledger Lines: thus,—

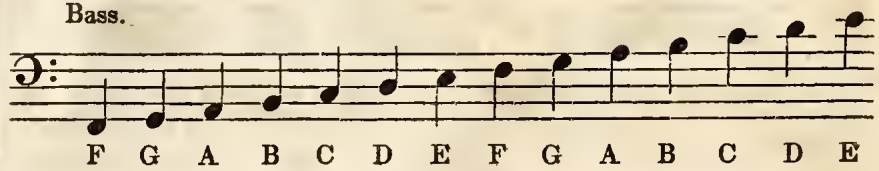


The notes of music are named from the first seven letters of the alphabet, A, B, C, D, E, F, G: when the melody, or tune, exceeds these seven, the same series must be repeated.

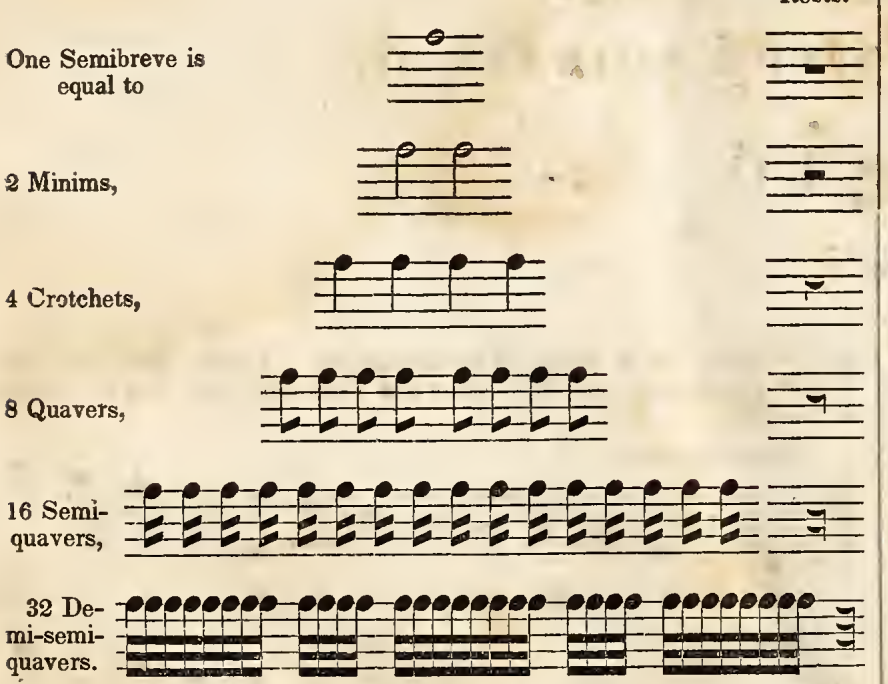
The situation of the letters on the Staff is governed by a character, called a Cliff, placed at the beginning of the Staff. There are but two Cliffs used in this work, viz. the F and G Cliffs. The F Cliff is confined to the Bass and is placed on the fourth line: the G Cliff is used for all the parts except the Bass, and is placed on the second line. Another Cliff, called the C Cliff, was formerly used for Counter and Tenor, but is not used by modern composers.

Treble and Tenor



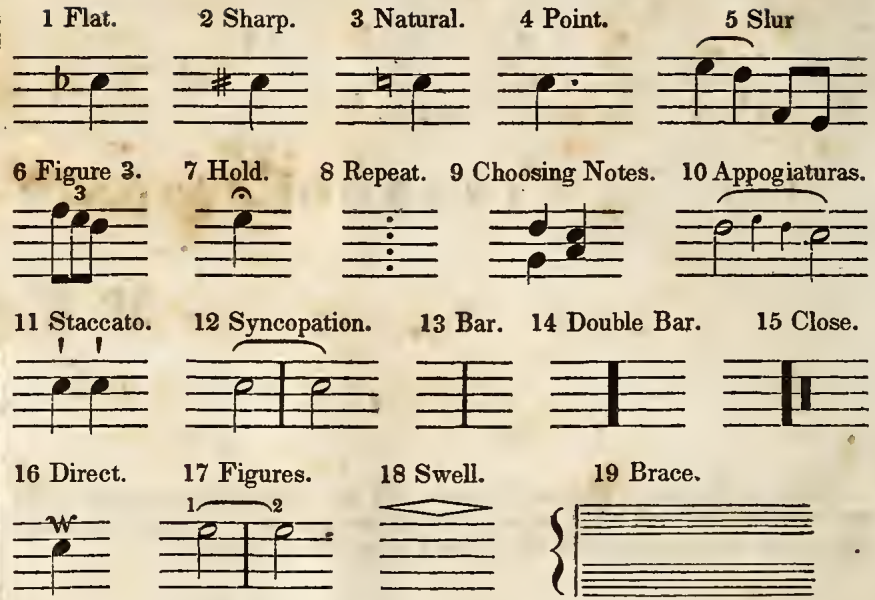
Bass.

NOTES AND RESTS.

As letters cannot describe the duration of sound, *Notes* have been invented for that purpose. The length or duration of a note with respect to time is known by its particular form.



The time of the *Rests* corresponds with that of the notes from which they take their name. The semibreve rest is used to fill a bar in all the different kinds of time.

MUSICAL CHARACTERS.



EXPLANATION OF THE CHARACTERS.

1. A *Flat*, set before a note, sinks it half a tone.
2. A *Sharp* raises a note half a tone.

N. B. Flats or sharps at the beginning have influence throughout a tune Accidental flats, sharps, and naturals, affect the sound of no notes, beyond the bar in which they occur.

3. A *Natural* restores a note made flat or sharp to its first sound.
4. A *Point* at the right side of a note makes it half as long again.
5. A *Slur* connects as many notes as are sung to one syllable.
6. A *Figure* 3, placed over any three notes, reduces them to the length of two of the same kind

7. A *Hold* requires the note over which it is placed to be sounded longer than its usual time.
8. A *Repeat* indicates what part of a tune is to be sung twice.
9. *Choosing Notes* leave the performer at liberty to sing which he pleases.
10. *Appogiaturas* are small notes introduced for embellishment. They are not reckoned in making up the time of the measure, but are deducted from the notes before which they are placed.
11. A *Staccato mark* directs the note under it to be sung emphatically.
12. Notes of *Syncopation* take their name from the circumstance of their beginning on the *weak*, and ending on the *strong* parts of the measure.
13. A *Bar* divides the time according to the measure note.
14. A *Double Bar* shows the end of a strain or line.
15. A *Close* shows the end of a tune.
16. A *Direct* shows the place of the succeeding note.
17. *Figures* 1 and 2 show that the note under 1 is to be sung the *first* time, and that under 2 at the *second time*, or *repeat*.
18. A *Swell* requires an increase and decrease of sound in the notes over which it is placed.
19. The *Brace* connects such parts as are to be sung together; as Air, Tenor, Bass, &c.

OF TIME AND ITS CHARACTERS.

Time is the manner of regulating and measuring sound with regard to its duration. There are three kinds of time,—*Common*, *Triple*, and *Compound*. In each kind there are varieties, which are denoted by appropriate signs. *Common* and *Compound* time have an even number of beats to the bar, as 2 or 4. Triple time has an odd number, as 3.

Common Time.

1st Mood Is the slowest movement. Has a semibreve for a measure note, or notes or rests equal to one semibreve; four beats in a bar in the time of four seconds, two down and two up.

2d Mood Has the same measure note, and beat in the same manner, but one third quicker.

3d Mood Has the same measure note, two beats in a bar, one up, and one down, in the time of two seconds. The accent in this and the two preceding moods falls on the first and third of the bar.

4th Mood Has a minim for a measure note, beat like the last, but one third quicker.

Triple Time.

1st Mood Has three minims in a bar, and three beats to a bar, in the time of three seconds, two down and one up.

2d Mood. Has three crotchets in a bar, beat in the same manner as the last, but a third quicker.

3d Mood Has three quavers in a bar, beat in the same manner, but a third quicker than the last. The accent in Triple Time falls on the first beat of the bar.

Compound Time.

1st Mood Contains six crotchets in a bar, two beats, one down and one up, in the time of two seconds. The accent is on the first and fourth notes.

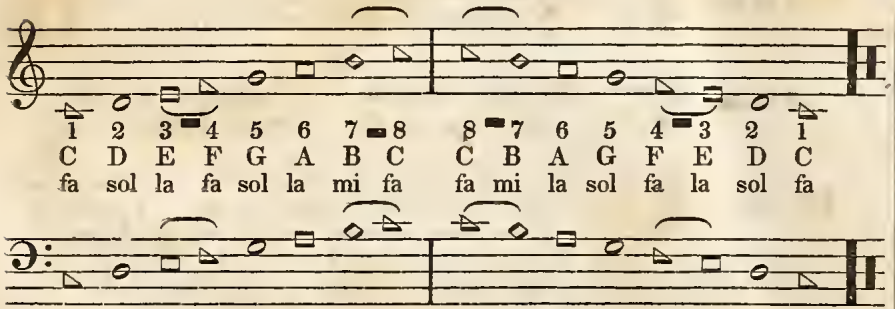
2d Mood Contains six quavers in a bar, beat and accented like the last, but a third quicker

N. B.—The hand falls at the beginning of the bar in all moods of Time.

OF KEYS OR SCALES.

A diatonic scale, of which the notes bear certain relations to *one* principal note, from which they are all, in some respects, derived, and upon which they all depend, is termed a *Key;* and the principal note is called the *Key Note*, or *Tonic.*

Every scale in which the semitones are found between the *third* and *fourth* and the *seventh* and *eighth* degrees, ascending from the key note, is termed the *Major Mode* of that key; because the interval between the key note and its third consists of two tones. The only series of this mode among the natural notes is that which commences with C; and hence this key may be taken as an example of all the major scales. [*Callcott.*]

Major Key of C.

Every scale in which the semitones are found between the *second* and *third* and the *fifth* and *sixth* degrees, ascending from the key note, is termed the *Minor Mode* of that key; because the interval between the key note and its third consists only of one tone and one semitone. The only series of this mode among the natural notes is that which commences with A; and hence this key may be taken as an example of all the minor scales. [*Callcott.*]

The minor mode has this peculiarity, that whenever the *seventh* of the scale ascends to the *eighth*, it requires to be made sharp, as the proper leading note, or *sharp seventh* to the tonic; and to accommodate the *seventh* the *sixth* is also made sharp. But in the descending series the sharps are omitted, and the *natural* scale remains unaltered.

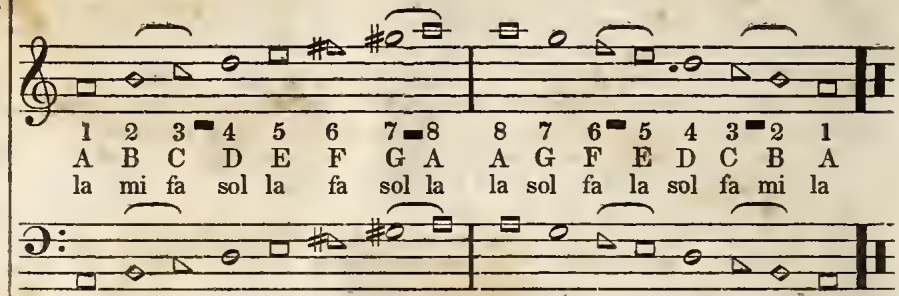
Minor Key of A.

In practising musical lessons, the seven sounds of the scale are expressed by the syllables *Fa, Sol, Law, Mi;* the first three being repeated. *Mi* is always applied to the *seventh* of the major scale, (the *second* of the minor,) and determines the situation of the rest.

Table for finding the Mi.

If there is no Flat or Sharp at the beginning of a tune, the Mi is in B; but

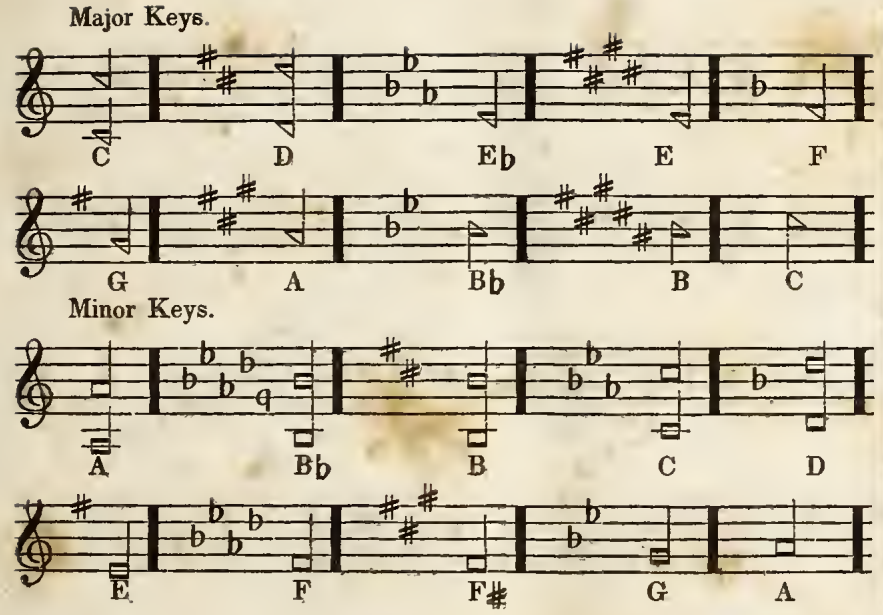
If B be Flat		E	If F be Sharp		F
If B and E	Mi is in	A	If F and C	Mi is in	C
If B, E, and A		D	If F, C, and G		G
If B, E, A, and D		G	If F, C, G, and D		D

In pitching a tune, care should be taken to set it in such a key as will enable the congregation to sing the highest or lowest notes with ease.

If the hymn be cheerful let it be set to a lively tune; but if the subject of it be confession or sorrow, a plaintive tune should be chosen.

Transposition.

Transposition is the removal of a tune higher or lower on the scale by assuming another letter for the key note, and adapting the semitones to the assumed key by means of flats and sharps, as the following table will show.



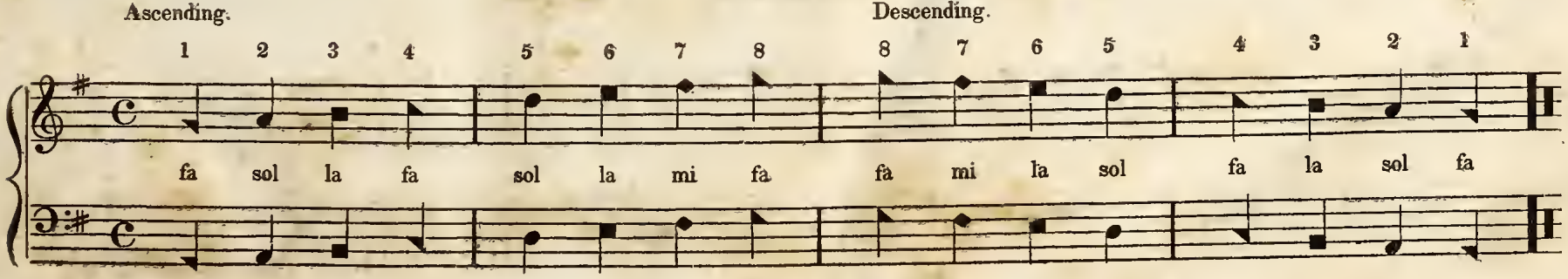
From the above the learner will receive a general idea of the different Major and Minor Keys, and how the Semitones retain their fixed places by the aid of Flats and Sharps.

It is hoped these rules will be found amply sufficient for general use, as a Teacher will be able to supply all that may be wanting. Those who wish to perfect themselves in the Science of Music, are referred to larger works, and grammars of Music, written expressly for this purpose.

CONCLUSION.

We cannot attain the true pleasure of Sacred Music unless we feel a genuine spirit of devotion; let us then ever maintain an awful reverence of that glorious Being whose praises we profess to celebrate, and while we sing with the understanding, let us sing with the Spirit also. Then shall we partake of its sweetest pleasures; we shall be cheered and conducted through the present pilgrimage, with the pleasing hope of finally joining with the glorious company of the Church Triumphant, in singing praises to God and the Lamb for ever and ever.

Exercise 1.



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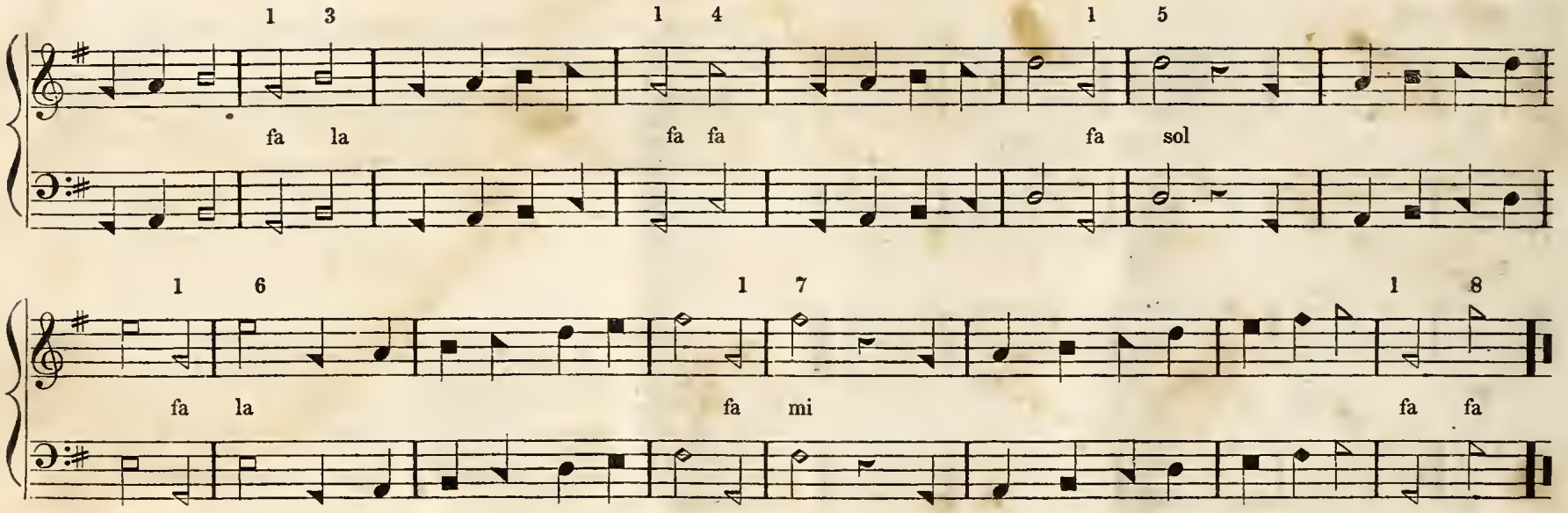
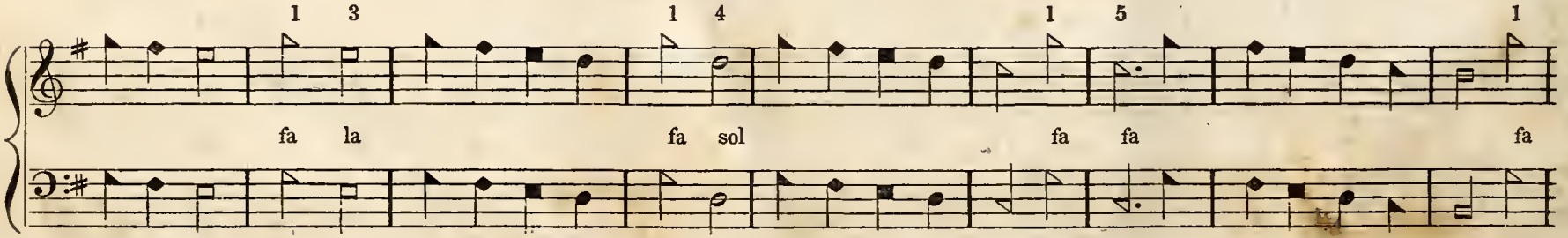
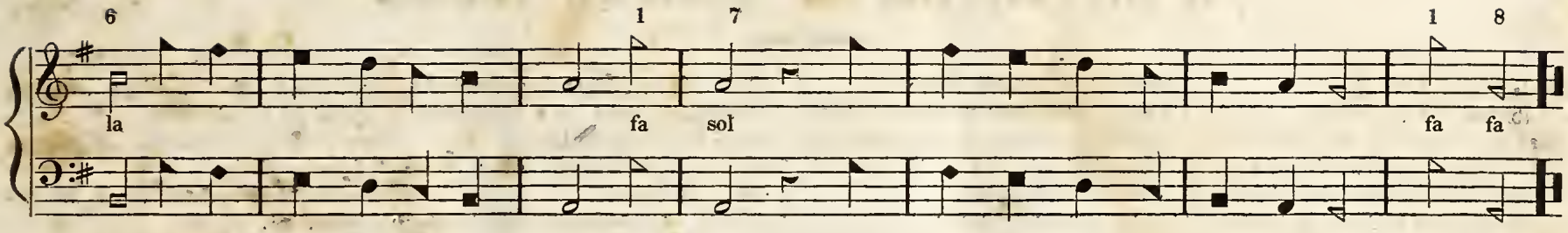
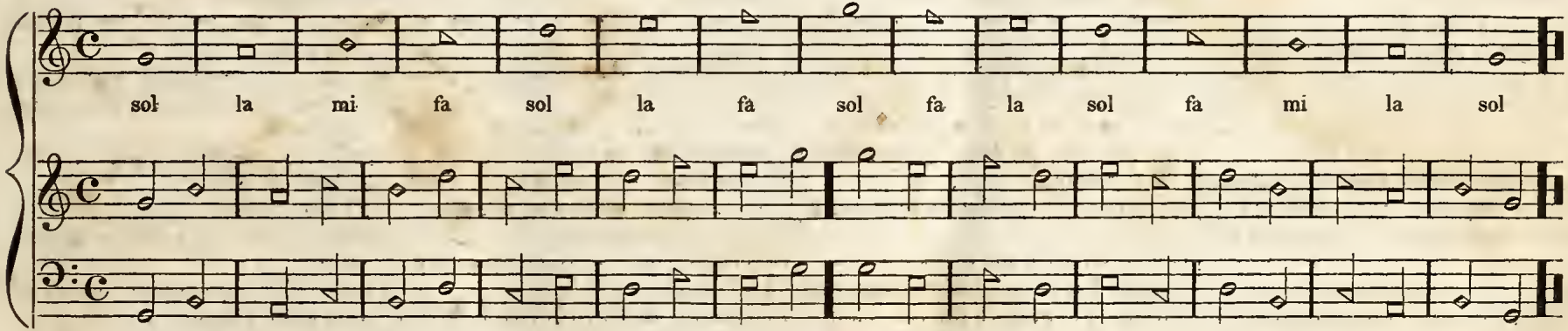

Exercise 2.

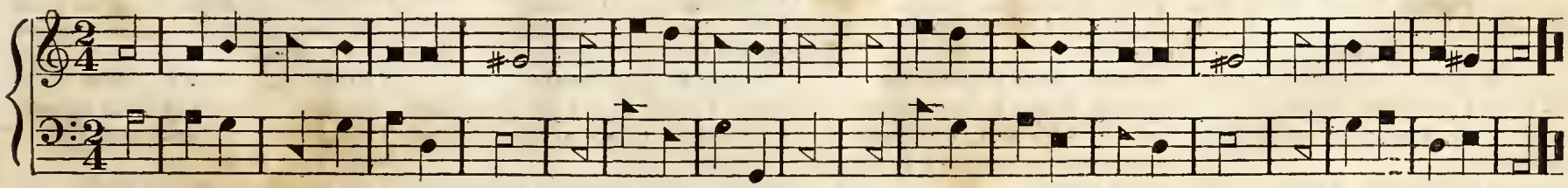


Exercise 2 continued.



Exercise 3.

WINDSOR. C. M.

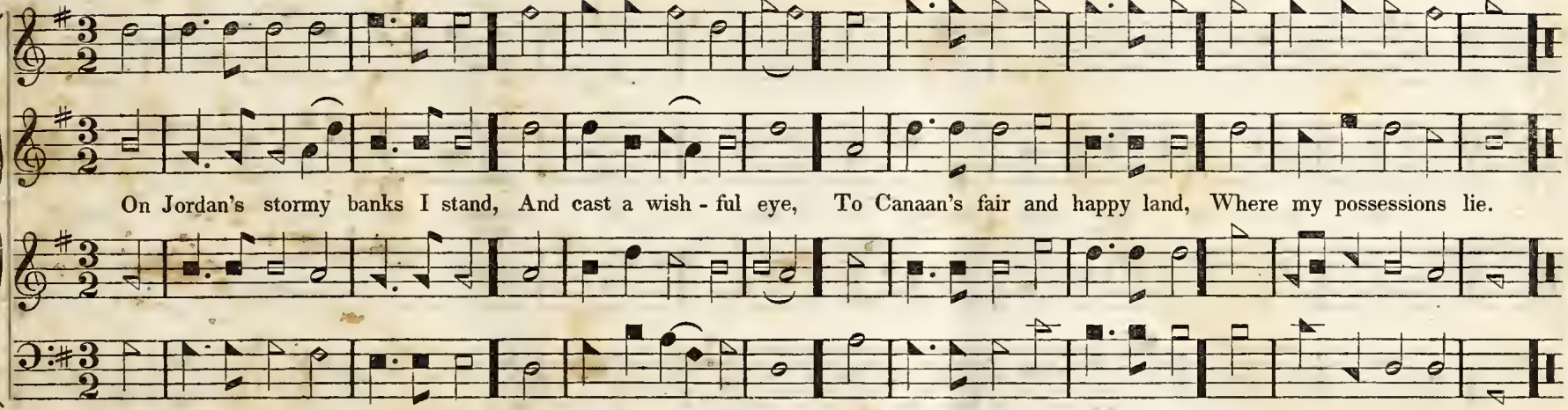
Example in the Minor of A.



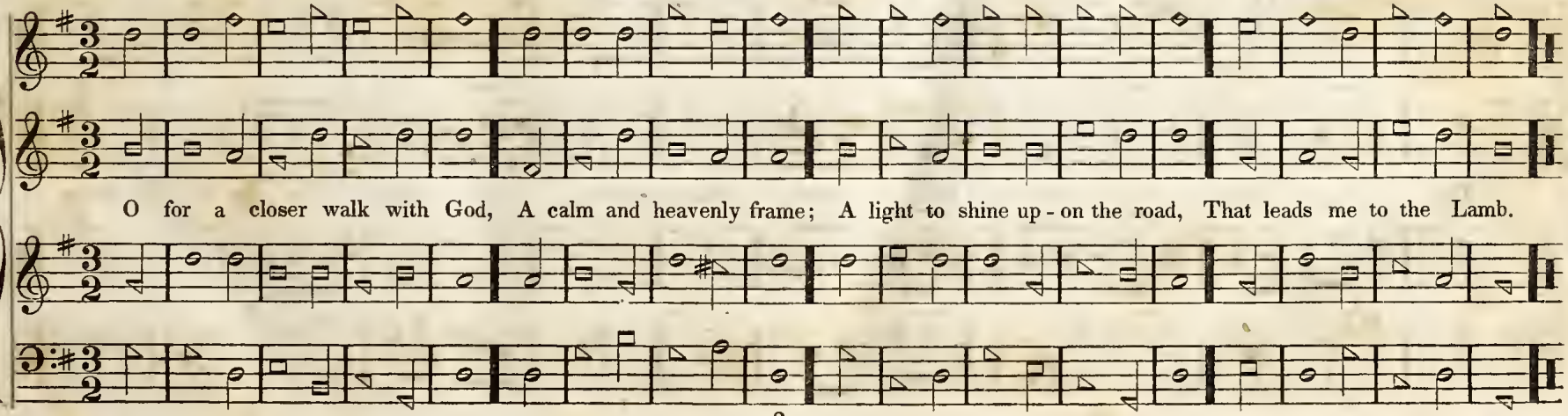
A DICTIONARY OF MUSICAL TERMS.

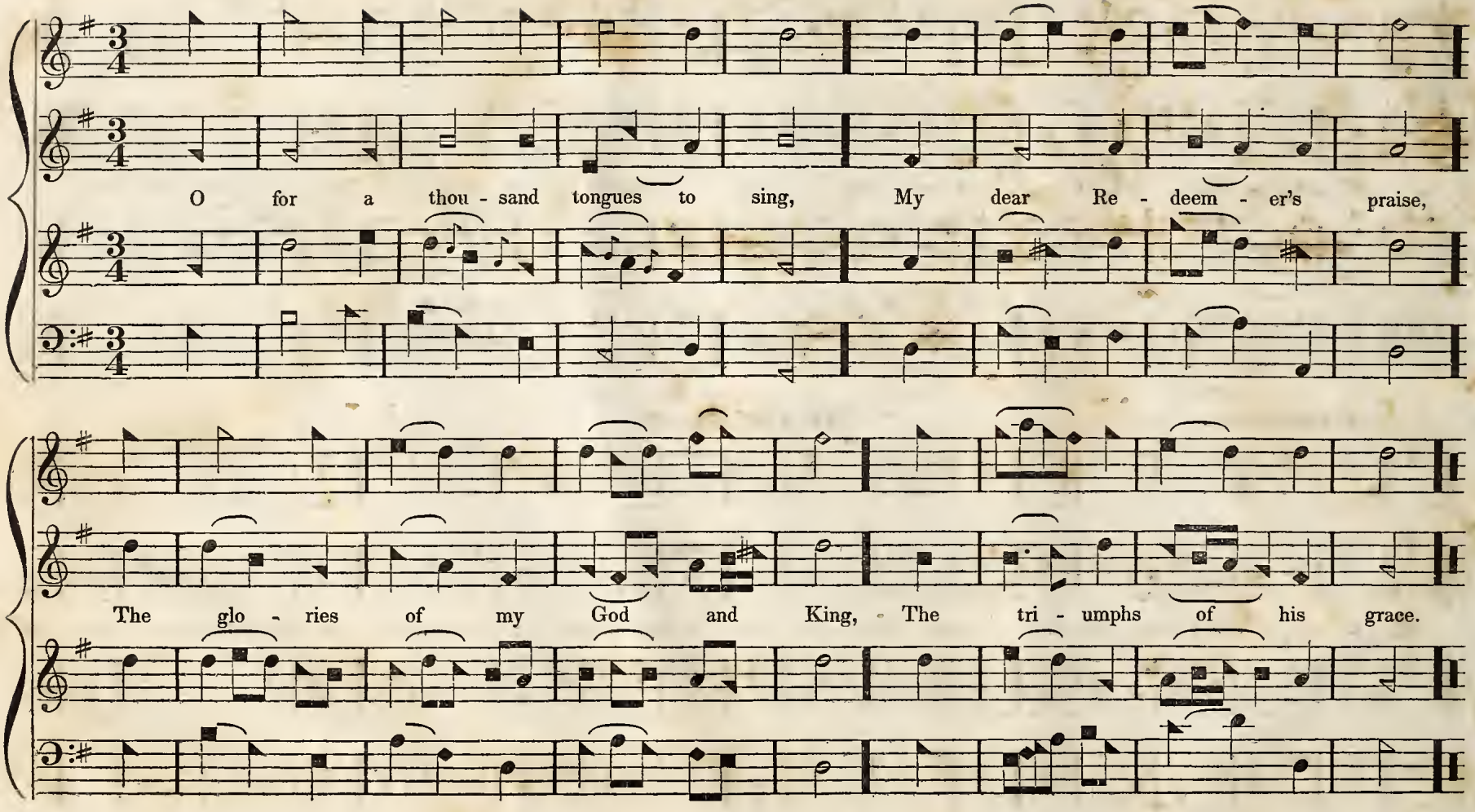
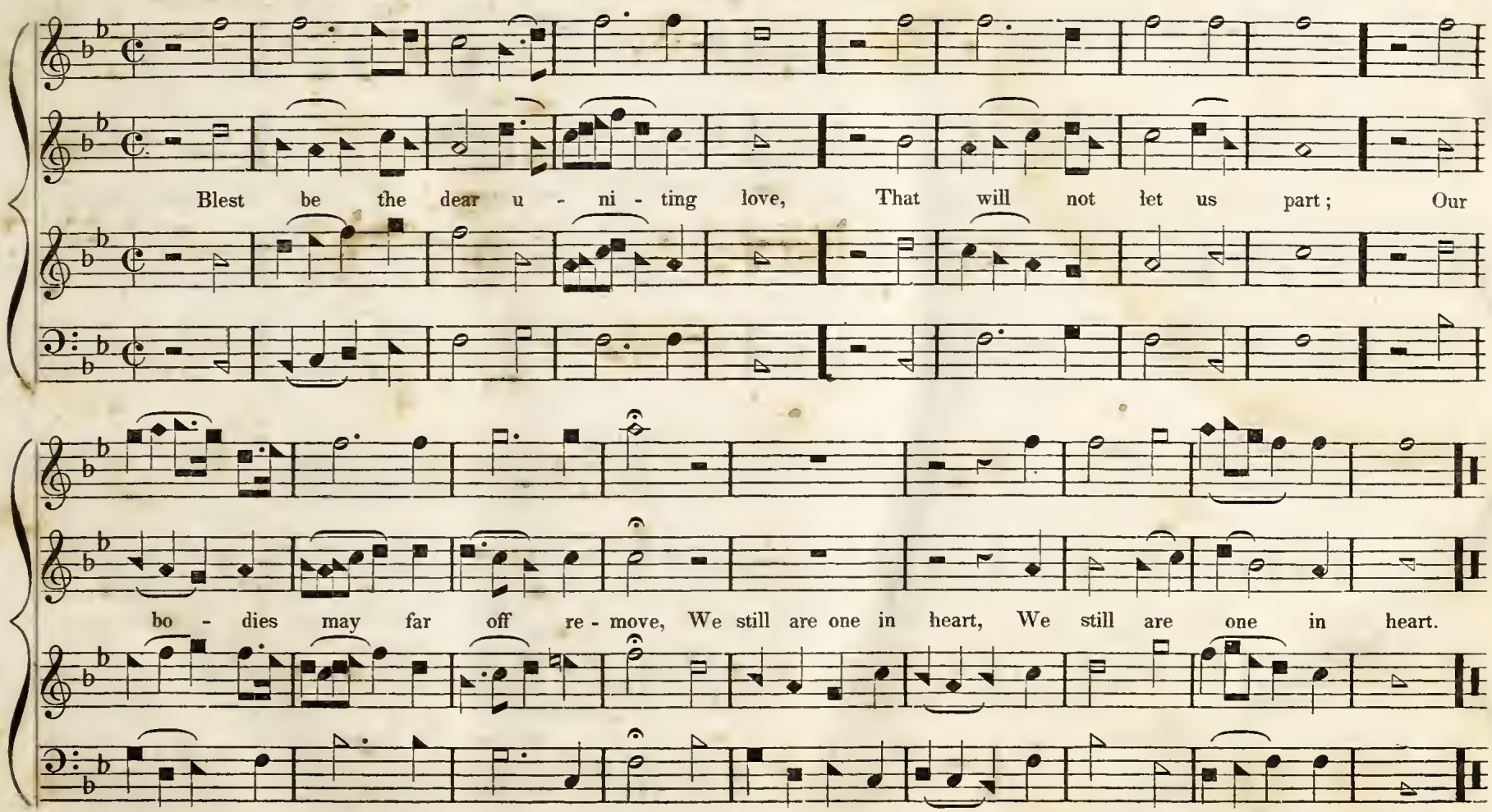
ADAGIO, or Ado. slow.
Ad Libitum, at discretion.
Affetuoso, tenderly and affectionately—*performed in moderate time.*
Air, generally means what the ear realizes from melody or harmony. In a special sense, it is the leading part.
Allegro, brisk, gay.
Allegretto, not so quick as Allegro.
Alto, or Altus, the Counter Tenor.
Andante, distinct, exact and soothing; *sung rather slow, when no other word is used with it.*
Andantino, in a similar style, but one degree quicker than Andante.
Anthem, a portion of Scripture set to music.
BASS, the lowest part in harmony.
Breve, an ancient note, equal in duration to two-semibreves.
Bis, those bars over which this term is placed, should be performed twice.
Cannon, a vocal composition in two or more parts, so constructed as to form a perpetual fugue.
Cantabile, in a graceful and melodious style.
Canto, or Cantus, the Treble. In harmony of vocal parts, it denotes the leading part.
Chorus, full, all the voices.
Coda, an additional strain, not absolutely necessary to the piece or tune, but which may be sung or omitted at pleasure.
Con Spirito, with spirit.
Contra Tenor, the part assigned to the highest men's voices.
Crescendo, or Cres. to increase the sound,
DACAPO, or D. C. to return and conclude with the first strain.
Del Segno, or D. S. from the sign.
Diminuendo, or Dim. to diminish the sound.
Doloroso, in a plaintive or doleful style.
Dolce, sweetly and softly.
Duetto, Duett, Duo. } a composition written expressly for two voices or instruments.
Finale, the last movement of a piece of music.
Fine, the end of a piece or book.
Forte, For. or F. loud.
Fortissimo, loud as possible.
Fugue or Fuga, a composition, in which a subject is successively repeated, or imitated in two or more parts.
GRAVE, or Gravemente, heavy; these words refer both to the style of the composition and the execution, and are frequently used for the term Largo.
Graziozo, gracefully; often used with Andante.
LARGO, Lentemento, or Lento, the slowest degree in the movements.
Larghetto, not quite so slow as Largo.
MAESTOSO, with strength, firmness and majesty.
Mezza, moderate; as mezza, piano moderately or rather soft.
Mezza Voce, moderate strength of voice and in a pleasing manner.
Moderato, moderately.
ORGANO, or Org. the organ part.
PIANO, Pia, or P. soft.
Pianissimo, or PP. very soft.
Plaintive, mournfully.
Presto, quick.
Prestissimo, very quick.
Primo, the first or leading part.
QUARTETTO, music for four voices or instruments.
RECITATIVE, a kind of musical recitation, between speaking and singing.
SCORE, three or more parts, connected by a brace, are said to be in score
Semi-tone, the smallest interval used in vocal music.
Semi-chorus, a selection of voices from a choir.
Secondo, the second voice or instrument.
Solo, a piece of music for one voice or instrument.
Soprano, the treble, or higher voice part.
Spiritoso, or con-spirito, with spirit.
Staccato, very distinct, short and emphatic.
Symphony, or Sym. a part for instruments only.
TACET, silent.
Tempo, time; as a tempo, in true time.
Tutti, full, or altogether; when all join after a Solo.
Trio, music for three voices or instruments.
UNISON, or Unis, when all parts unite in one sound, or succession of sounds.
VERSE, one voice to a part.
Vigoroso, with strength and energy
Vivace, brisk and animated.
Volti, turn over.
Volti Subito, turn over quick

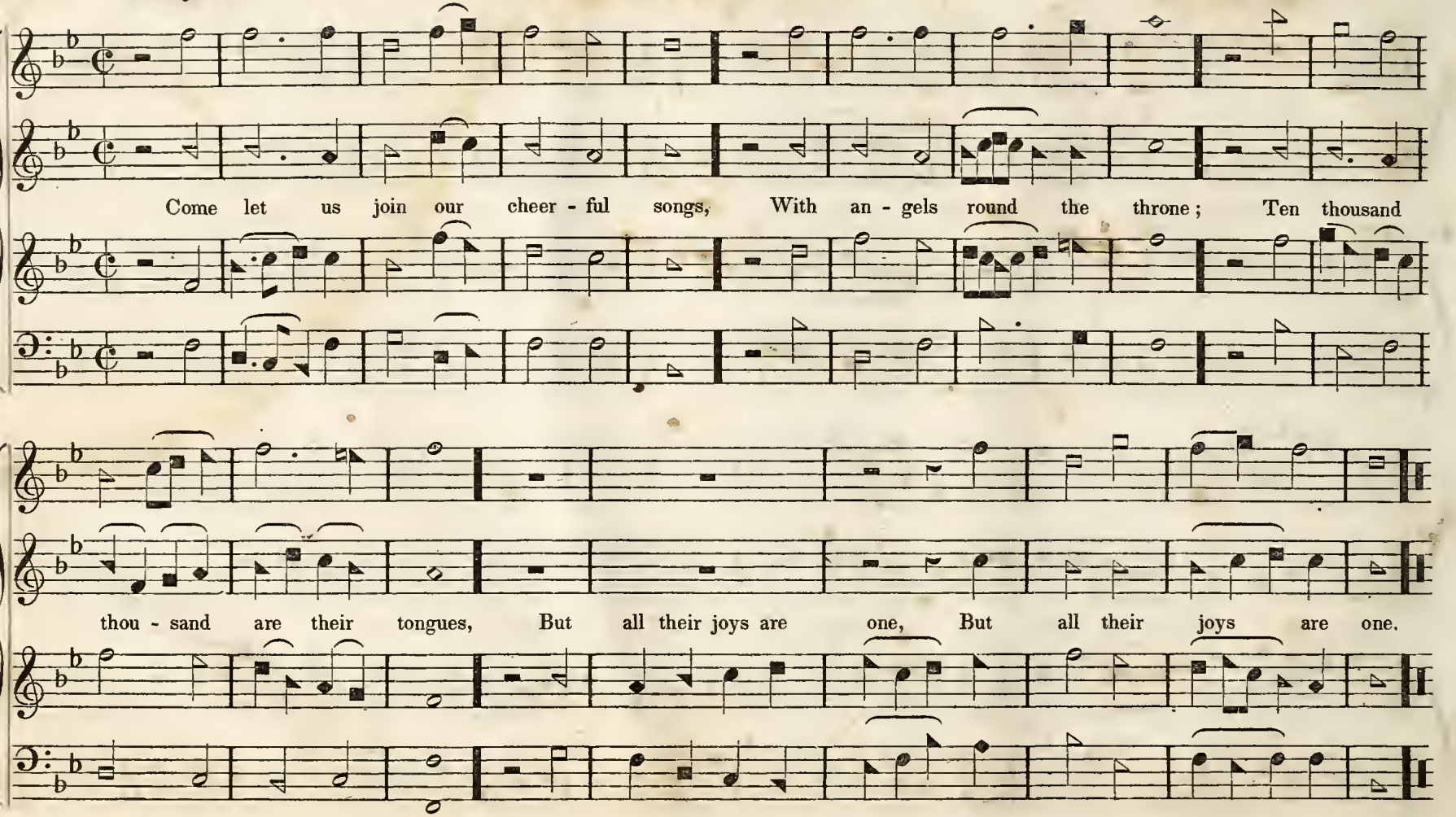
Hymn 546. **ARLINGTON. C. M.** **Dr. Arne.** 1

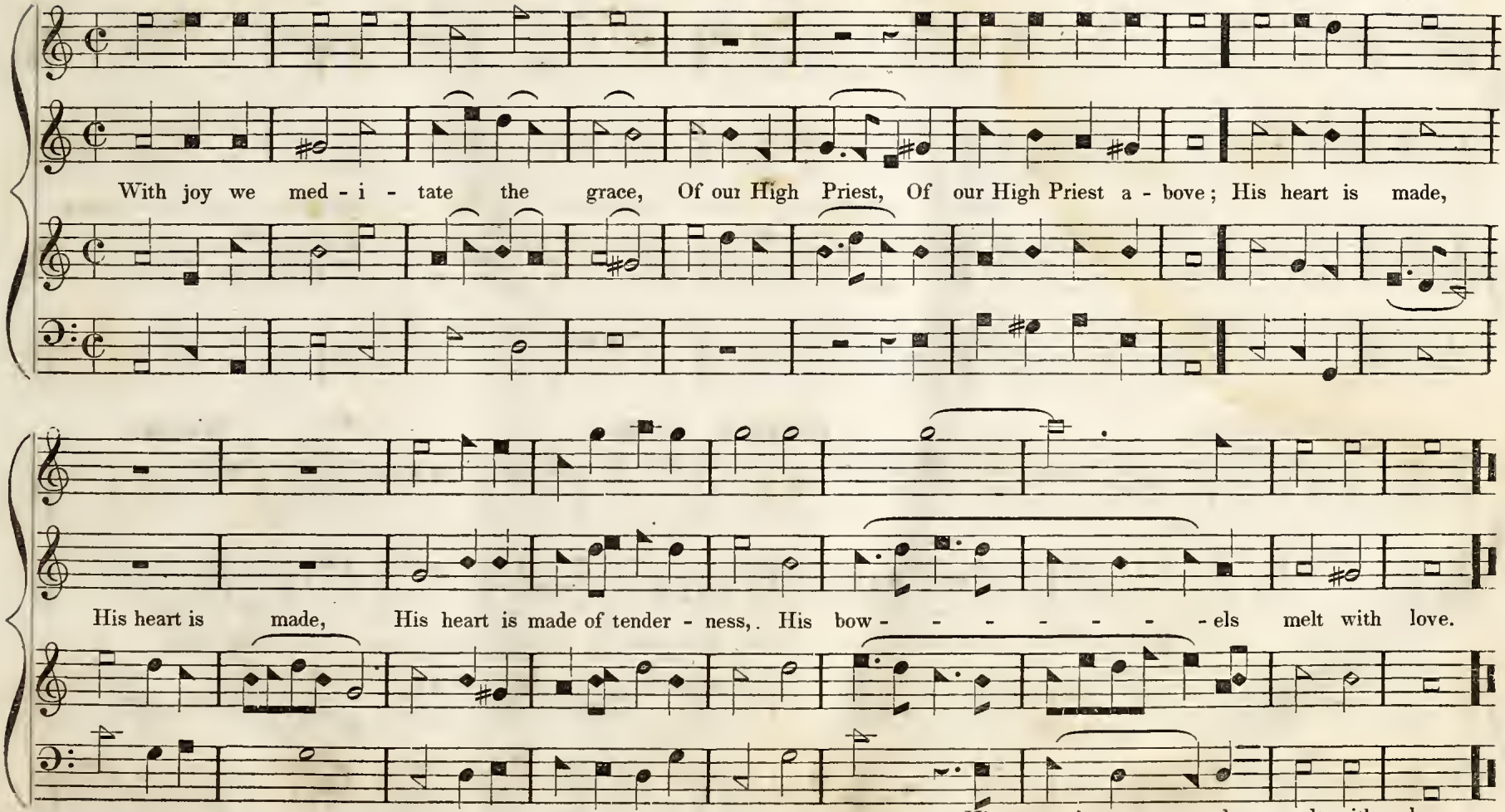


Hymn 89. **MEAR. C. M.**

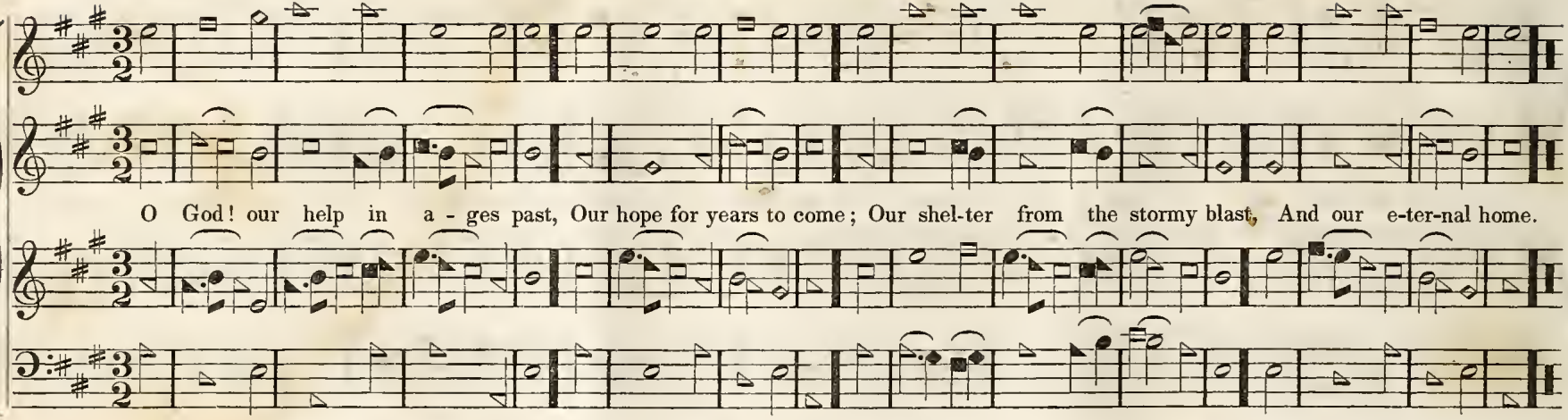



O for a thou - sand tongues to sing, My dear Re - deem - er's praise,
The glo - ries of my God and King, The tri - umphs of his grace.

Blest be the dear u - ni - ting love, That will not let us part; Our
bo - dies may far off re - move, We still are one in heart, We still are one in heart.

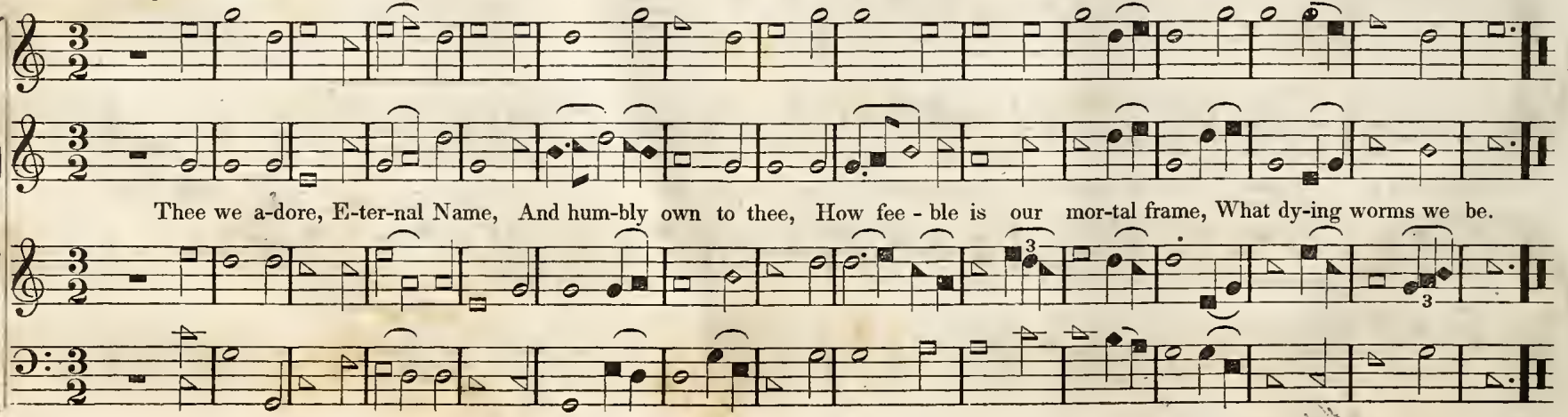

Come let us join our cheer - ful songs, With an - gels round the throne; Ten thousand
thou - sand are their tongues, But all their joys are one, But all their joys are one.

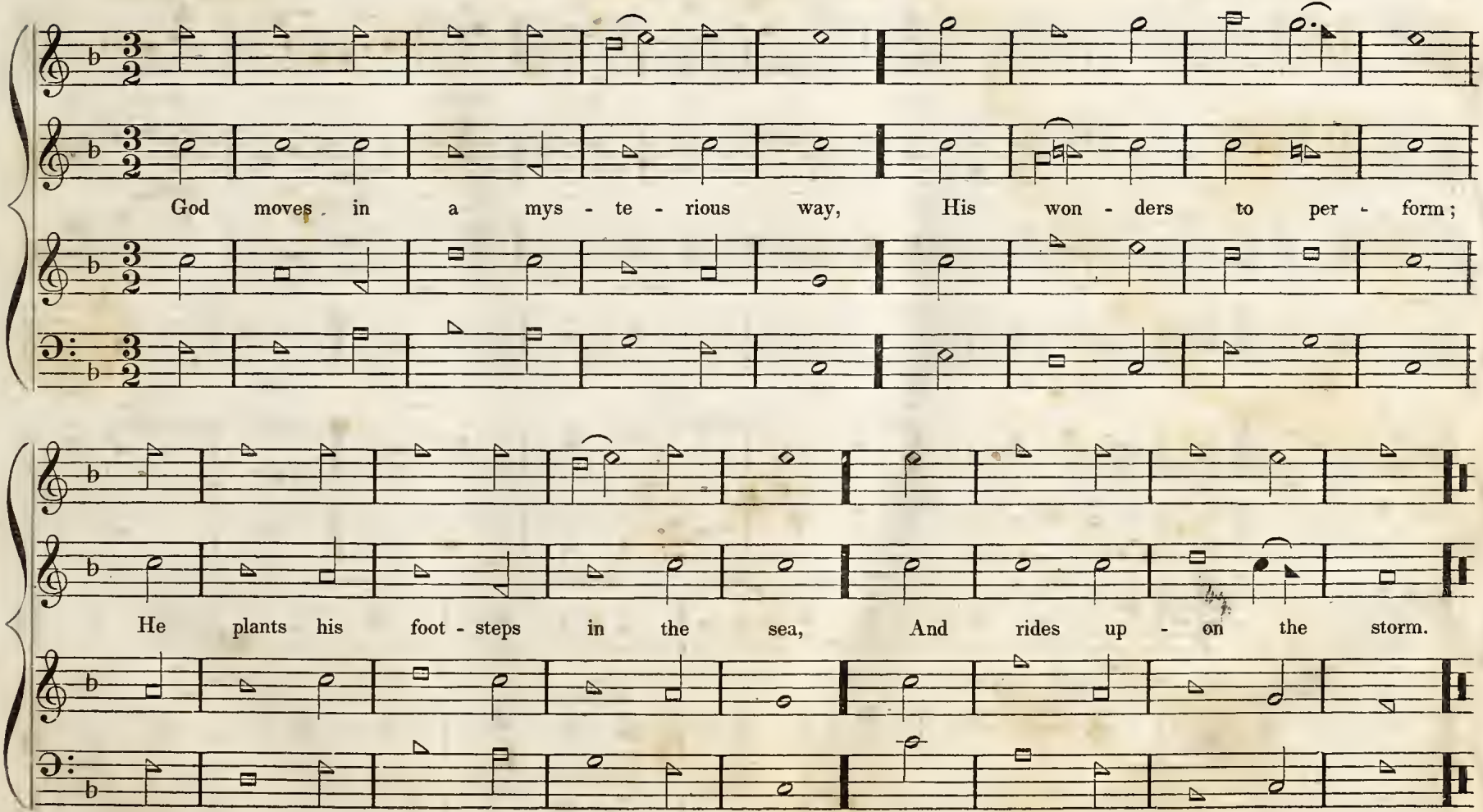

With joy we med - i - tate the grace, Of our High Priest, Of our High Priest a - bove; His heart is made,
His heart is made, His heart is made of tender - ness, . His bow - - - - - - - - els melt with love.
His bow els melt with love.

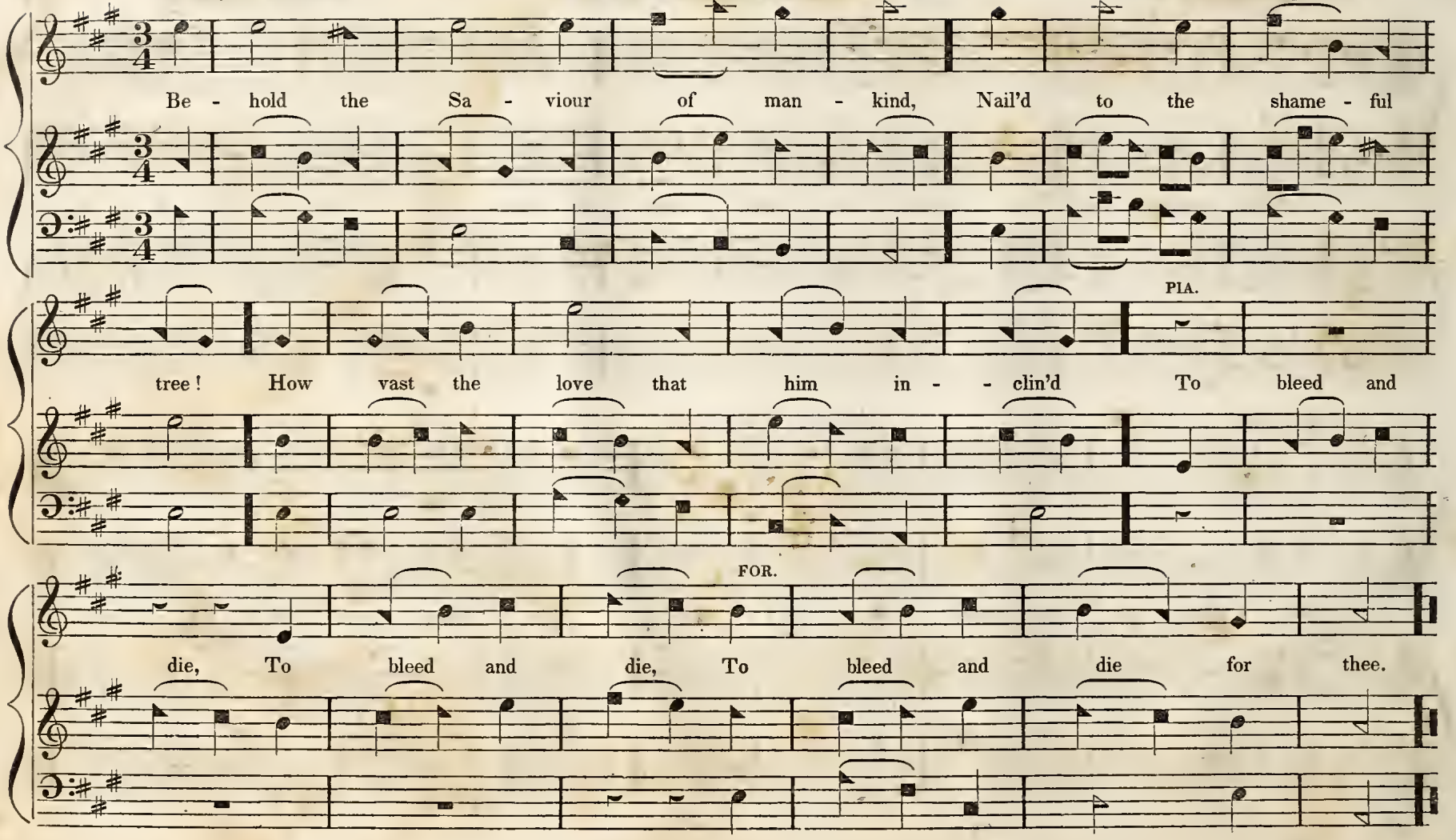
Hymn 553. GAINSBOROUGH. C. M. Smith.

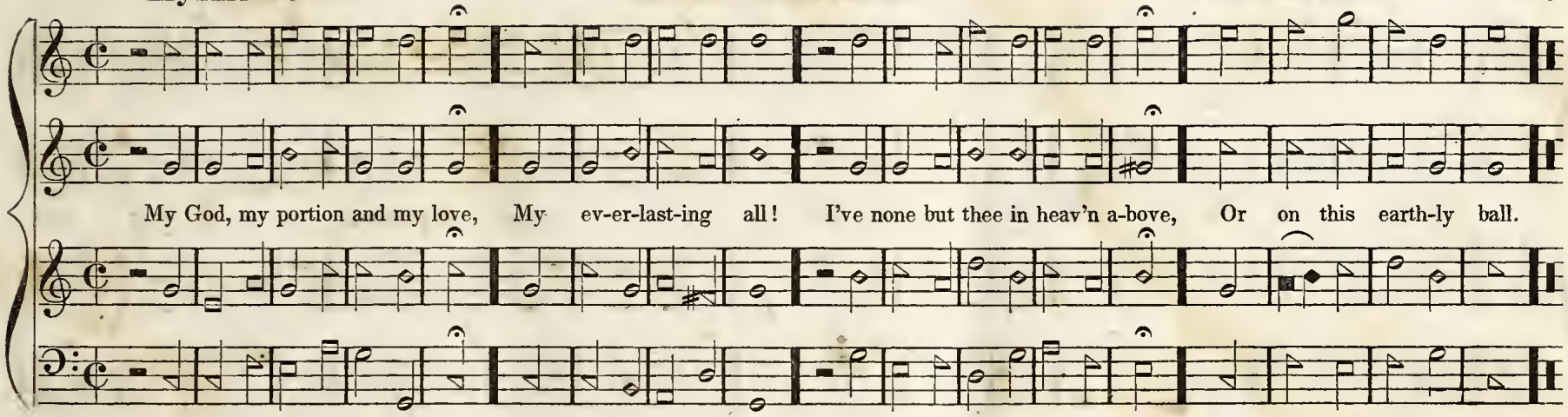


Hymn 550. CHINA. C. M. Swan.

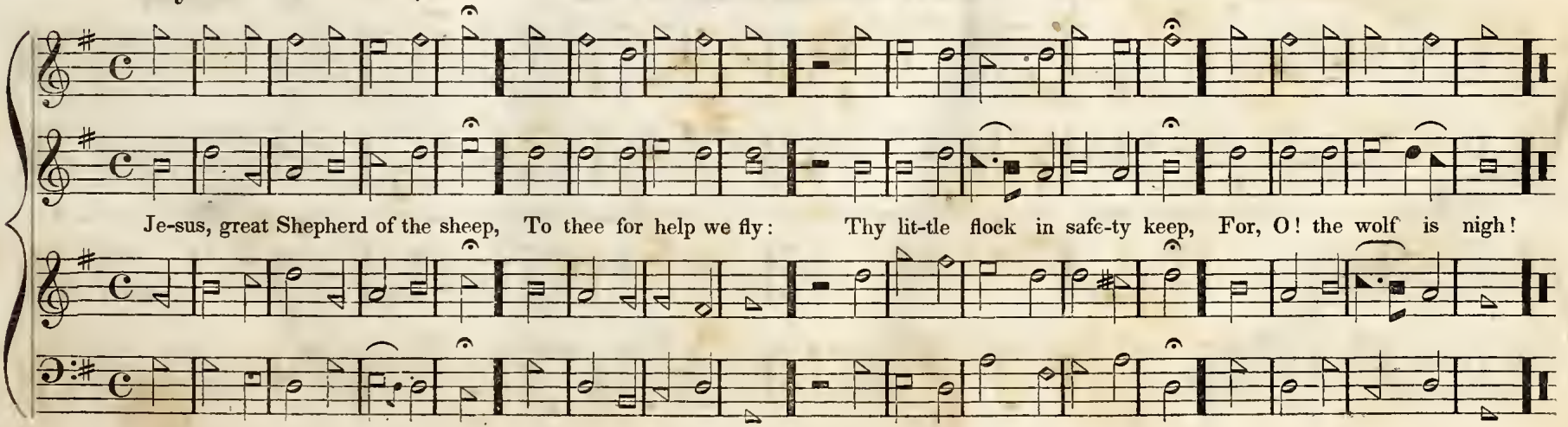



God moves in a mys - te - rious way, His won - ders to per - form;
He plants his foot - steps in the sea, And rides up - on the storm.

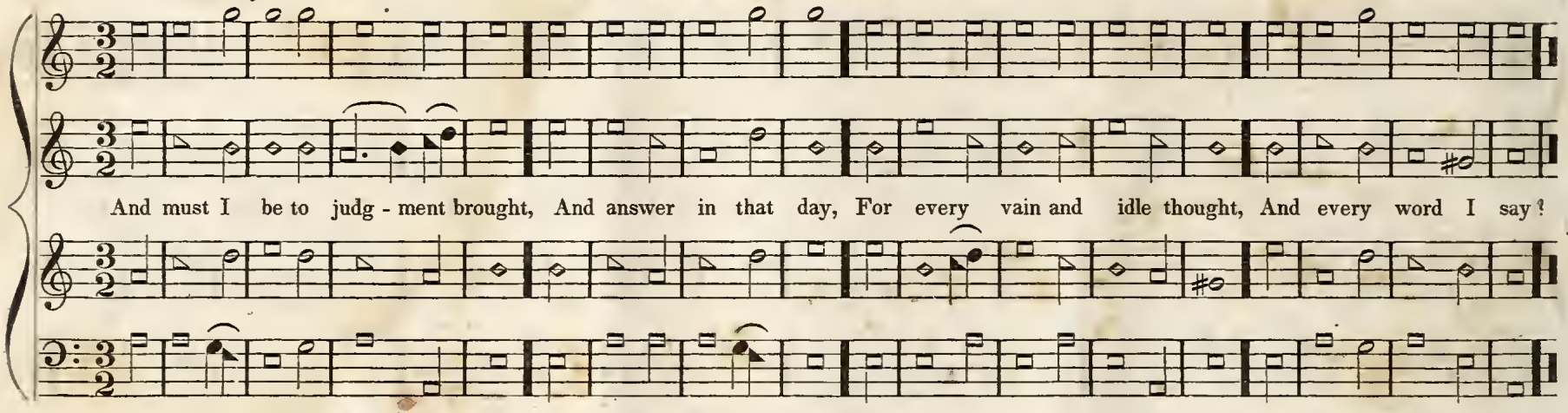
Hymn 188. SALEM. C. M. From Addington.

Be - hold the Sa - viour of man - kind, Nail'd to the shame - ful
PIA.
tree! How vast the love that him in - - clin'd To bleed and
FOR.
die, To bleed and die, To bleed and die for thee.



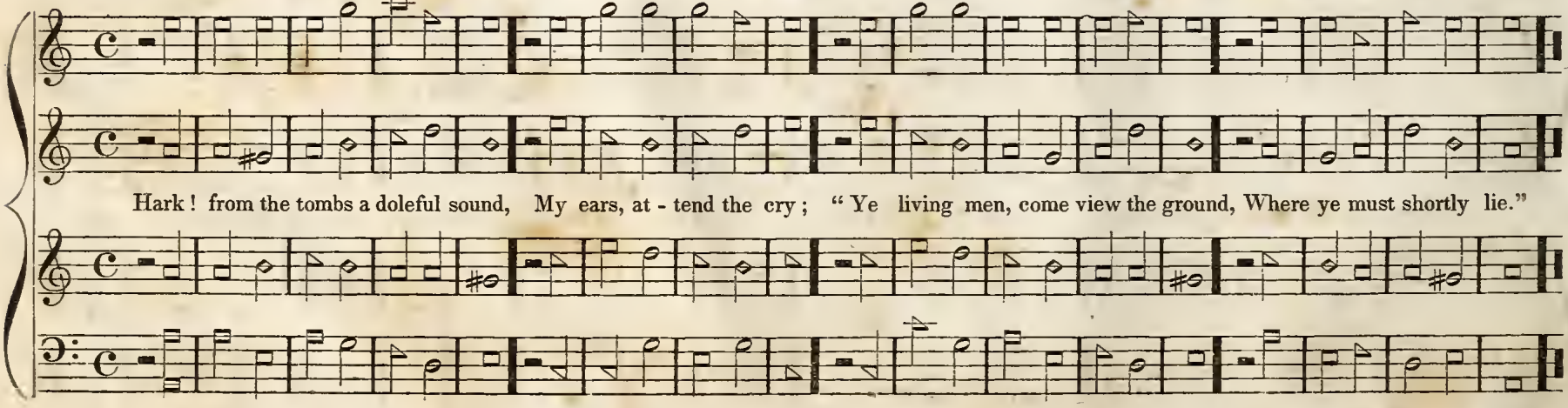
Hymn 393. NORWICH. C. M.

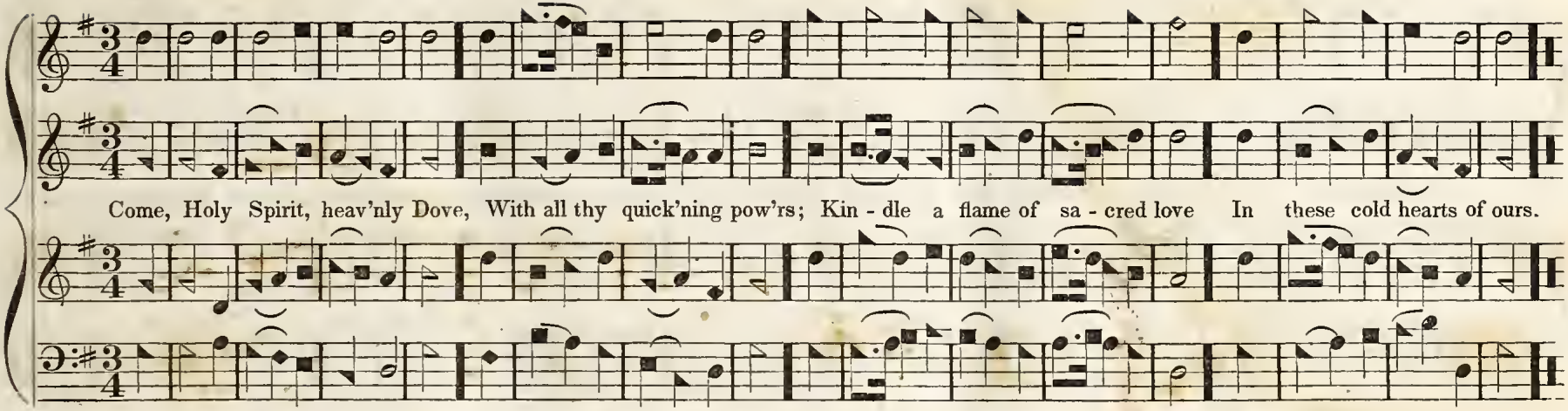


Hymn 577. MALDEN. C. M.

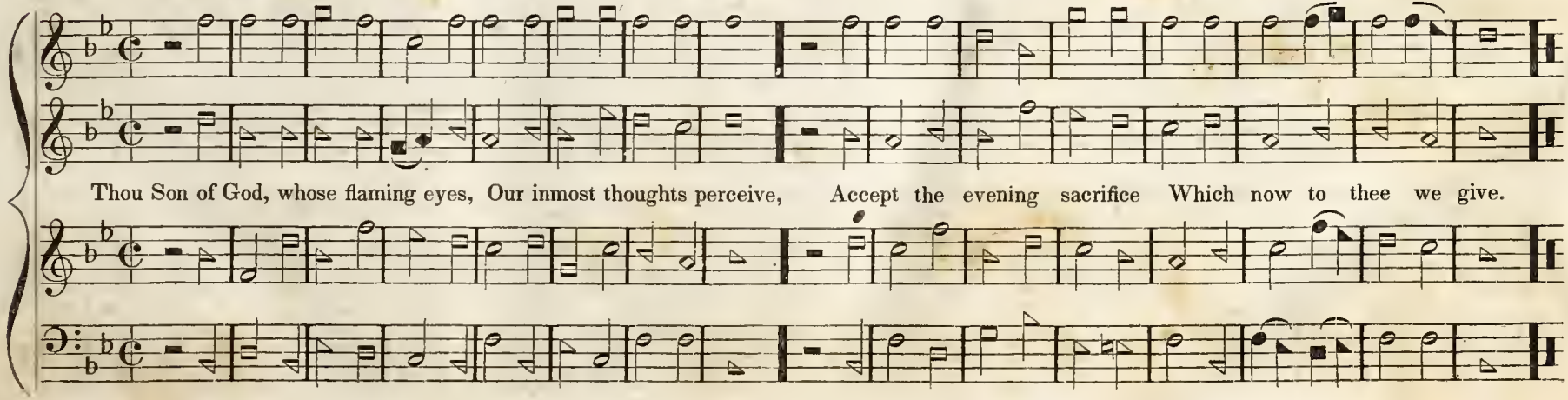


Hymn 563. OLD WINDSOR. C. M. Kirby.

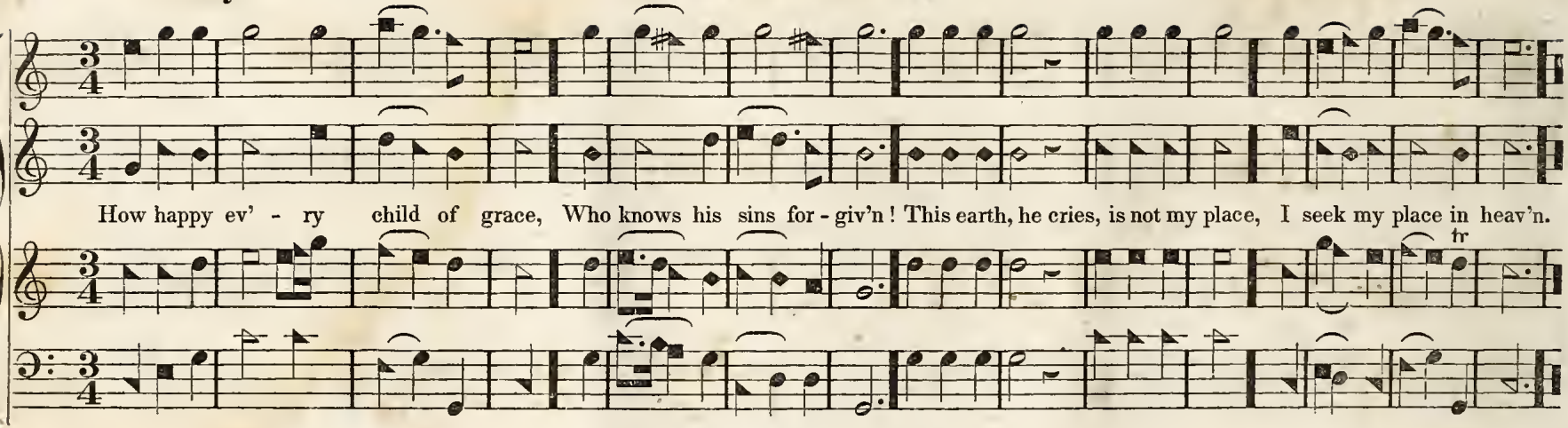


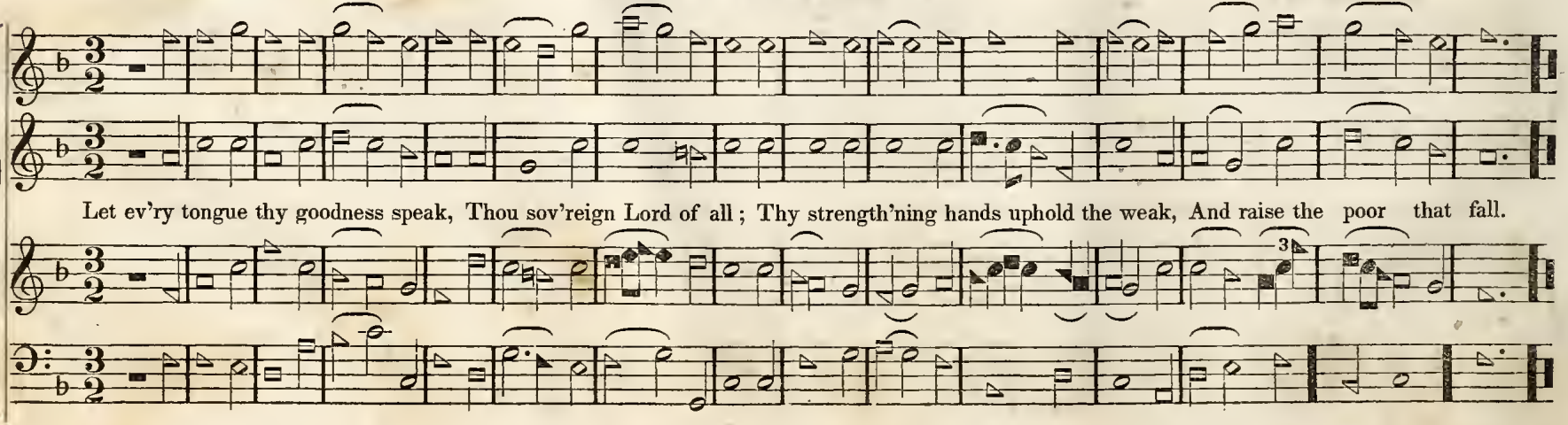
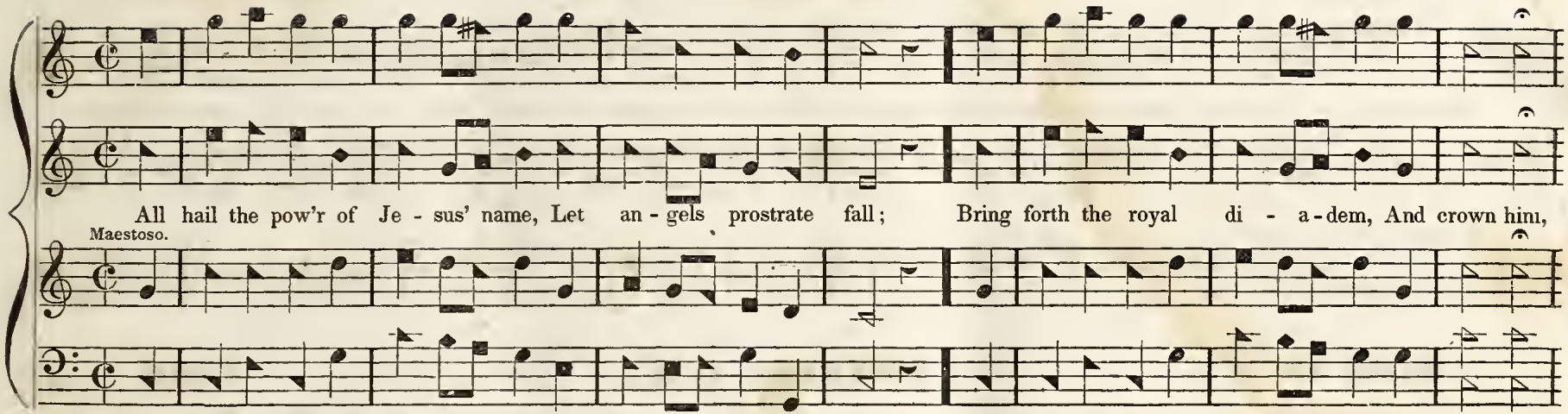
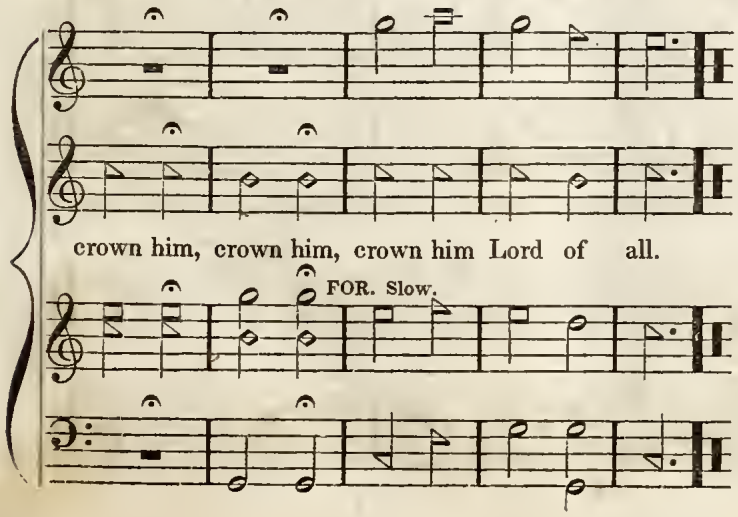


Hymn 21. MEXICO. C. M. Clark.



Hymn 274. ARUNDEL. C. M.



Hymn 263. LIVERPOOL. C. M.

Let ev'ry tongue thy goodness speak, Thou sov'reign Lord of all; Thy strength'ning hands uphold the weak, And raise the poor that fall.
3



Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.

Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small!
Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

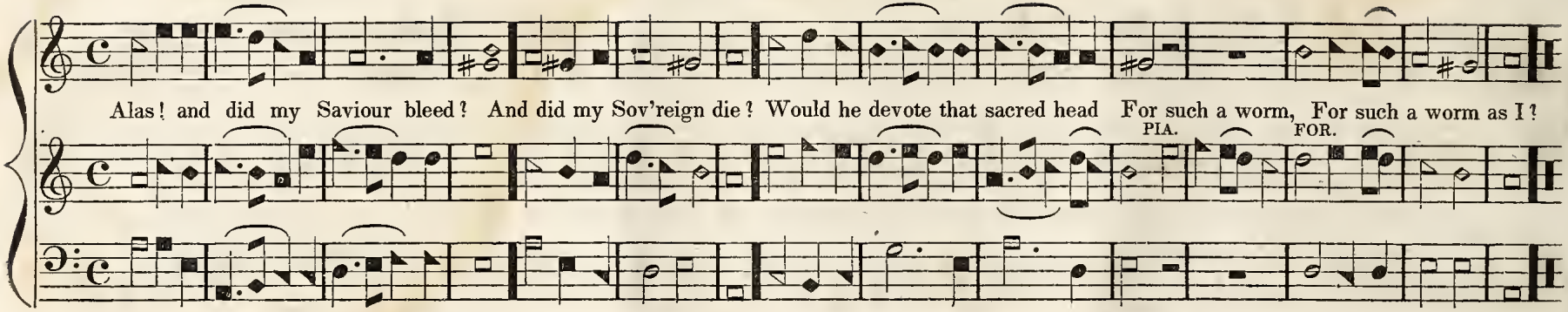
Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go—spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

Babes, men, and sires, who know his love,
Who feel your sin and thrall;
Now join with all the hosts above,
And crown him Lord of all.

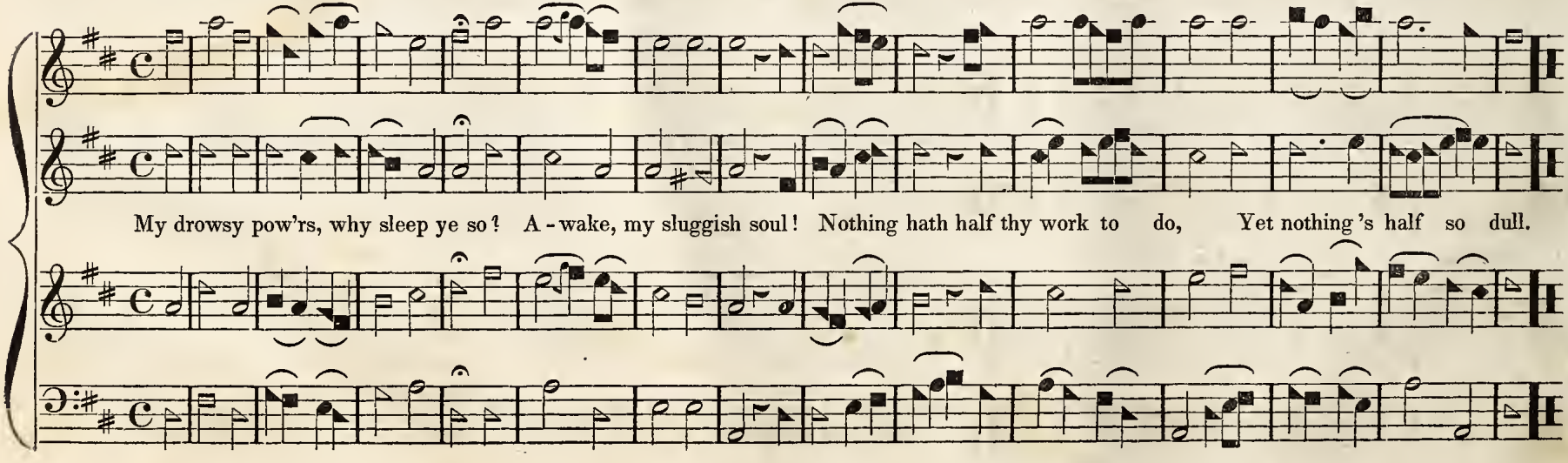
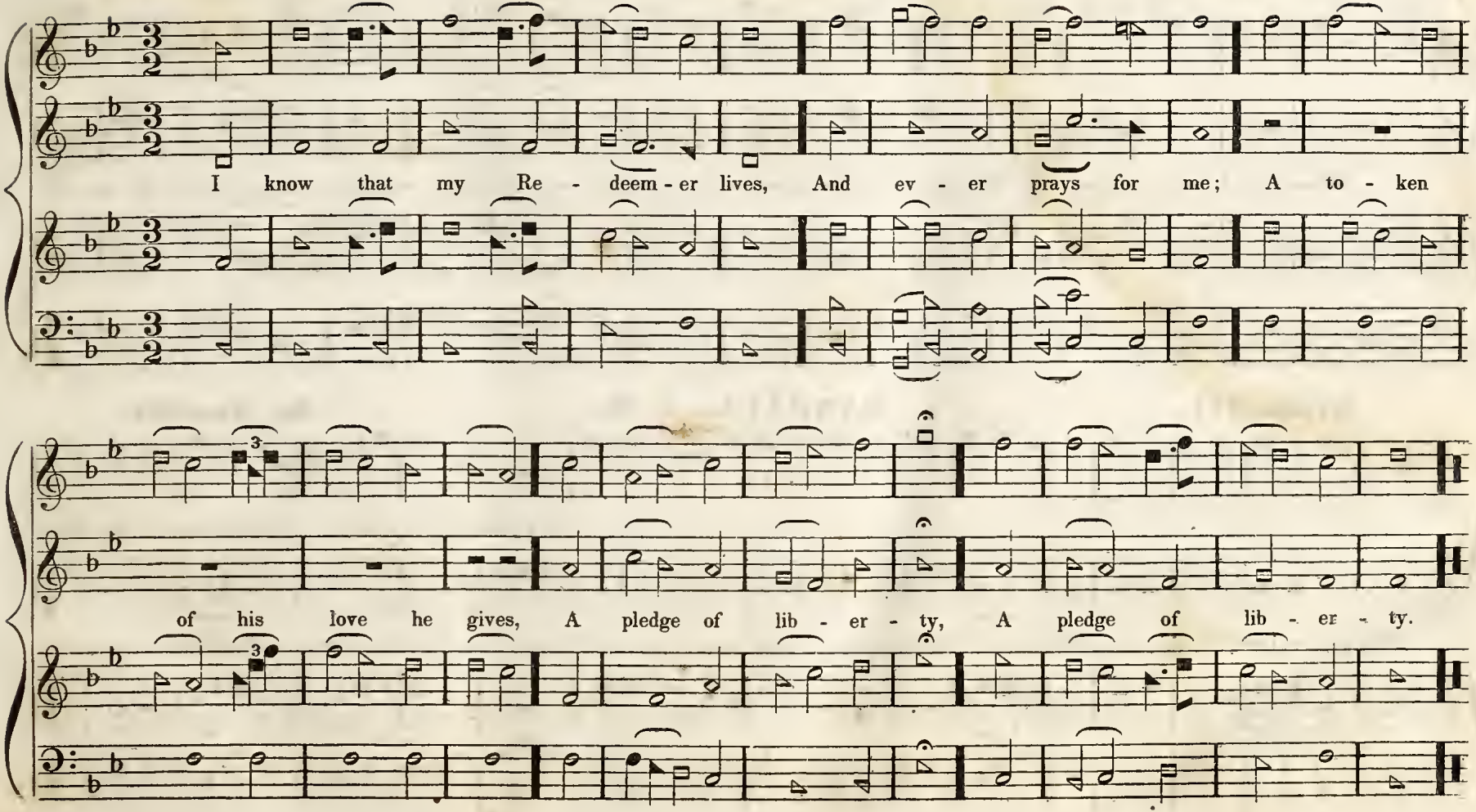
Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

Oh that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

Hymn 191. ASBURY. C. M.

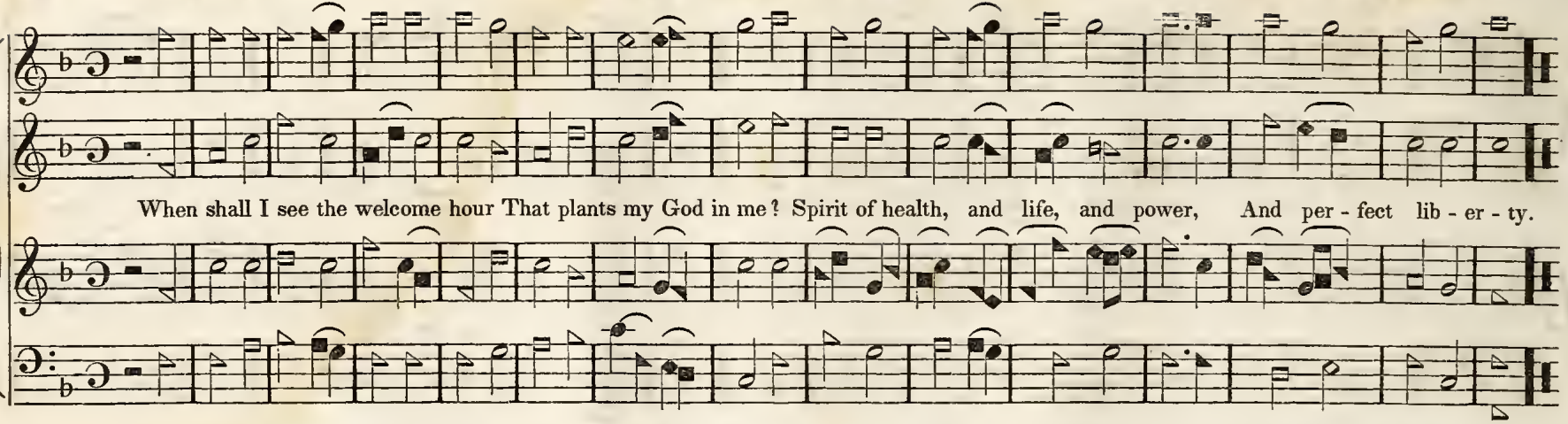

Alas! and did my Saviour bleed? And did my Sov'reign die? Would he devote that sacred head For such a worm, For such a worm as I?
PIA.
FOR.

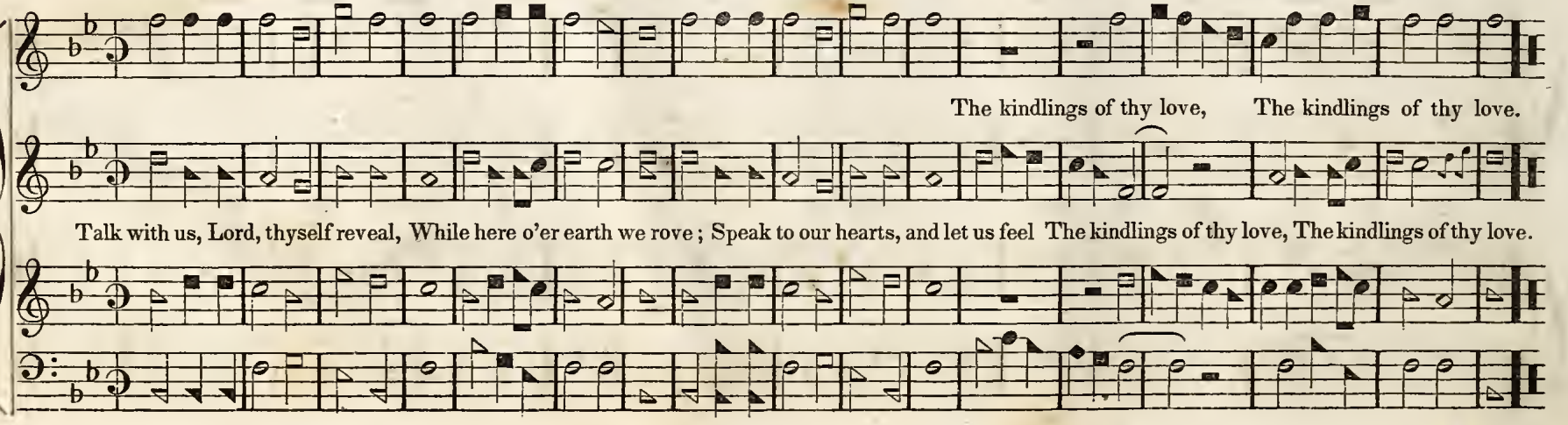
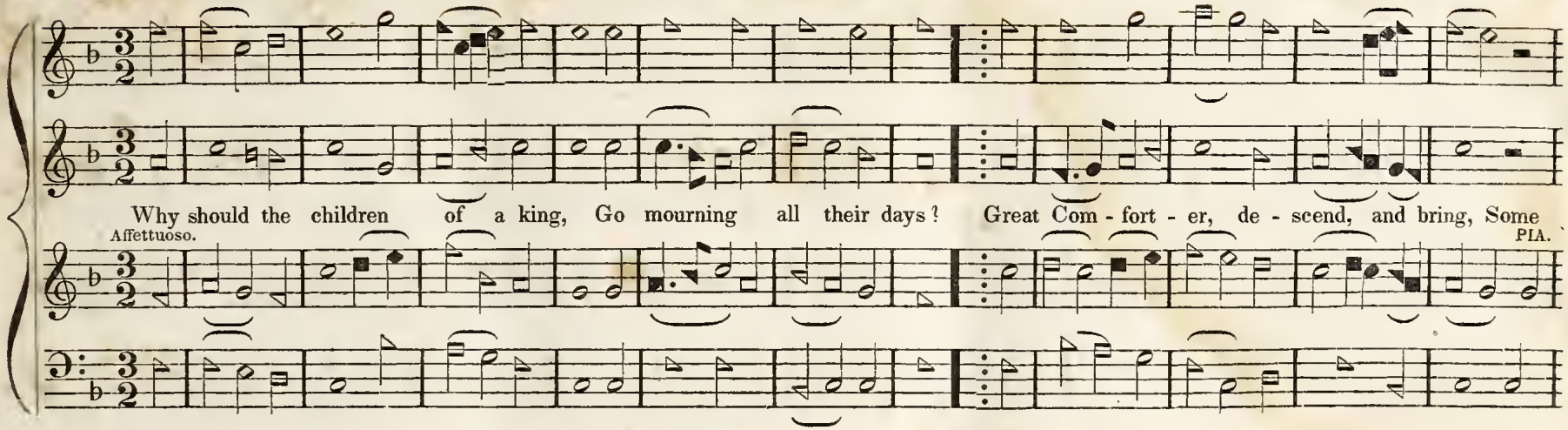
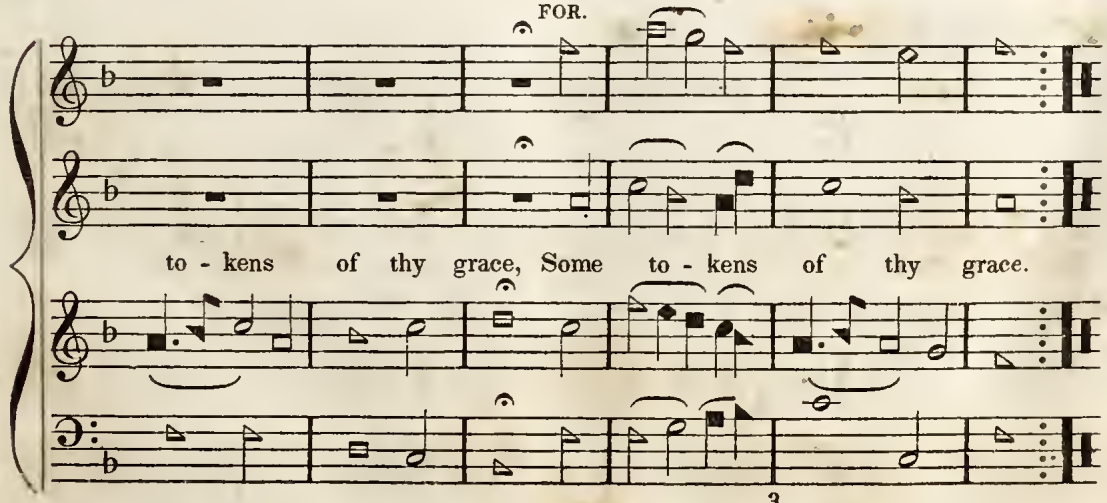
Hymn 45. BETHEL. C. M. Leach.



I know that my Re - deem - er lives, And ev - er prays for me; A to - ken
of his love he gives, A pledge of lib - er - ty, A pledge of lib - er - ty.

Hymn 359. WINTER. C. M. Read.

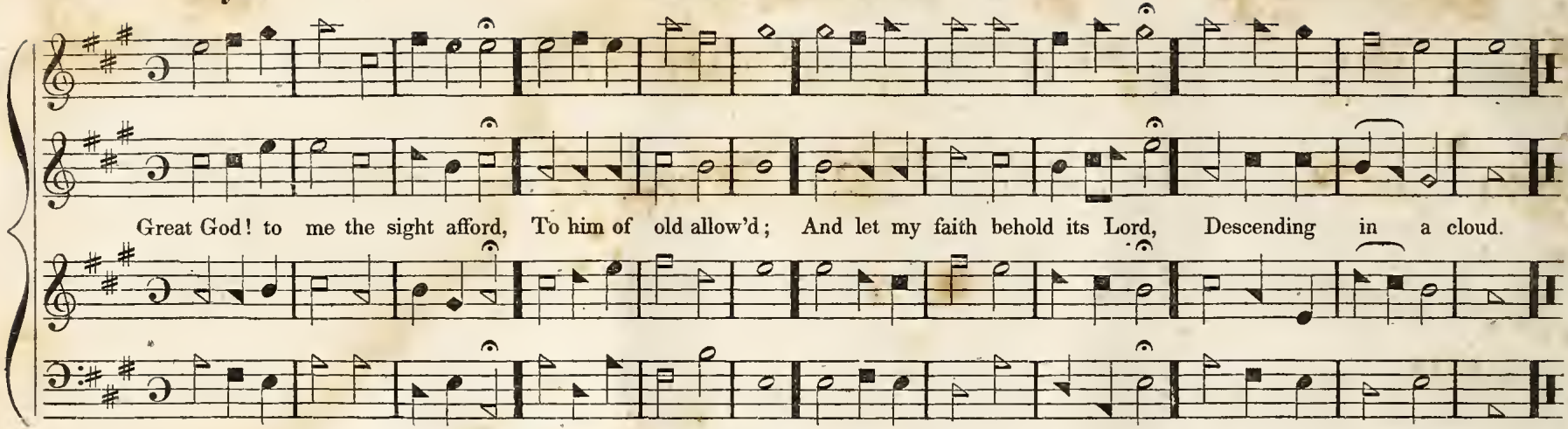


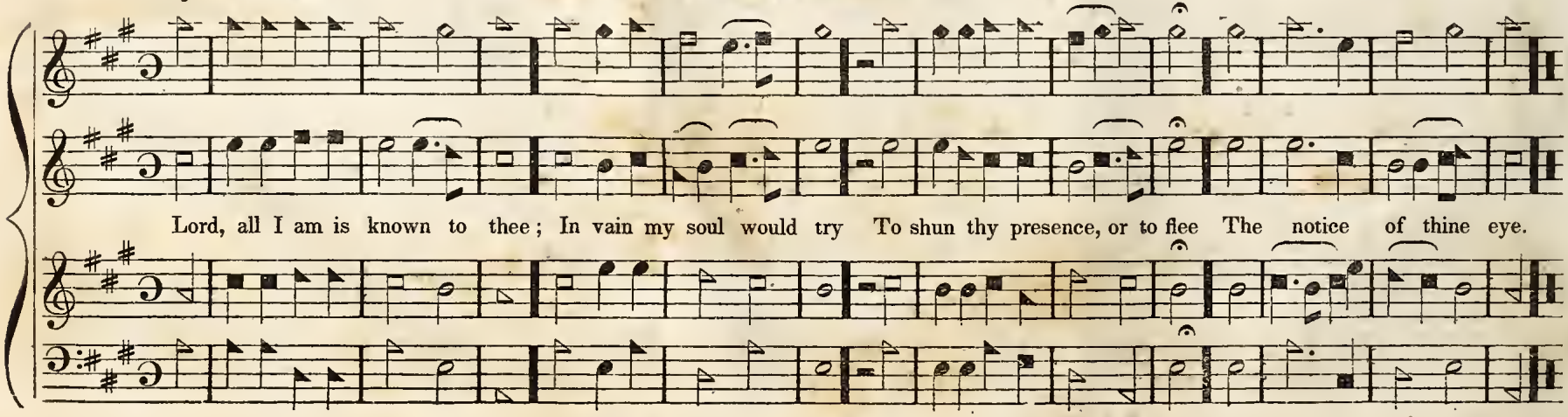
Hymn 241. RANDALL. C. M. Dr. Randall.

The kindlings of thy love, The kindlings of thy love.
Talk with us, Lord, thyself reveal, While here o'er earth we rove; Speak to our hearts, and let us feel The kindlings of thy love, The kindlings of thy love.



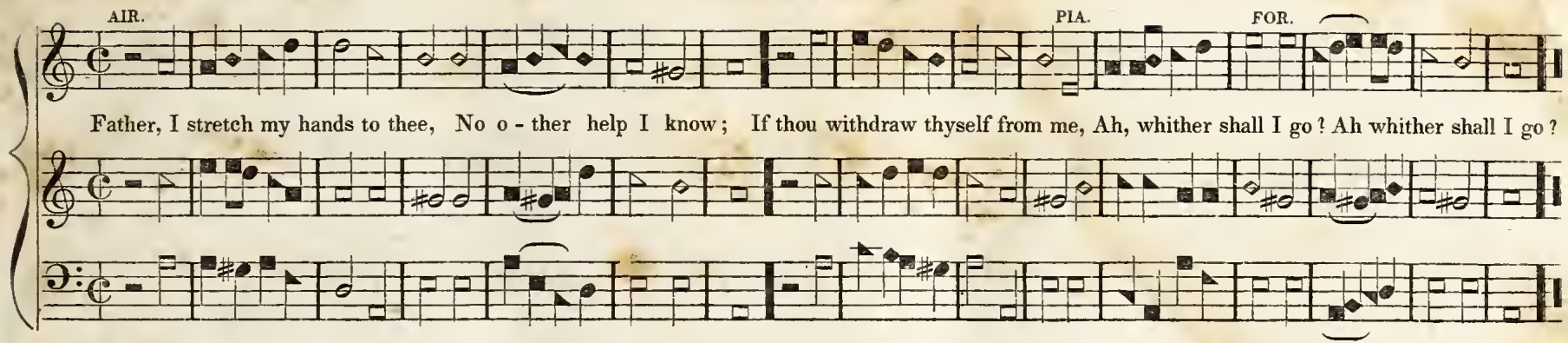
Dost thou not dwell in all thy saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?

Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood:
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.

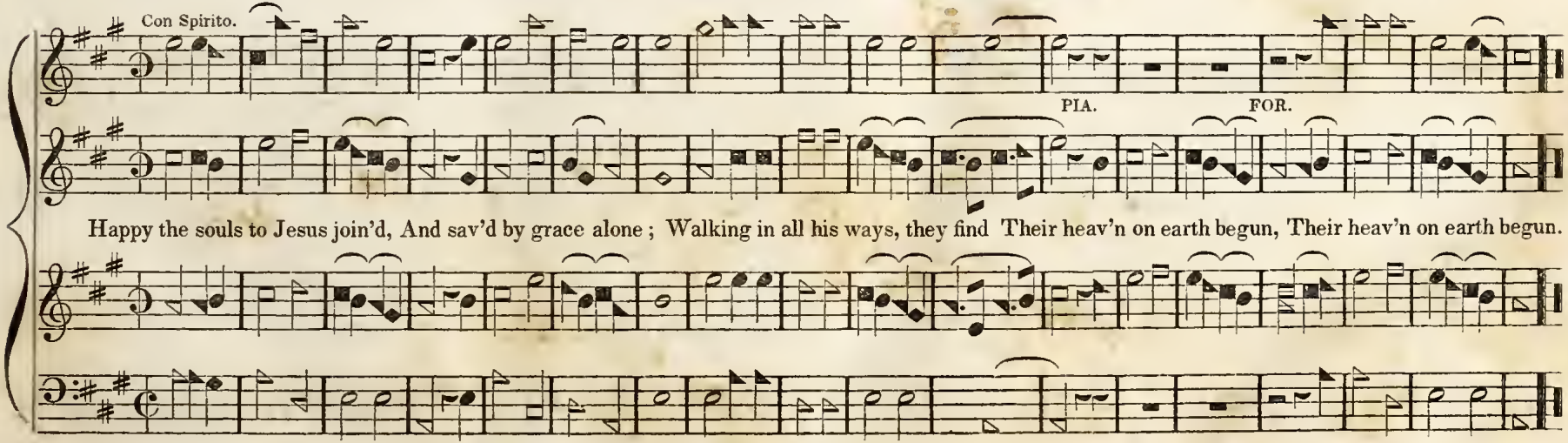
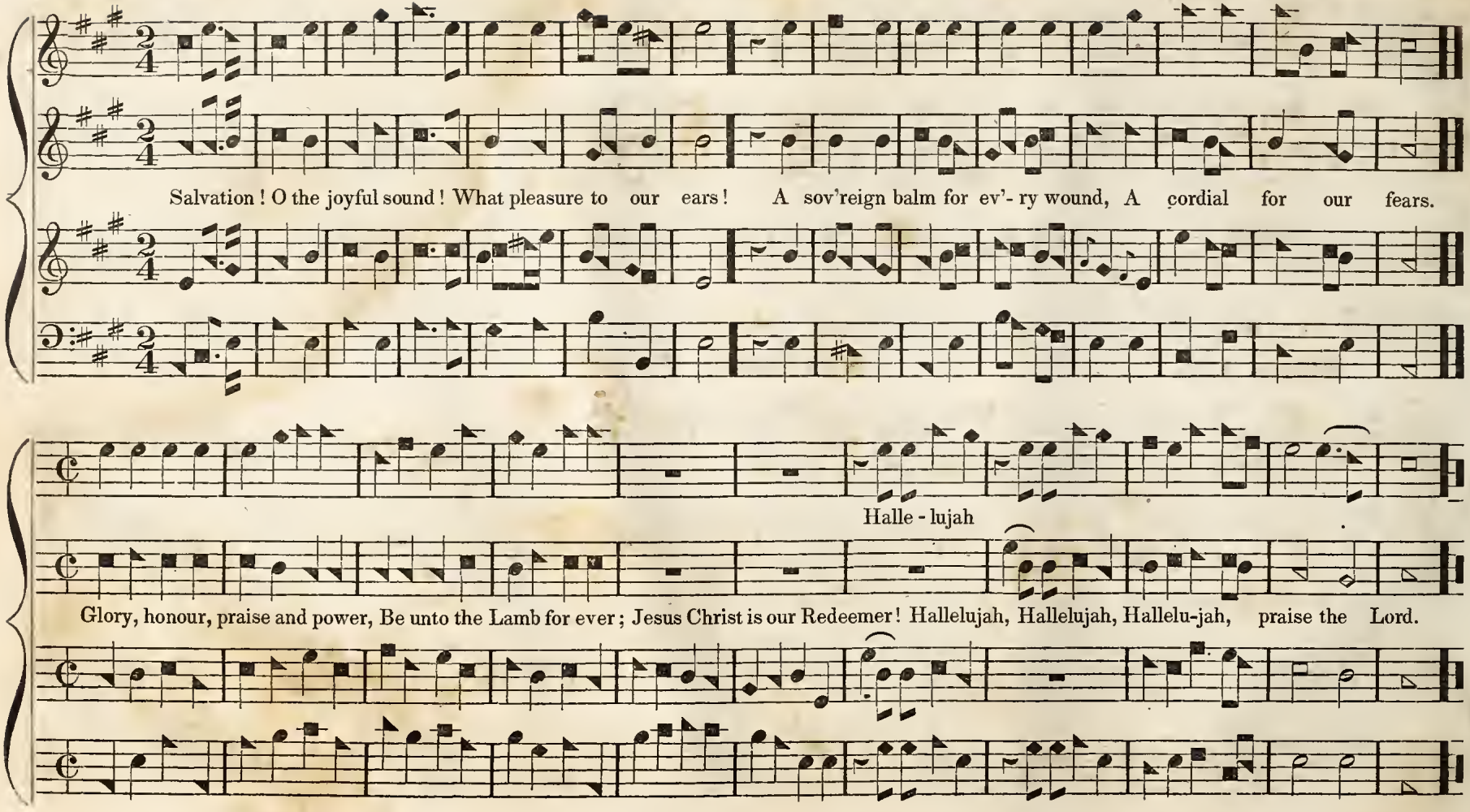
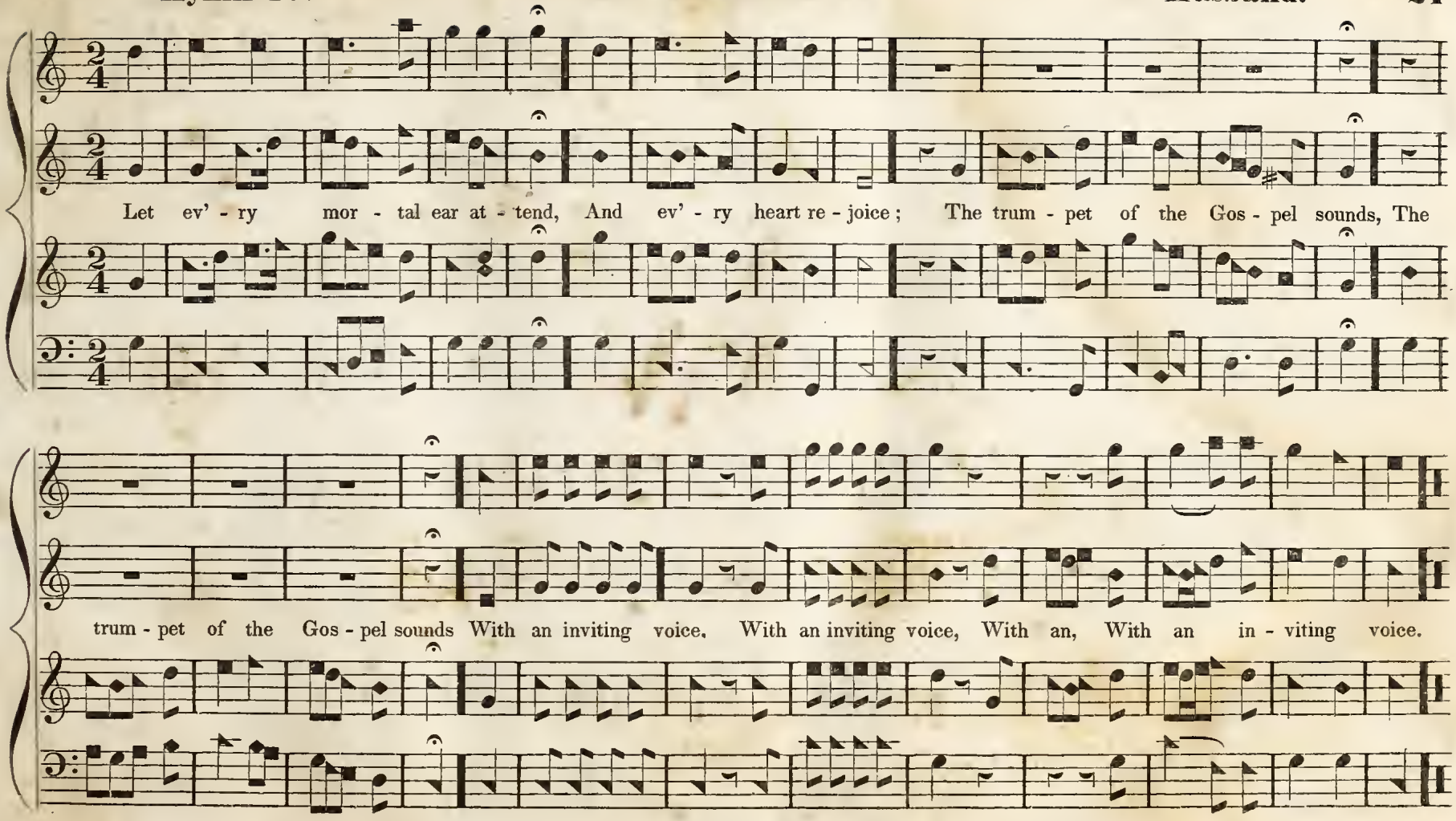
Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
May thy bless'd wings, celestial Dove,
Safely convey me home!

Hymn 180. ROCHESTER. C. M.

Hymn 140. PETERBOROUGH. C. M.

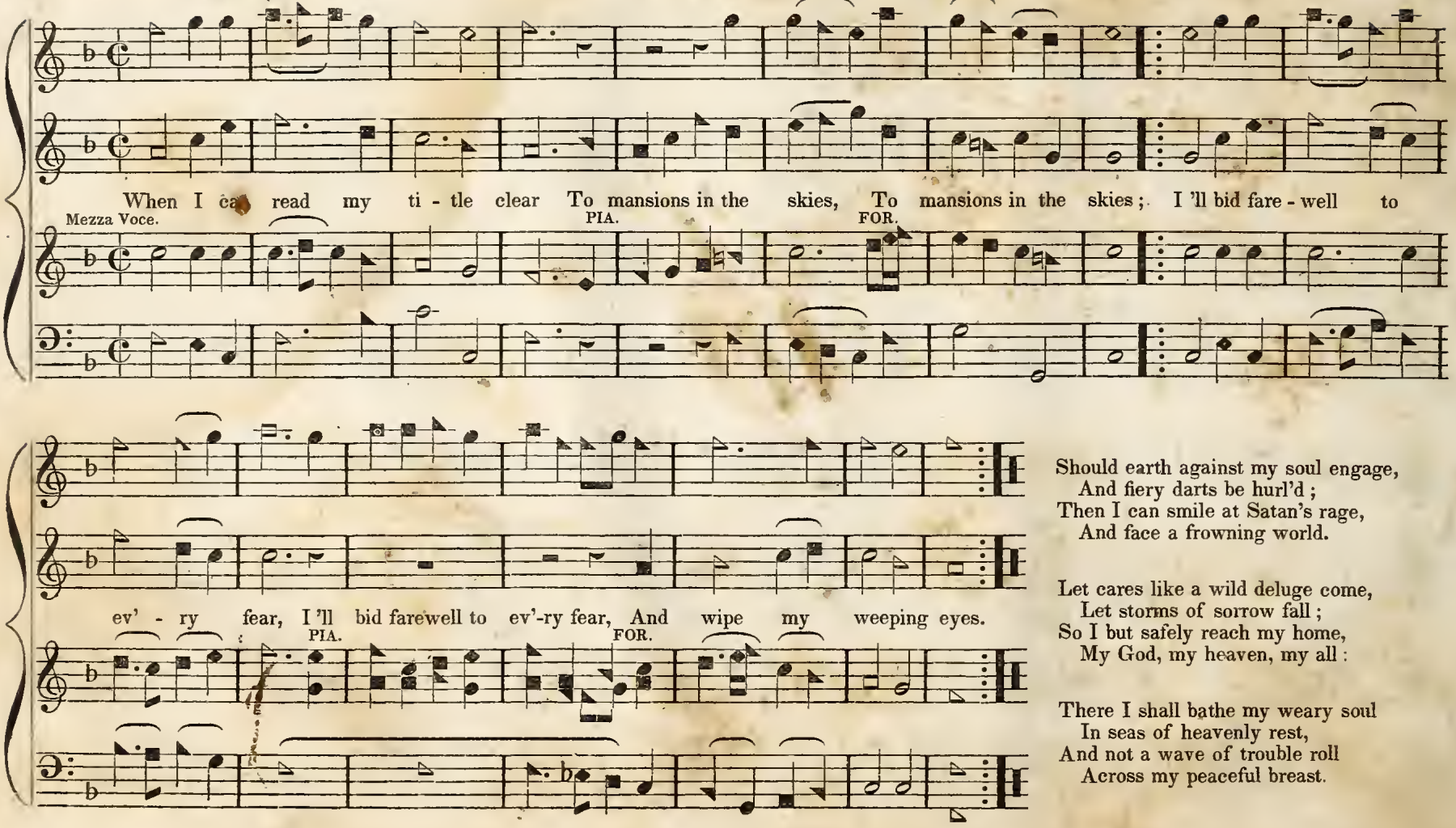



AIR.
PIA.
FOR.
Father, I stretch my hands to thee, No o - ther help I know; If thou withdraw thyself from me, Ah, whither shall I go? Ah whither shall I go?

Hymn 254. DEVIZES. C. M. Cuzens.


Con Spirito.
PIA.
FOR.
Happy the souls to Jesus join'd, And sav'd by grace alone; Walking in all his ways, they find Their heav'n on earth begun, Their heav'n on earth begun.

Salvation! O the joyful sound! What pleasure to our ears! A sov'reign balm for ev'- ry wound, A cordial for our fears.
Halle - lujah
Glory, honour, praise and power, Be unto the Lamb for ever; Jesus Christ is our Redeemer! Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelu-jah, praise the Lord.

Let ev' - ry mor - tal ear at - tend, And ev' - ry heart re - joice; The trum - pet of the Gos - pel sounds, The
trum - pet of the Gos - pel sounds With an inviting voice. With an inviting voice, With an, With an in - viting voice.

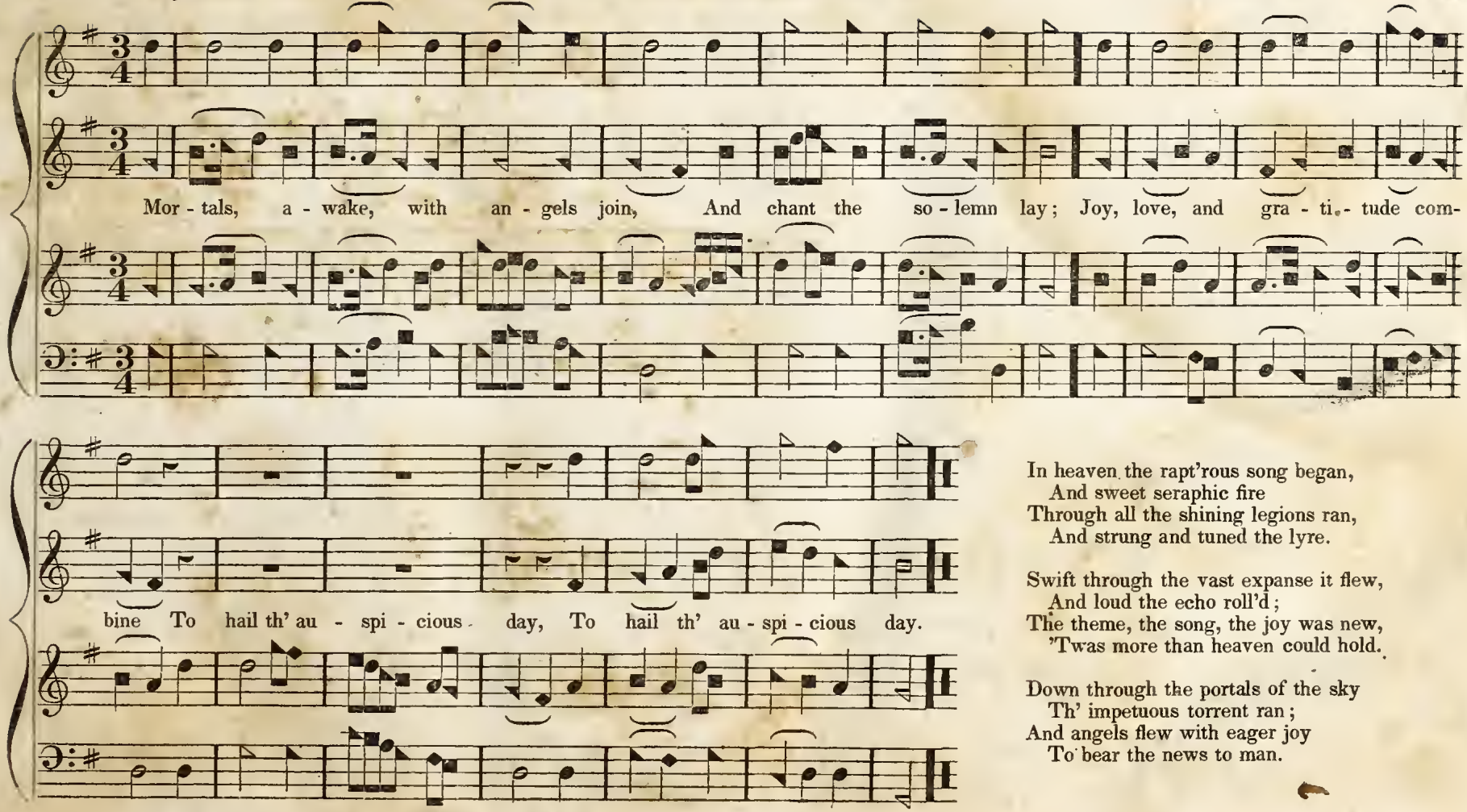
Hymn 402. ANNAPOLIS. C. M. J. Cole.


When I can read my ti - tle clear To mansions in the skies, To mansions in the skies; I 'll bid fare - well to
Mezza Voce.
PIA.
FOR.
ev' - ry fear, I 'll bid farewell to ev'-ry fear, And wipe my weeping eyes.
PIA.
FOR.

Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurl'd;
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

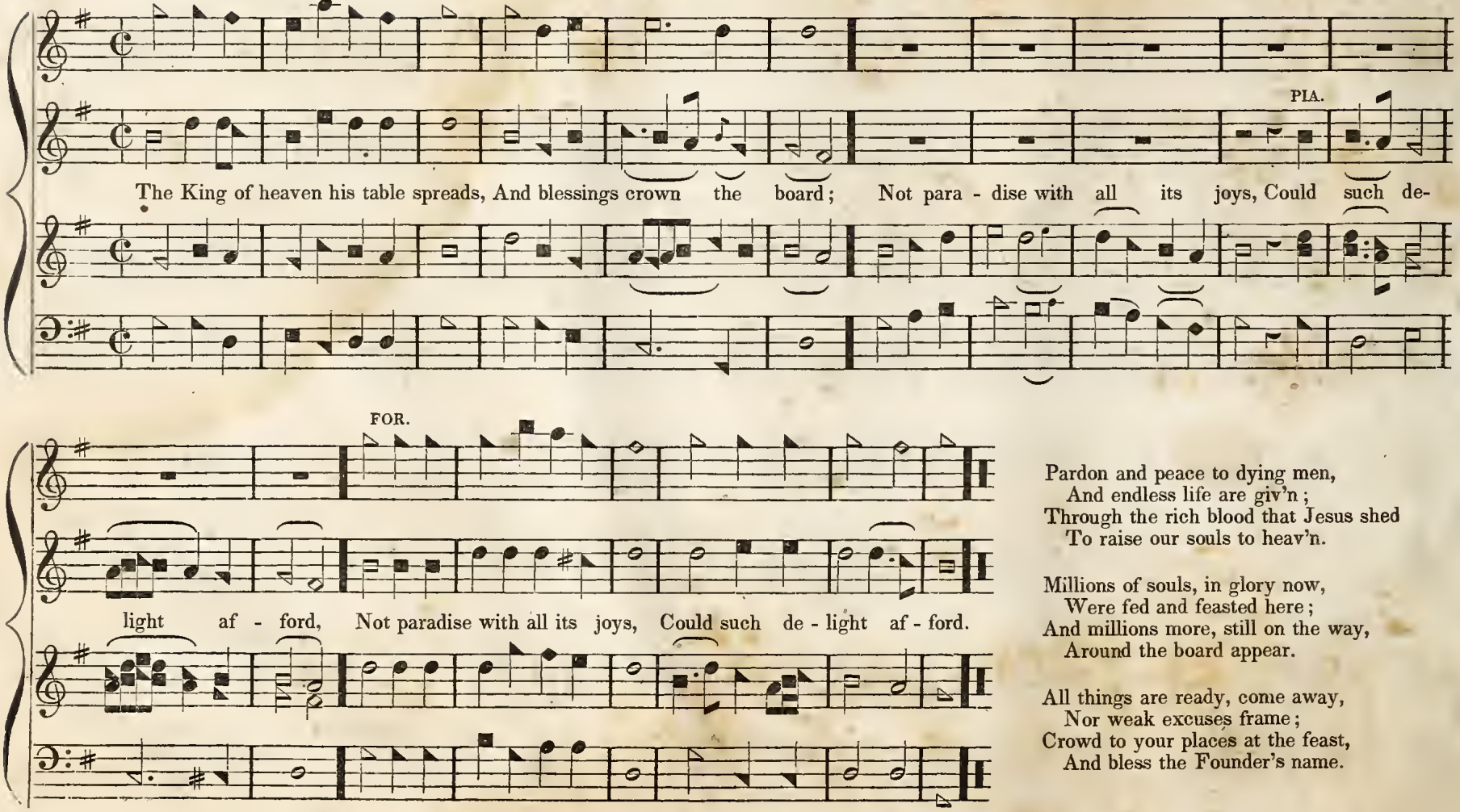
Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall;
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all:

There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.


Mor - tals, a - wake, with an - gels join, And chant the so - lemn lay; Joy, love, and gra - ti - tude com-
bine To hail th' au - spi - cious day, To hail th' au - spi - cious day.

In heaven the rapt'rous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tuned the lyre.

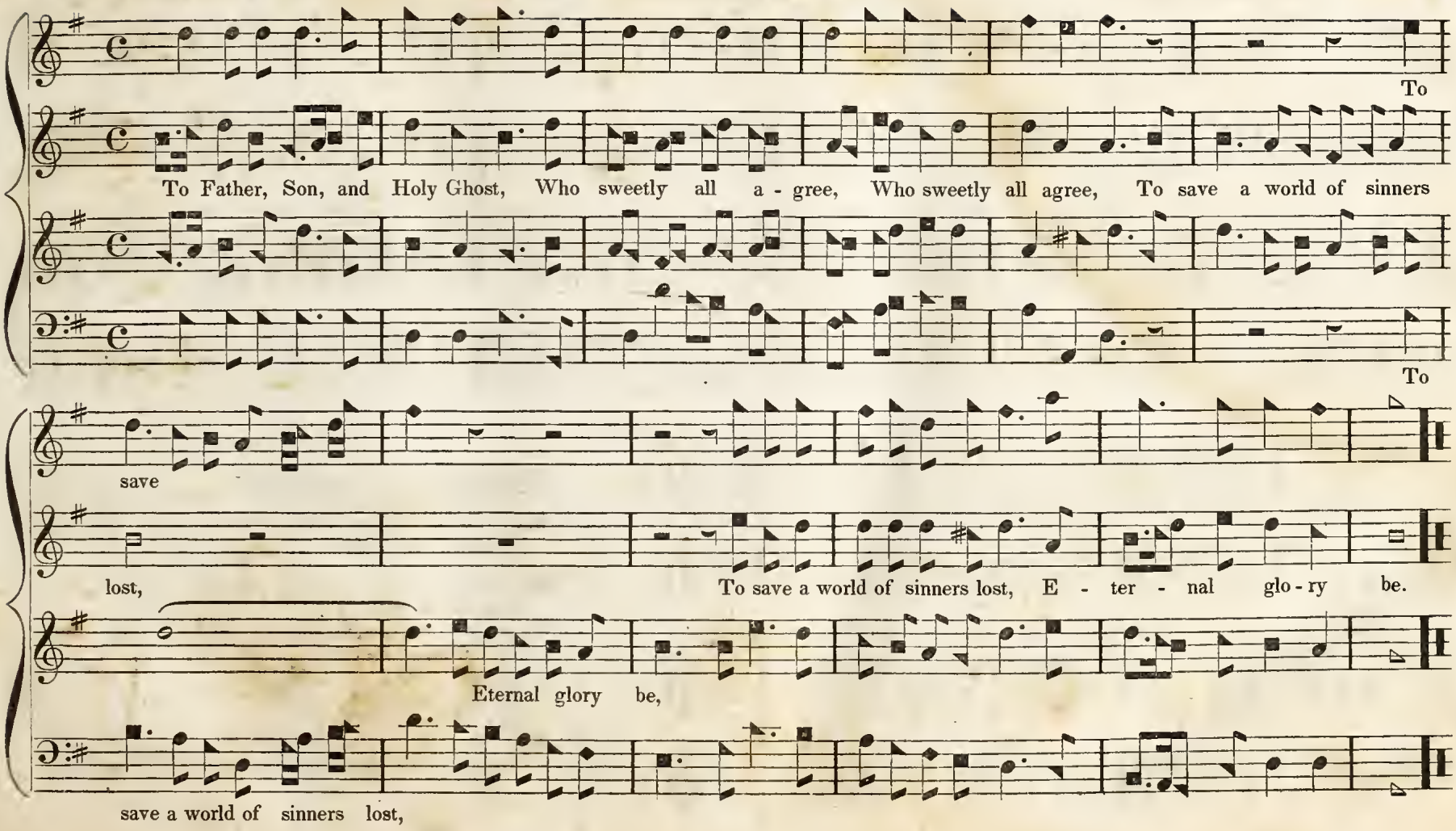
Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo roll'd;
The theme, the song, the joy was new,
'Twas more than heaven could hold.

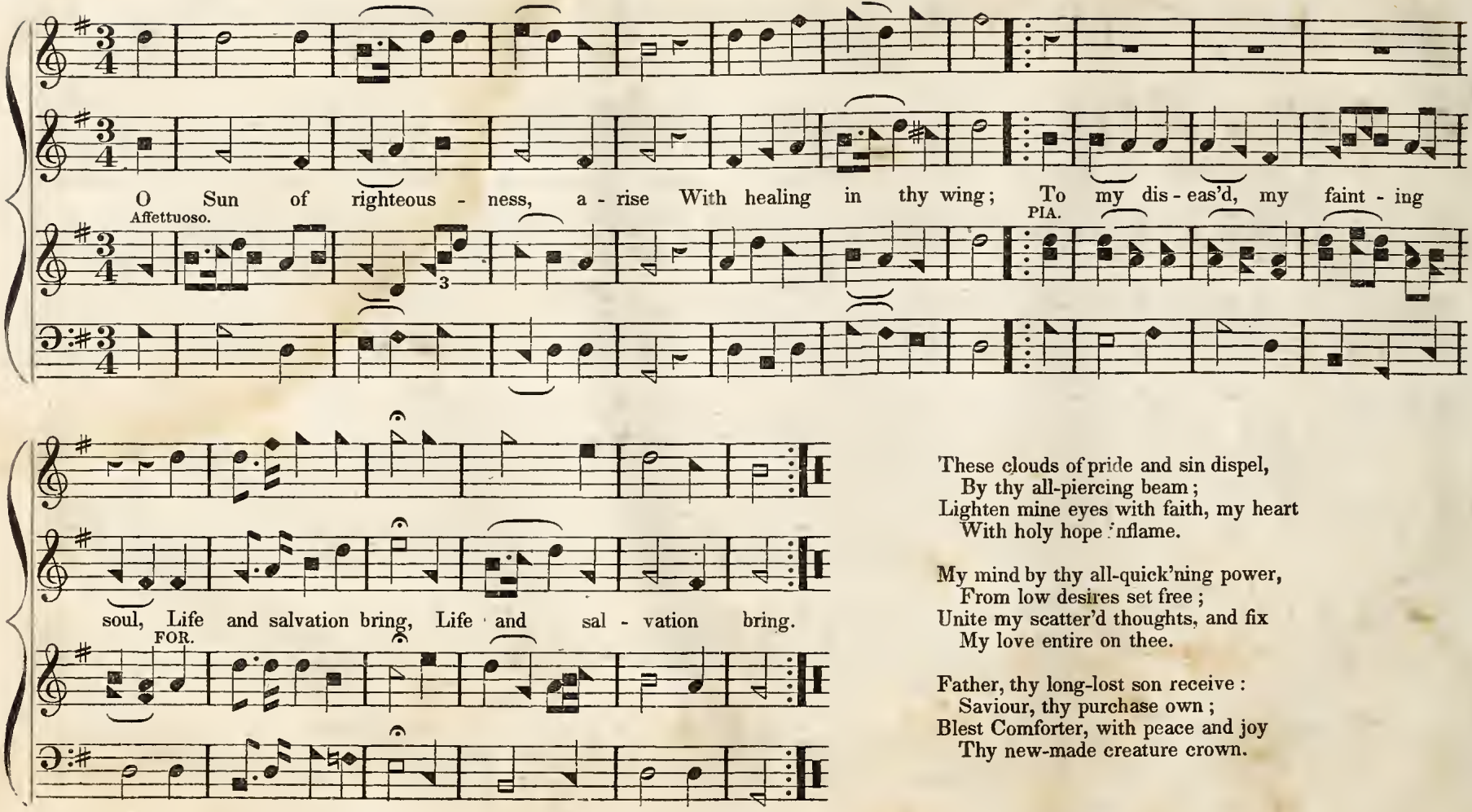
Down through the portals of the sky
Th' impetuous torrent ran;
And angels flew with eager joy
To bear the news to man.

PIA.
The King of heaven his table spreads, And blessings crown the board; Not para - dise with all its joys, Could such de-
FOR.
light af - ford, Not paradise with all its joys, Could such de - light af - ford.

Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life are giv'n;
Through the rich blood that Jesus shed
To raise our souls to heav'n.

Millions of souls, in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here;
And millions more, still on the way,
Around the board appear.

All things are ready, come away,
Nor weak excuses frame;
Crowd to your places at the feast,
And bless the Founder's name.

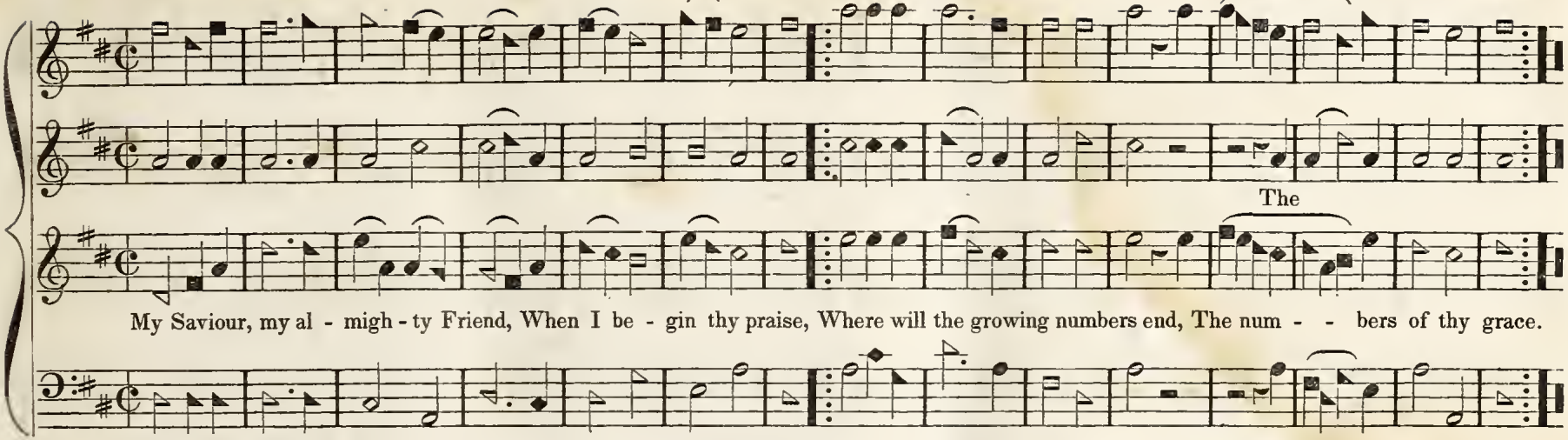

To
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Who sweetly all a - gree, Who sweetly all agree, To save a world of sinners
To
save
lost,
To save a world of sinners lost, E - ter - nal glo - ry be.
Eternal glory be,
save a world of sinners lost,


O Sun of righteous - ness, a - rise With healing in thy wing; To my dis - eas'd, my faint - ing
Affettuoso.
PIA.
soul, Life and salvation bring, Life and sal - vation bring.
FOR.

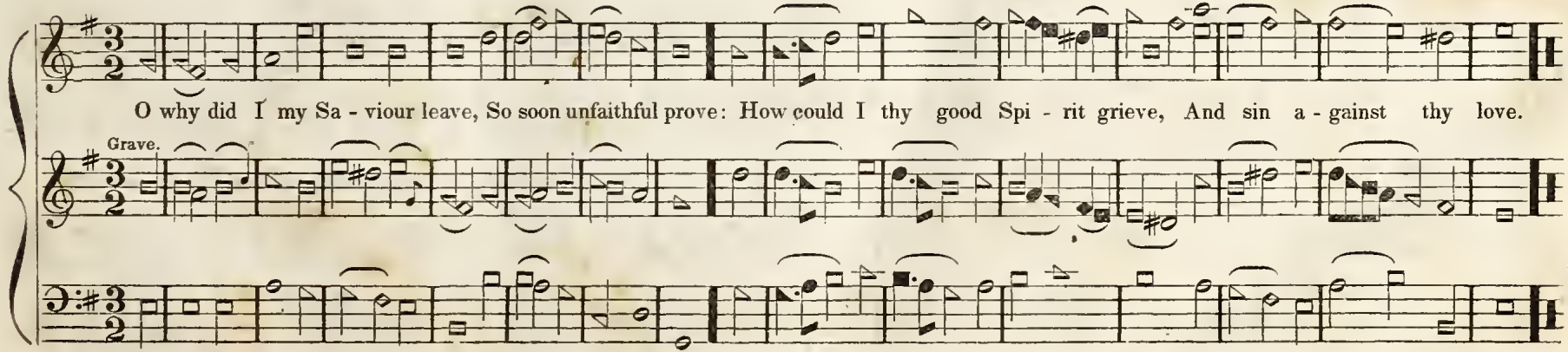
These clouds of pride and sin dispel,
By thy all-piercing beam;
Lighten mine eyes with faith, my heart
With holy hope inflame.

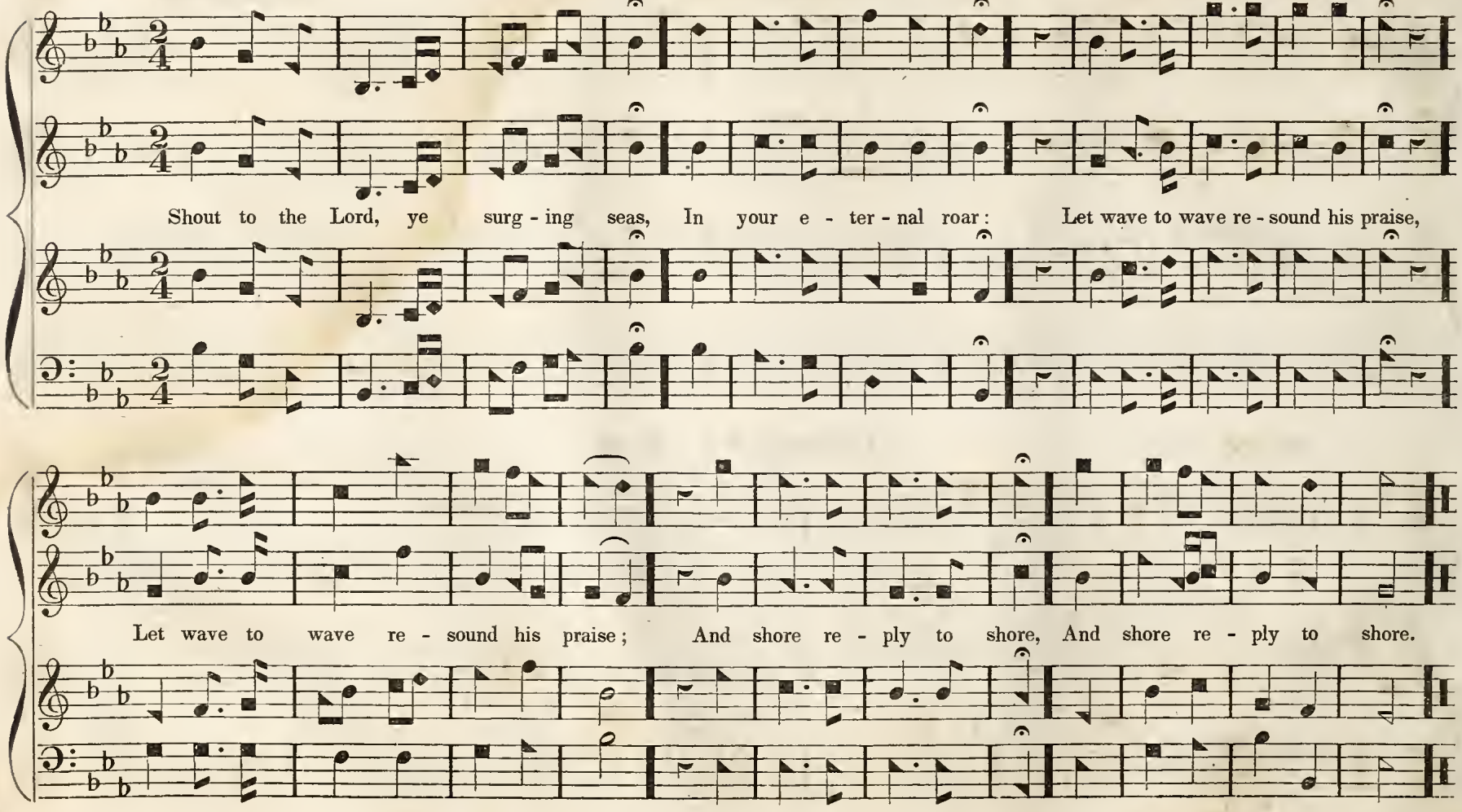
My mind by thy all-quick'ning power,
From low desires set free;
Unite my scatter'd thoughts, and fix
My love entire on thee.

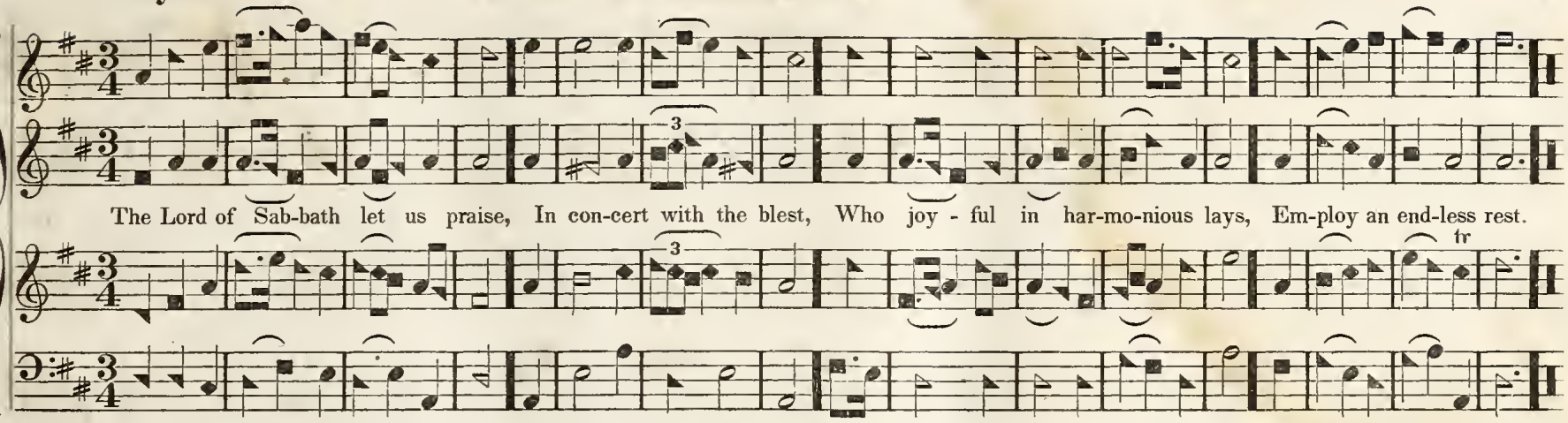
Father, thy long-lost son receive:
Saviour, thy purchase own;
Blest Comforter, with peace and joy
Thy new-made creature crown.



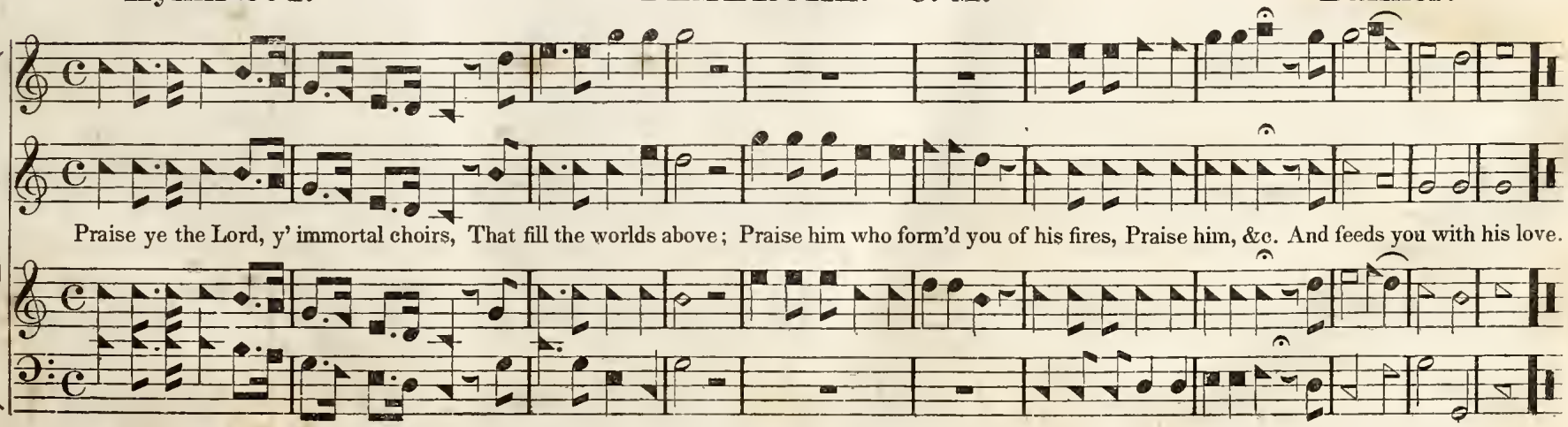
Hymn 97. CAROLINA. C. M. Coombs.



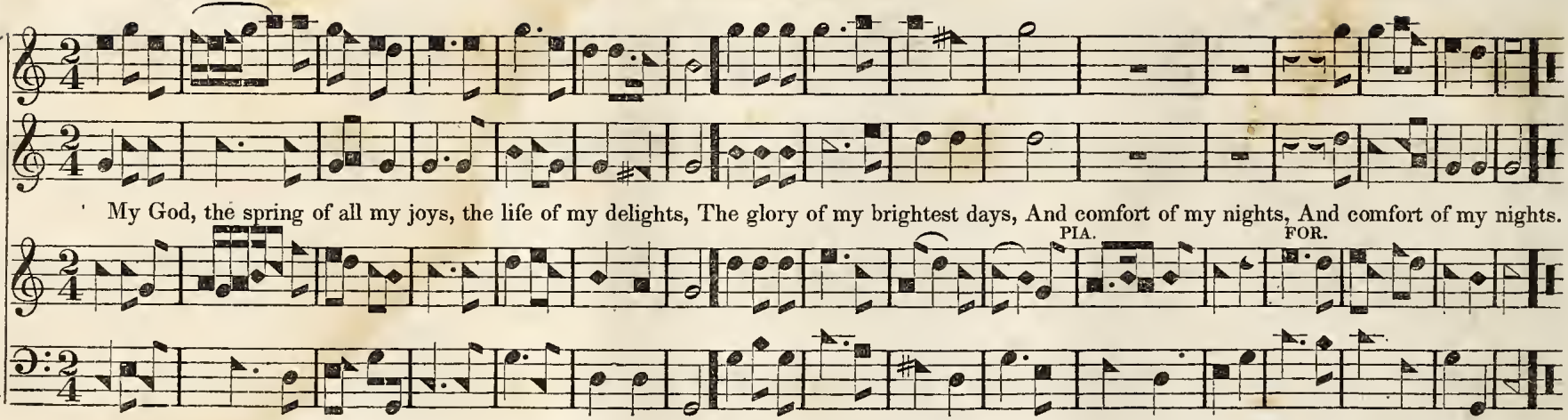

Shout to the Lord, ye surg - ing seas, In your e - ter - nal roar: Let wave to wave re - sound his praise,
Let wave to wave re - sound his praise; And shore re - ply to shore, And shore re - ply to shore.



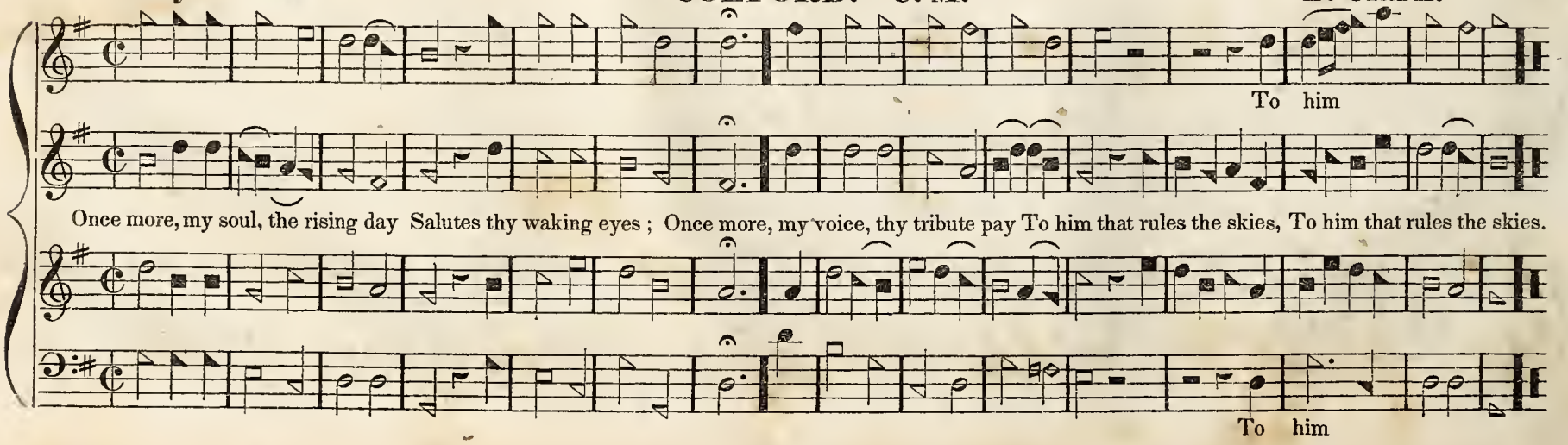
Hymn 204. PEMBROKE. C. M. Dalmer.

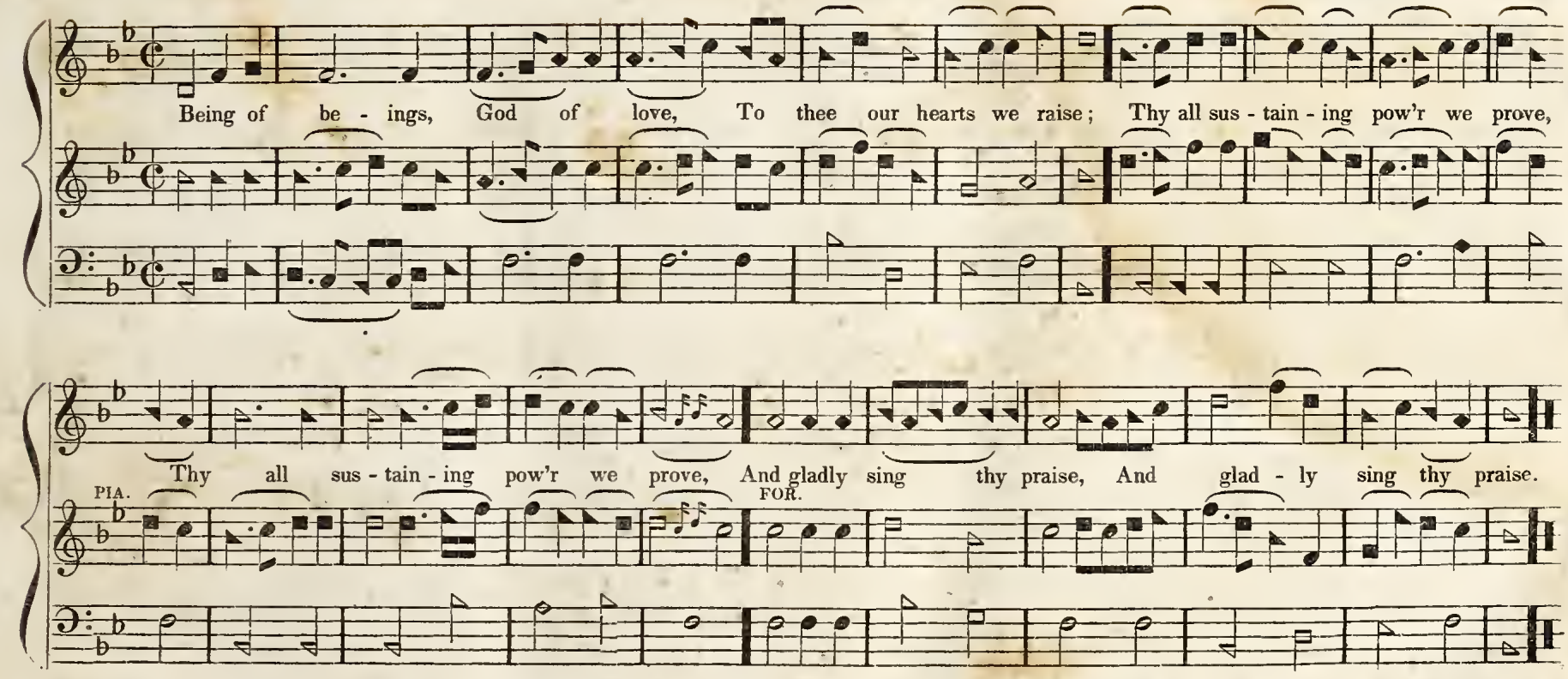

Praise ye the Lord, y' immortal choirs, That fill the worlds above; Praise him who form'd you of his fires, Praise him, &c. And feeds you with his love.

Hymn 261. BROOMSGROVE. C. M.


My God, the spring of all my joys, the life of my delights, The glory of my brightest days, And comfort of my nights, And comfort of my nights.
PIA.
FOR.

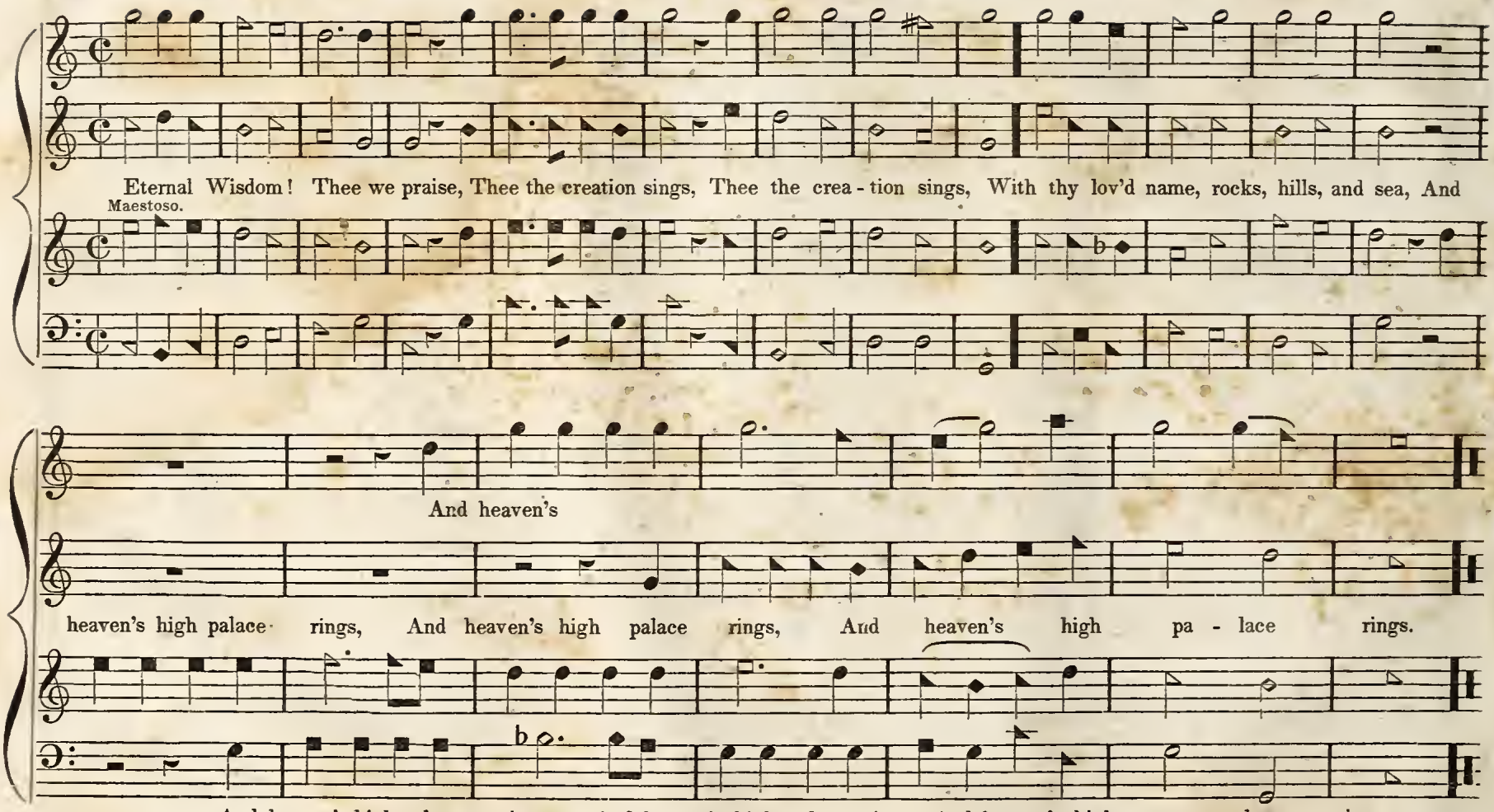
Hymn 500. COLFORD. C. M. T. Clark.

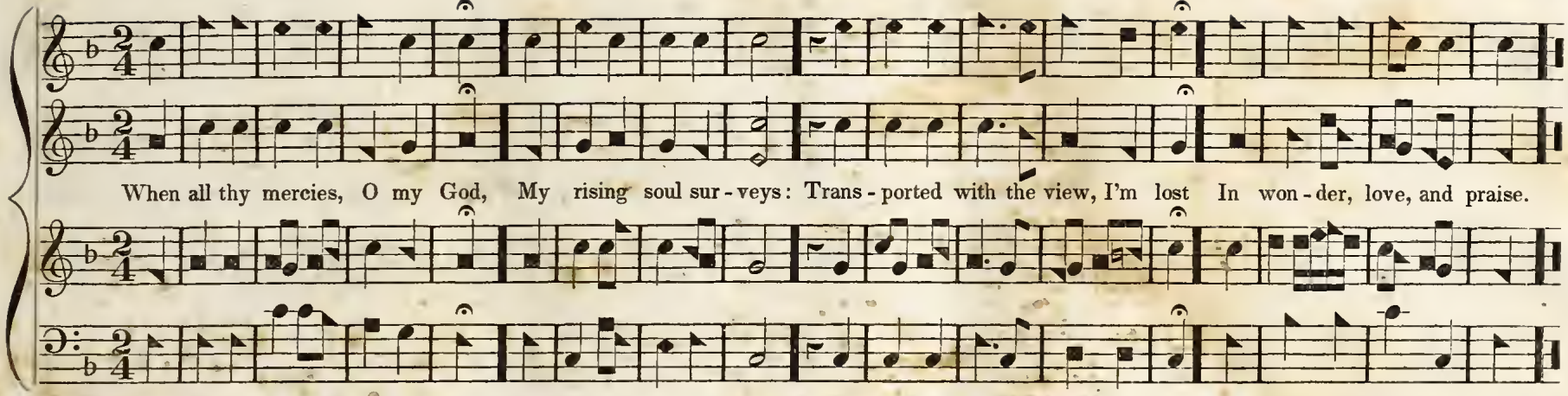

To him
Once more, my soul, the rising day Salutes thy waking eyes ; Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay To him that rules the skies, To him that rules the skies.
To him


Being of be - ings, God of love, To thee our hearts we raise; Thy all sus - tain - ing pow'r we prove,
Thy all sus - tain - ing pow'r we prove, And gladly sing thy praise, And glad - ly sing thy praise.
PIA.
FOR.

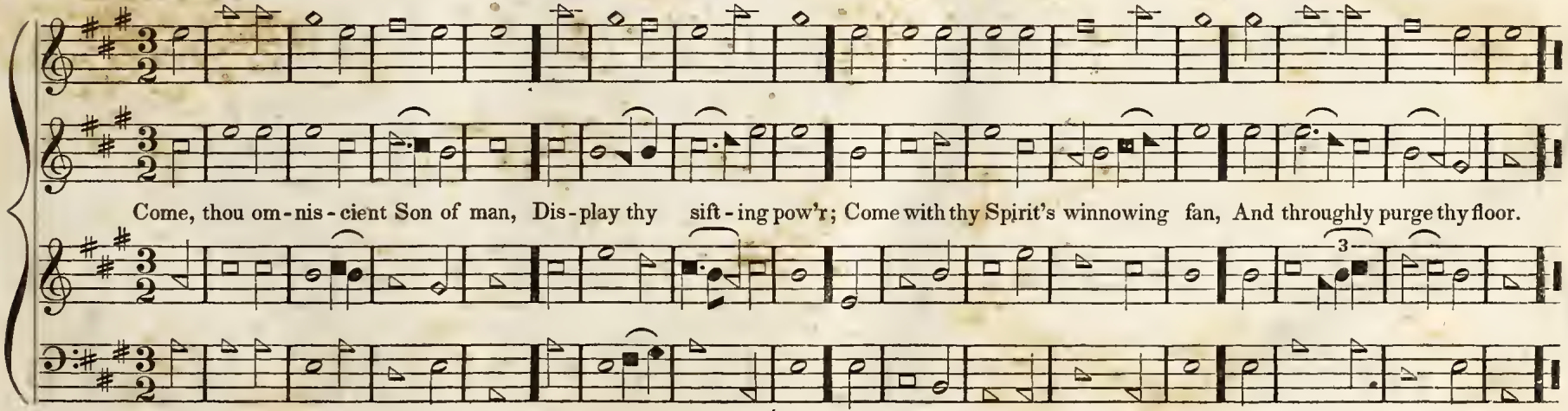
Heavenward our ev'ry wish aspires,
For all thy mercy's store;
The sole return thy love requires,
Is that we ask for more.

For more we ask, we open then
Our hearts t' embrace thy will;
Turn, and beget us, Lord, again;
With all thy fulness fill.

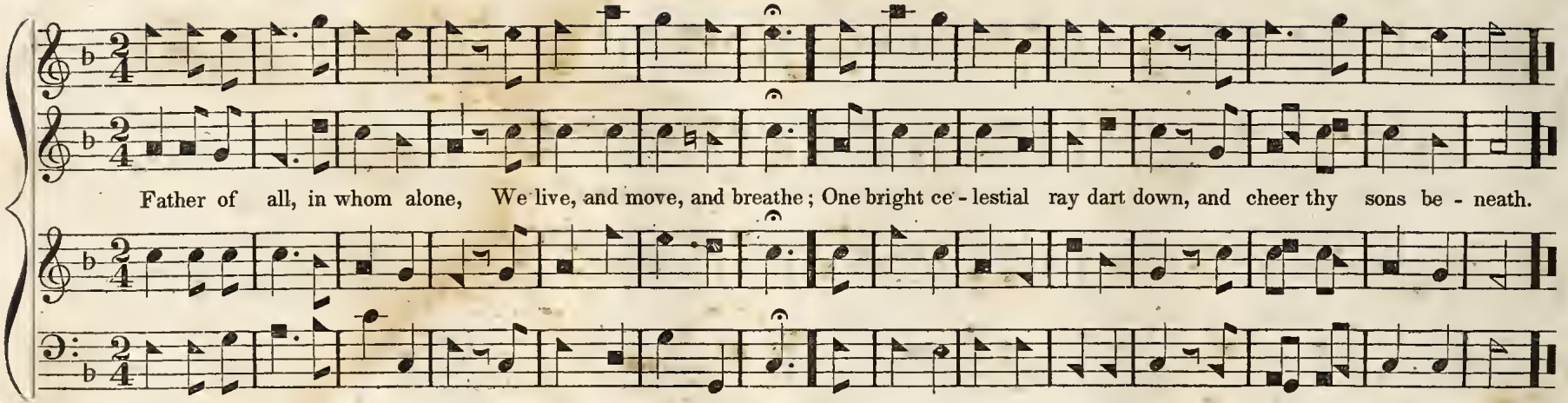
Come, Holy Ghost, the Saviour's love
Shed in our hearts abroad;
So shall we ever live and move,
And be with Christ in God.

Eternal Wisdom! Thee we praise, Thee the creation sings, Thee the crea - tion sings, With thy lov'd name, rocks, hills, and sea, And
Maestoso.
And heaven's
heaven's high palace rings, And heaven's high palace rings, And heaven's high pa - lace rings.
And heaven's high palace rings, And heaven's high palace rings, And heaven's high pa - lace rings.

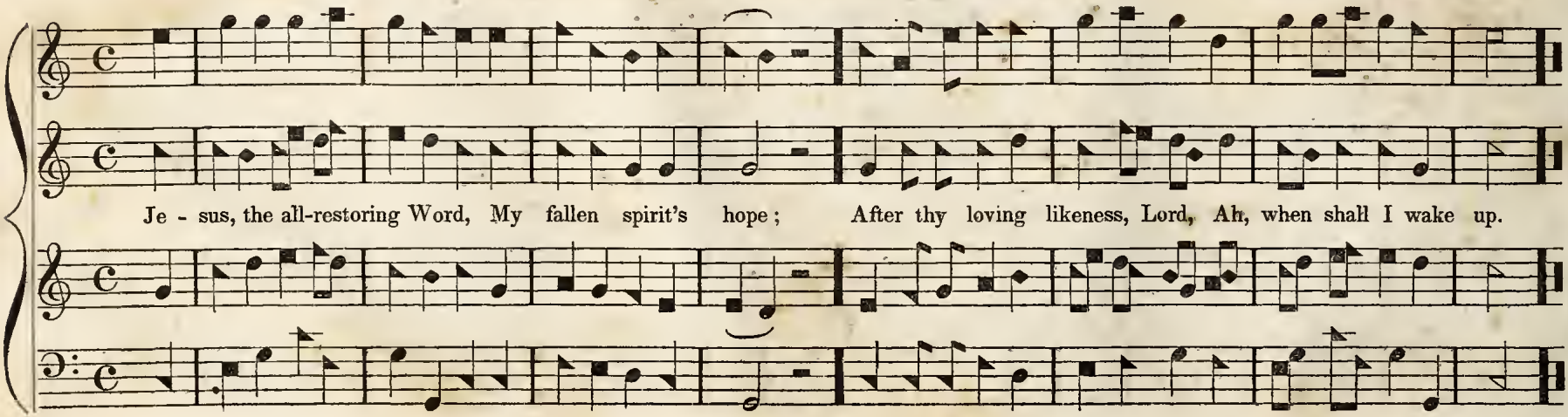
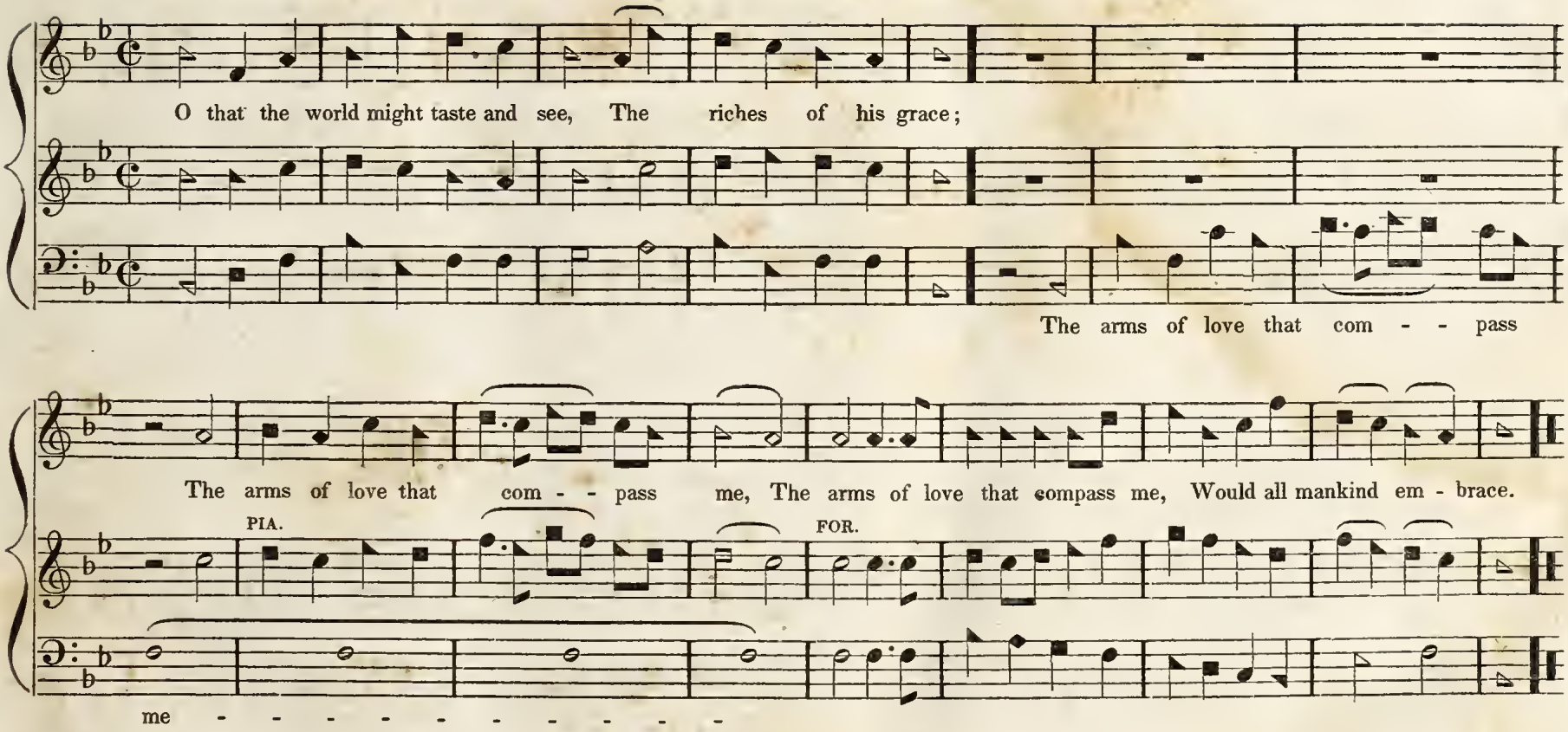


Hymn 327. ALEXANDRIA, or BARBY. C. M.


Come, thou om - nis - cient Son of man, Dis - play thy sift - ing pow'r; Come with thy Spirit's winnowing fan, And throughly purge thy floor.

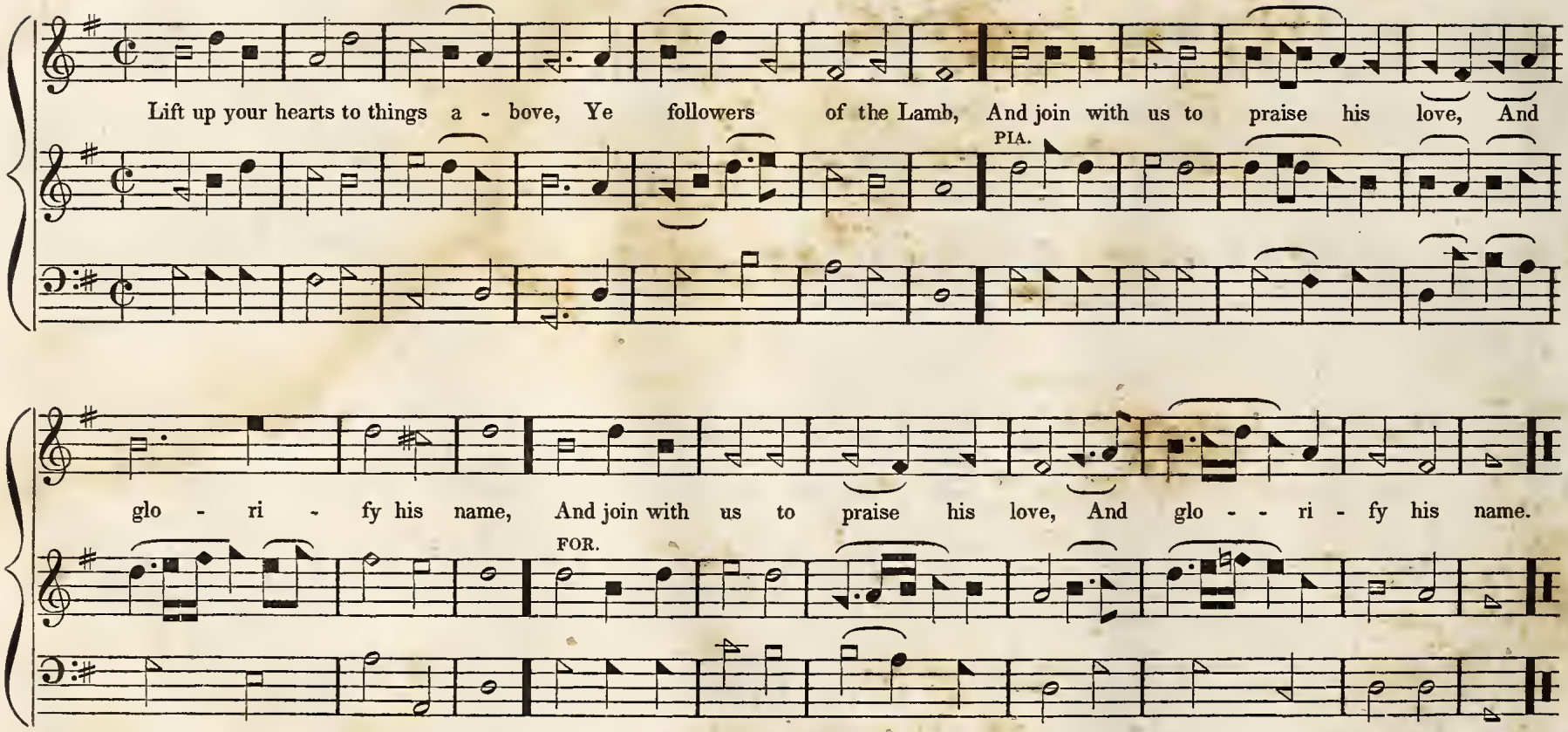
Hymn 532. RYTON. C. M. Clark.



Hymn 125. FLORIDA. C. M. Clark.


O that the world might taste and see, The riches of his grace;
The arms of love that com - - pass
The arms of love that com - - pass me, The arms of love that compass me, Would all mankind em - brace.
PIA.
FOR.
me - - - - - - - - - -

O that my Jesus' heav'nly charms
Might every bosom move!
Fly, sinners, fly into those arms
Of everlasting love.

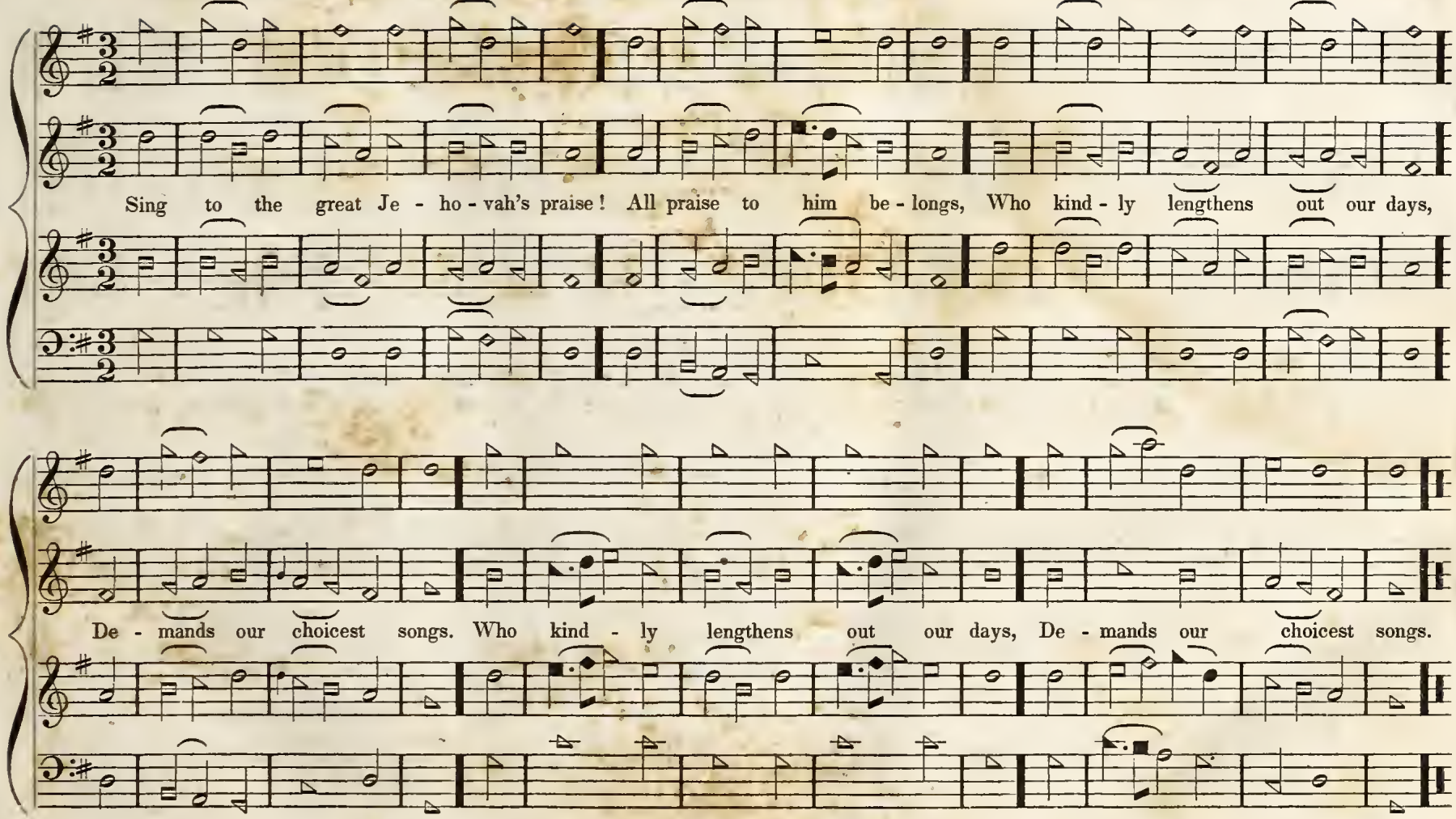
His only righteousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim;
'Tis all my business here below
To cry, "Behold the Lamb!"

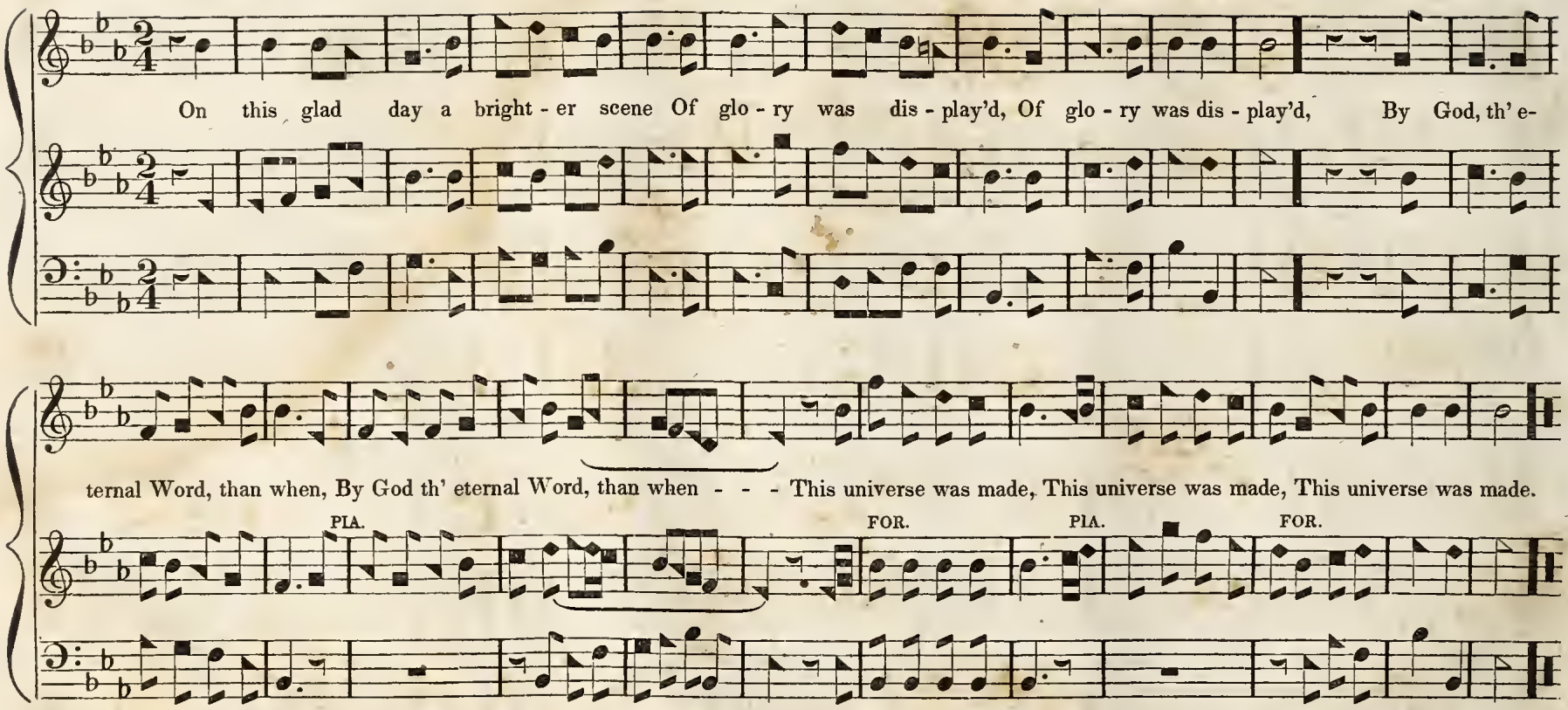
Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his name!
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
"Behold! behold the Lamb!"

Lift up your hearts to things a - bove, Ye followers of the Lamb, And join with us to praise his love, And
PIA.
glo - ri - fy his name, And join with us to praise his love, And glo - - ri - fy his name.
FOR.

To Jesus' name give thanks and sing,
Whose mercies never end;
Rejoice! rejoice! the Lord is King!
The King is now our Friend.

We for his sake count all things loss,
On earthly things look down;
And joyfully sustain the cross,
Till we receive the crown.

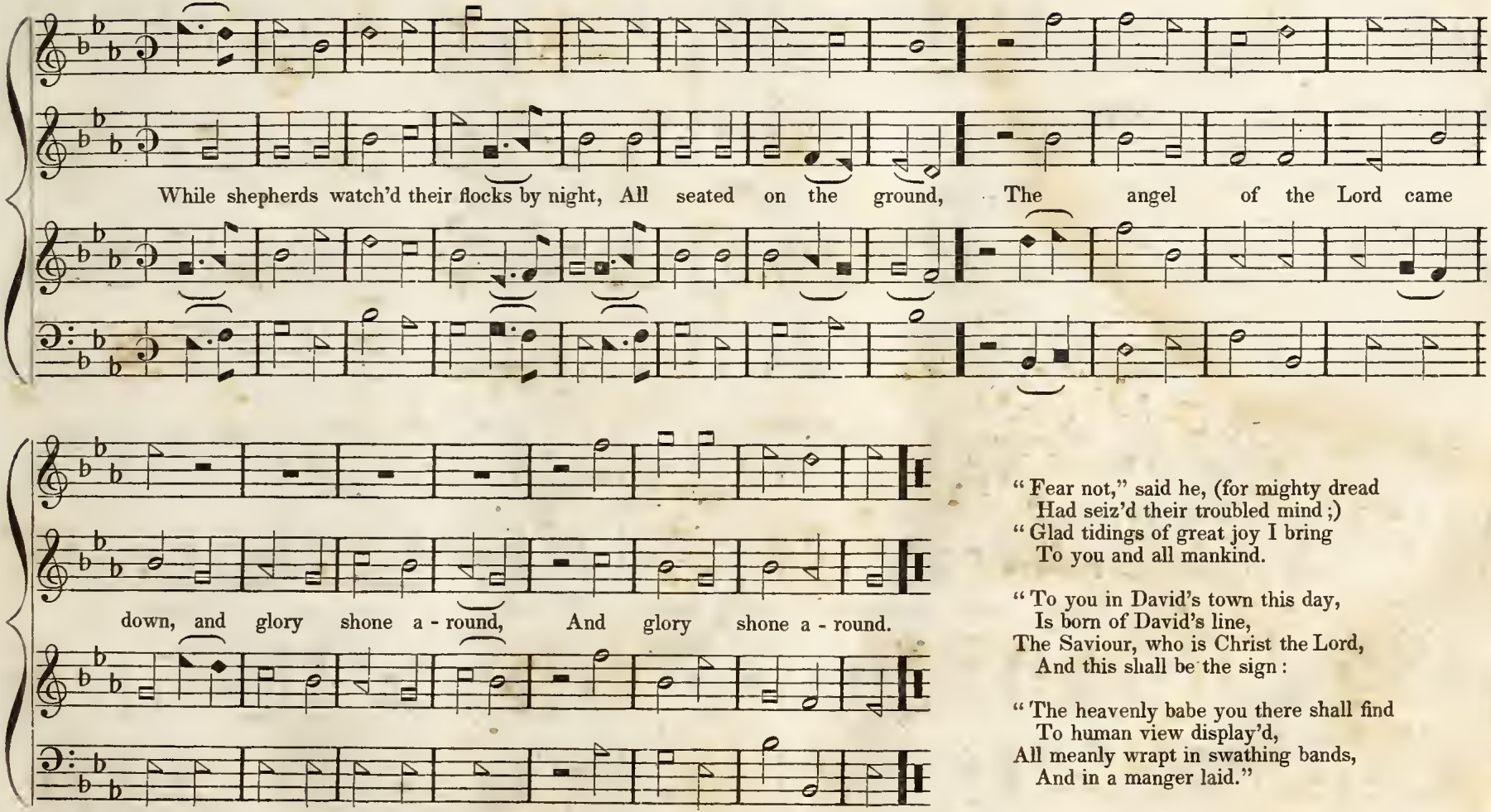
O let us stir each other up,
Our faith by works t' approve,
By holy, purifying hope,
And the sweet task of love

Let all who for the promise wait,
The Holy Ghost receive;
And rais'd to our unsinning state,
With God in Eden live!

Sing to the great Je - ho - vah's praise! All praise to him be - longs, Who kind - ly lengthens out our days,
De - mands our choicest songs. Who kind - ly lengthens out our days, De - mands our choicest songs.


On this glad day a bright - er scene Of glo - ry was dis - play'd, Of glo - ry was dis - play'd, By God, th' e-
ternal Word, than when, By God th' eternal Word, than when - - - This universe was made, This universe was made, This universe was made.
PIA.
FOR.
PIA.
FOR.

He rises, who mankind has bought,
With grief and pain extreme:
'Twas great to speak the world from nought,
'Twas greater to redeem.

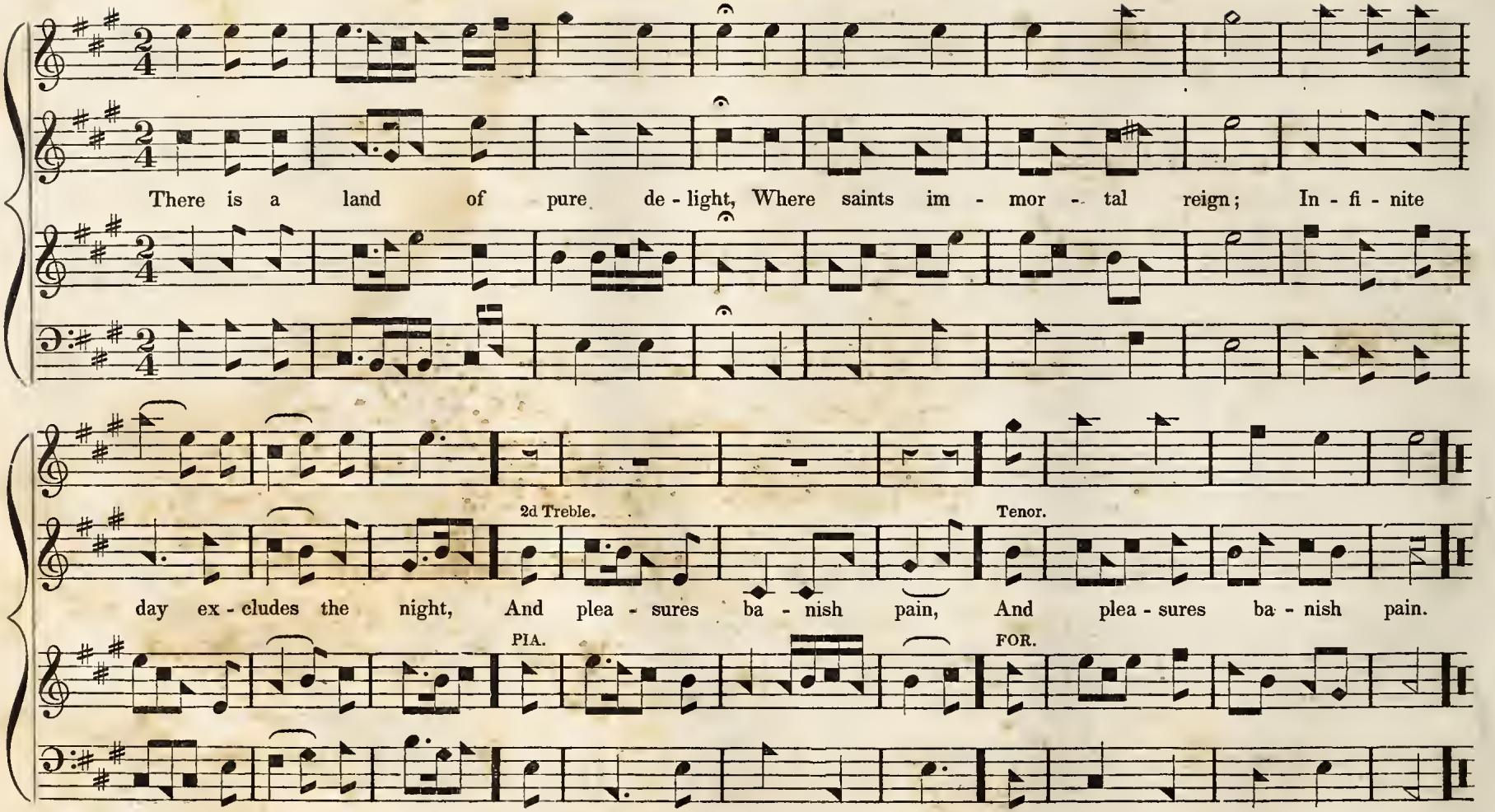
Alone the dreadful race he ran,
Alone the wine press trod;
He dies and suffers as a man,
He rises as a God.

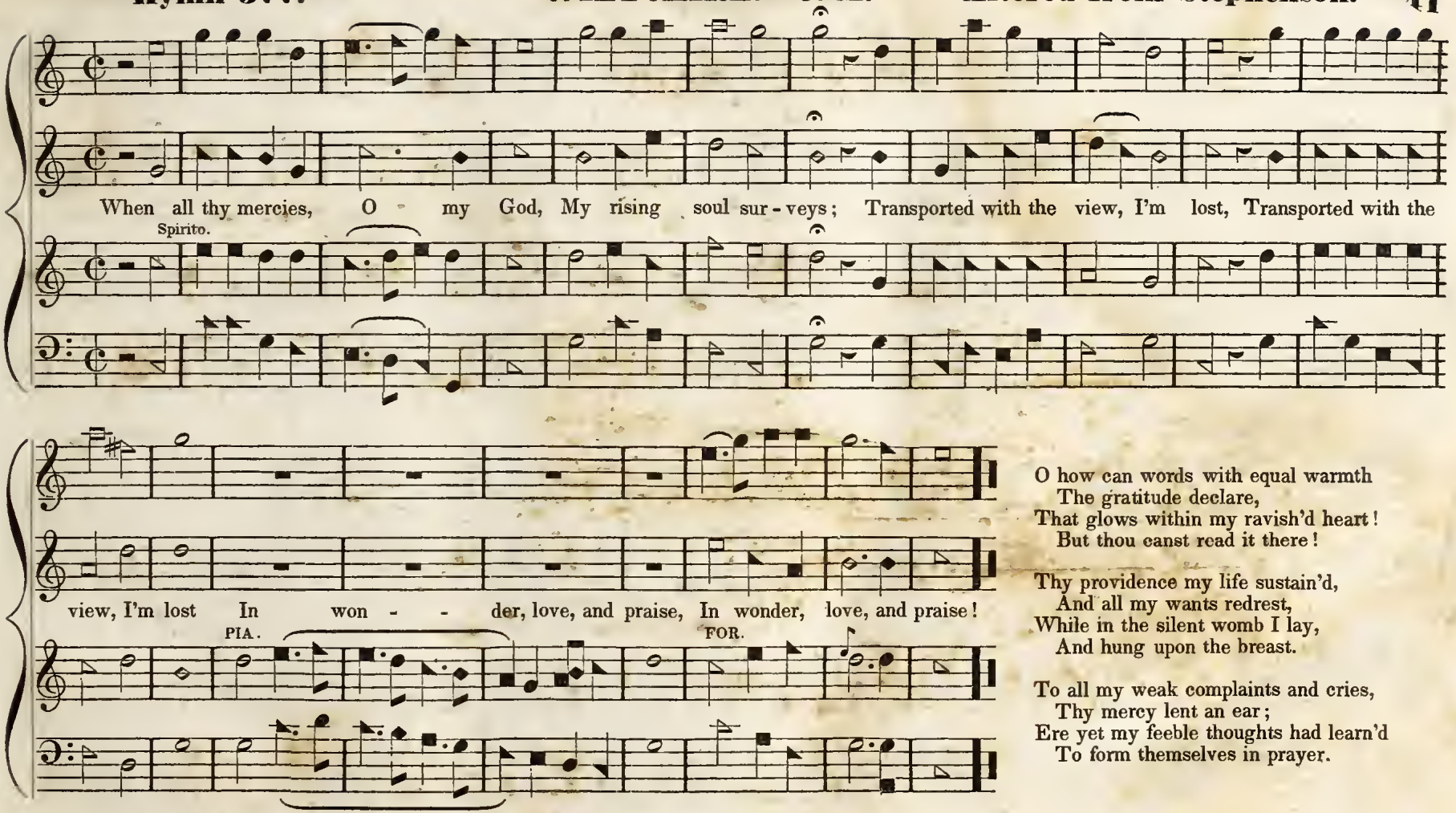
The Sun of righteousness appears,
To set in blood no more;
Adore the Scatterer of your fears,
Your rising Sun adore.

While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night, All seated on the ground, The angel of the Lord came
down, and glory shone a - round, And glory shone a - round.

"Fear not," said he, (for mighty dread
Had seiz'd their troubled mind;)
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

"To you in David's town this day,
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign:

"The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view display'd,
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."


There is a land of pure de - light, Where saints im - mor - tal reign; In - fi - nite
2d Treble.
Tenor.
day ex - cludes the night, And plea - sures ba - nish pain, And plea - sures ba - nish pain.
PIA.
FOR.

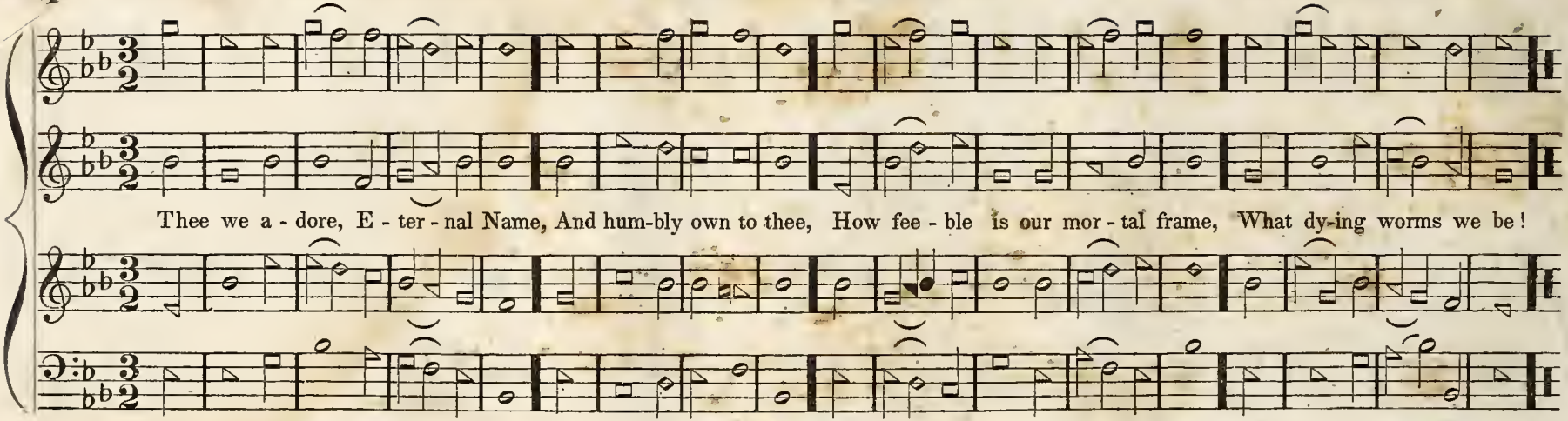

When all thy mercies, O my God, My rising soul sur - veys; Transported with the view, I'm lost, Transported with the
Spirito.
view, I'm lost In won - - der, love, and praise, In wonder, love, and praise!
PIA.
FOR.

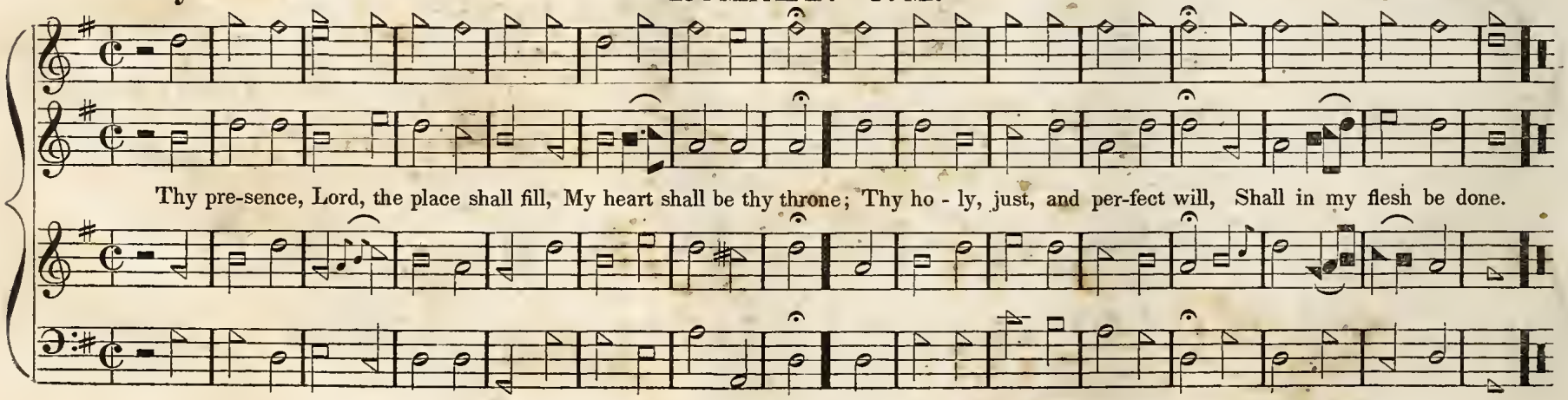
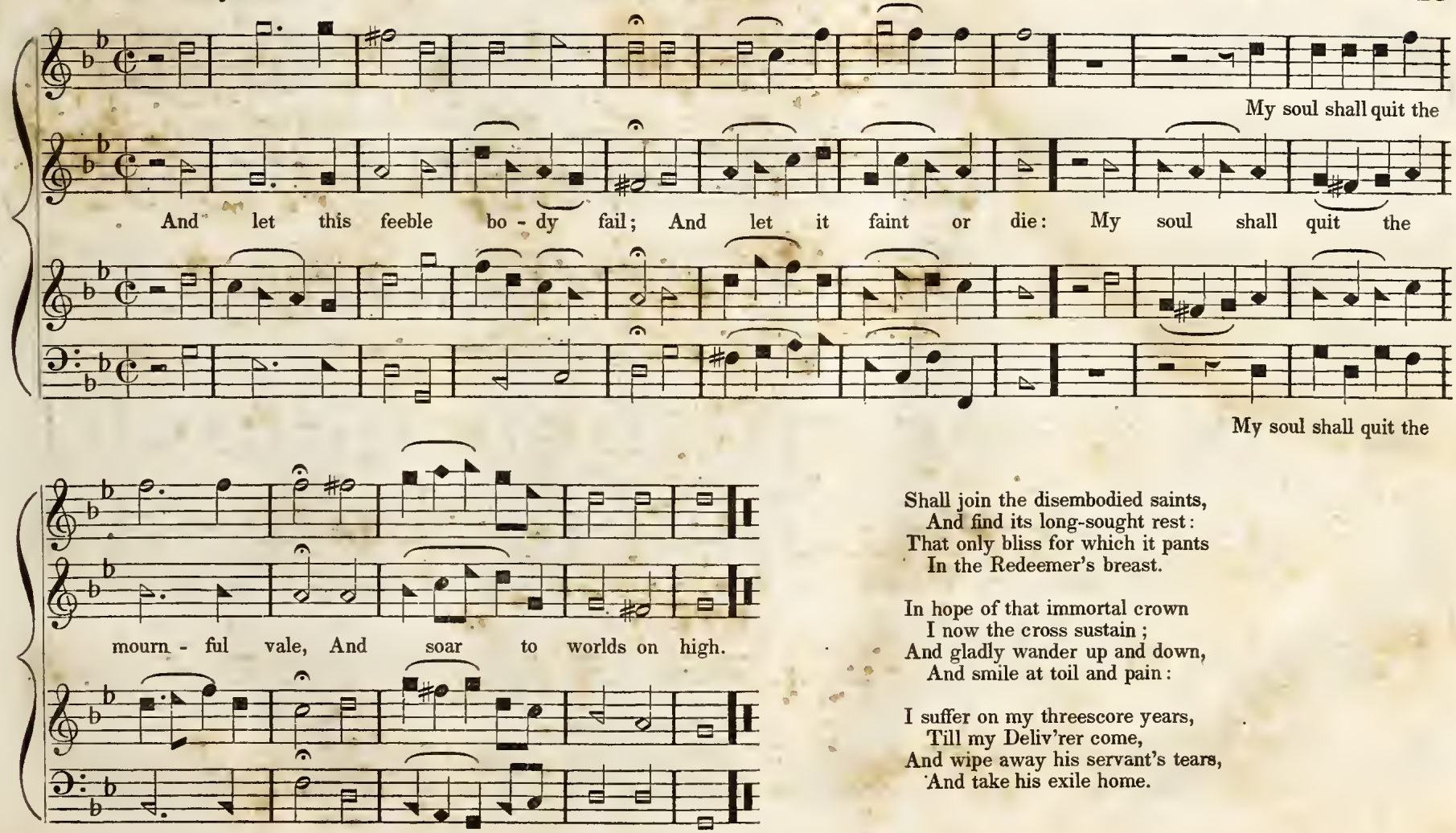
O how can words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravish'd heart!
But thou canst read it there!

Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redrest,
While in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear;
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd
To form themselves in prayer.

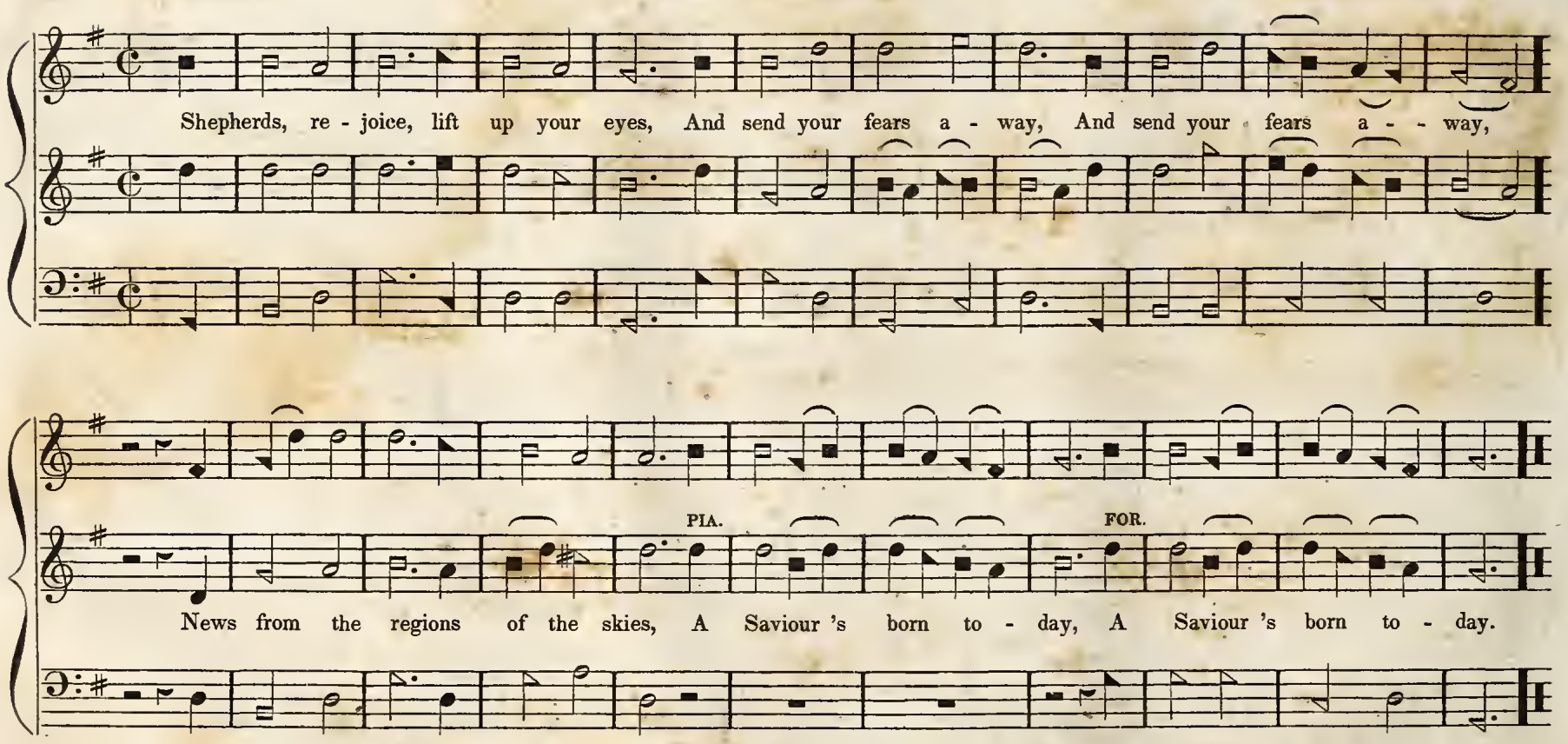
Hymn 550. ABRIDGE. C. M. Smith.



Hymn 165. ROMNEY. C. M. Shoel.

Thy pre-sence, Lord, the place shall fill, My heart shall be thy throne; Thy ho - ly, just, and per-fect will, Shall in my flesh be done.

My soul shall quit the
And let this feeble bo - dy fail; And let it faint or die: My soul shall quit the
My soul shall quit the
mourn - ful vale, And soar to worlds on high.

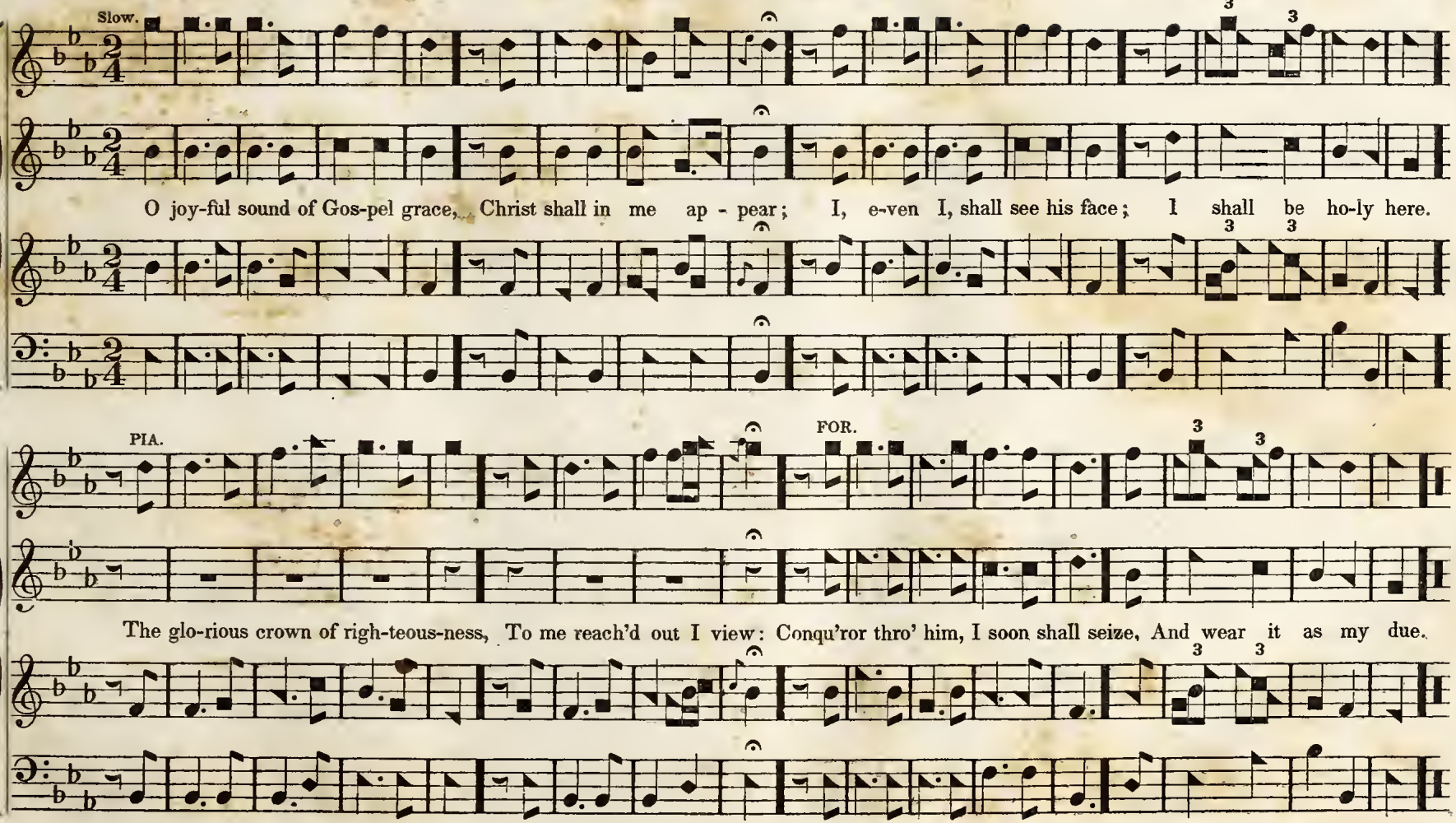
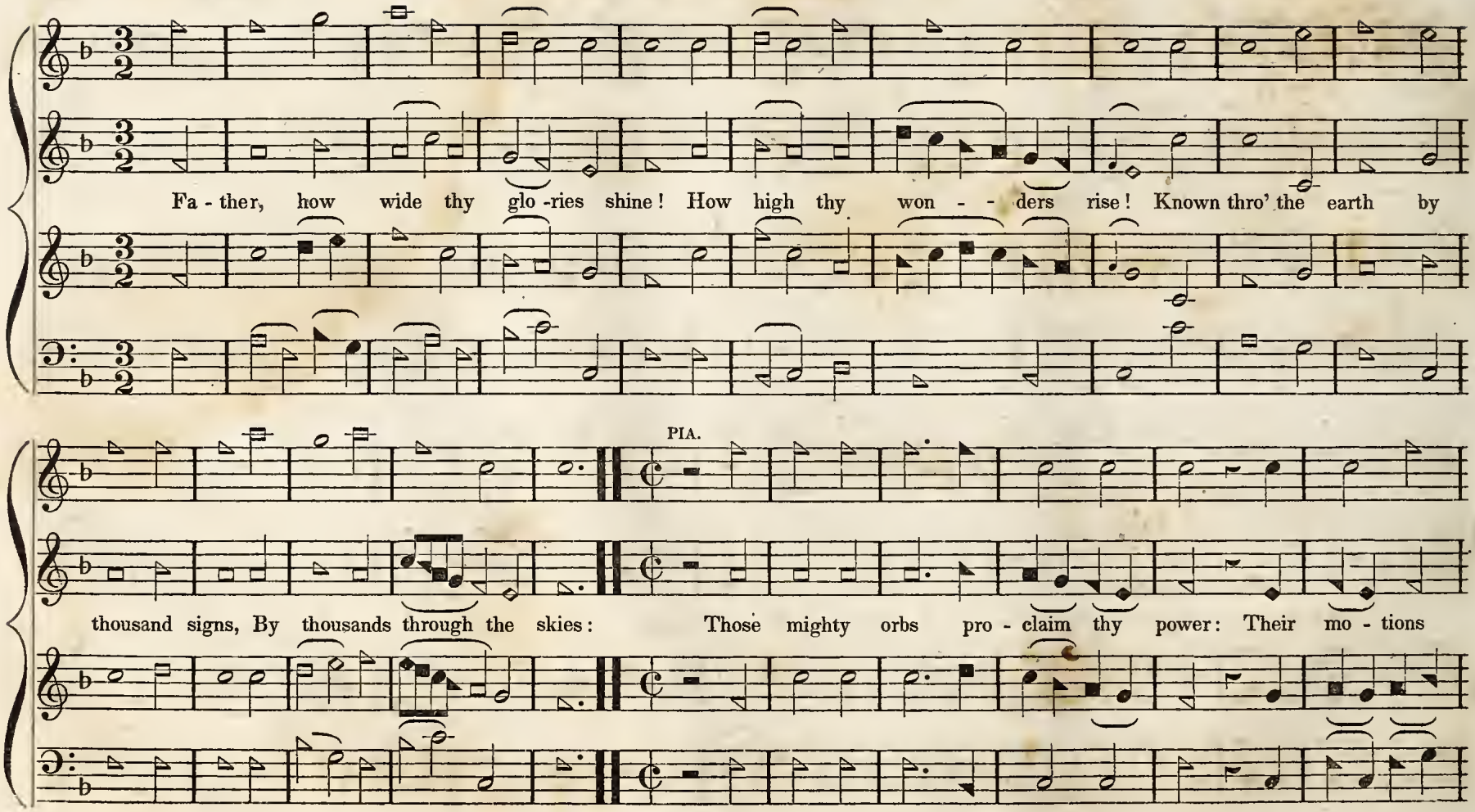
Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long-sought rest:
That only bliss for which it pants
In the Redeemer's breast.

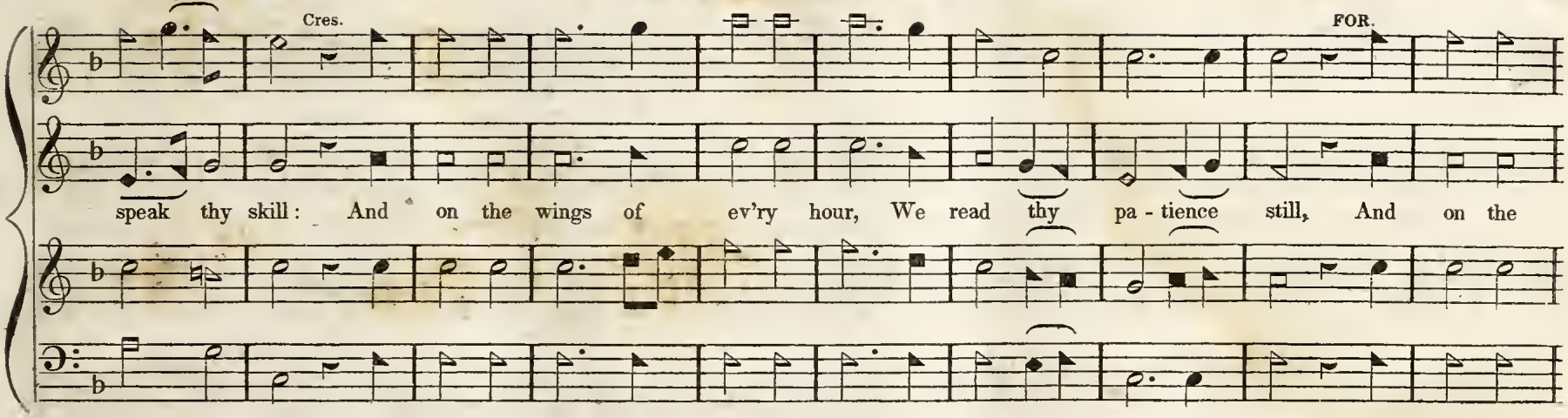
In hope of that immortal crown
I now the cross sustain;
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain:

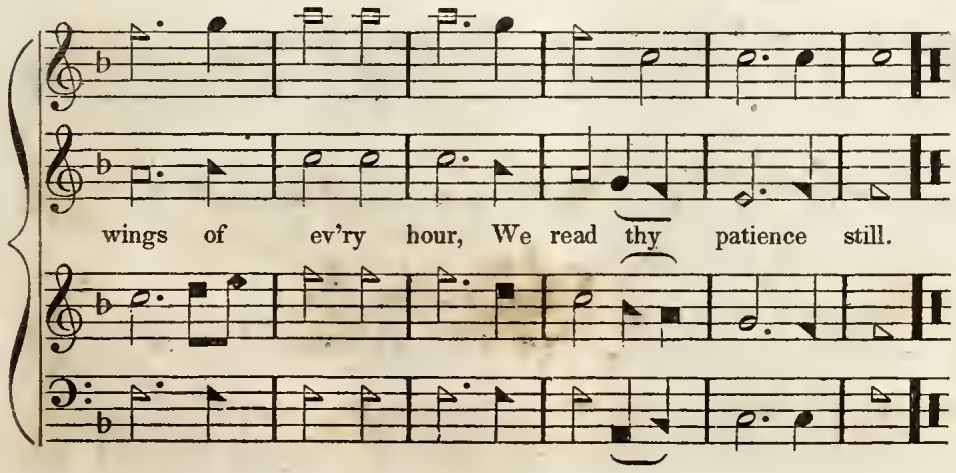
I suffer on my threescore years,
Till my Deliv'rer come,
And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home.

Shepherds, re - joice, lift up your eyes, And send your fears a - way, And send your fears a - - way,
PIA.
FOR.
News from the regions of the skies, A Saviour 's born to - day, A Saviour 's born to - day.

"Jesus, the God whom angels fear,
Comes down to dwell with you!
To-day he makes his entrance here,
But not as monarchs do.

"No gold, nor purple swaddling bands,
Nor royal shining things;
A manger for his cradle stands,
And holds the King of kings.

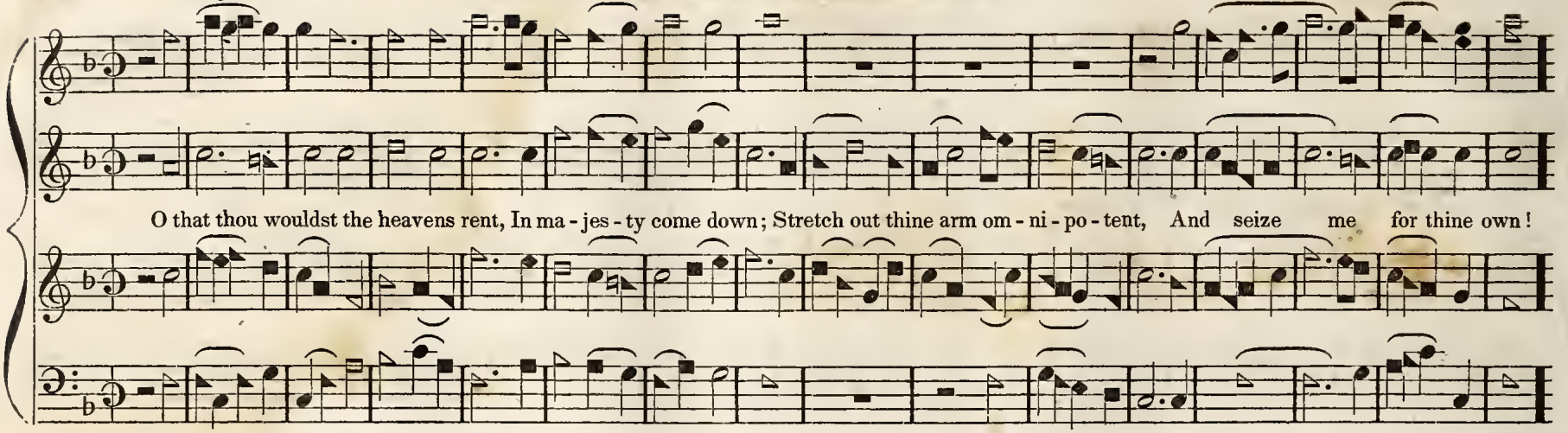
"Go, shepherds, where the infant lies,
And see his humble throne;
With tears of joy in all your eyes,
Go, shepherds, kiss the Son."

Slow.
O joy-ful sound of Gos-pel grace, Christ shall in me ap - pear; I, e-ven I, shall see his face; I shall be ho-ly here.
PIA.
FOR.
The glo-rious crown of righ-teous-ness, To me reach'd out I view: Conqu'ror thro' him, I soon shall seize, And wear it as my due.

Fa - ther, how wide thy glo -ries shine! How high thy won - - ders rise! Known thro' the earth by
PIA.
thousand signs, By thousands through the skies: Those mighty orbs pro - claim thy power: Their mo - tions

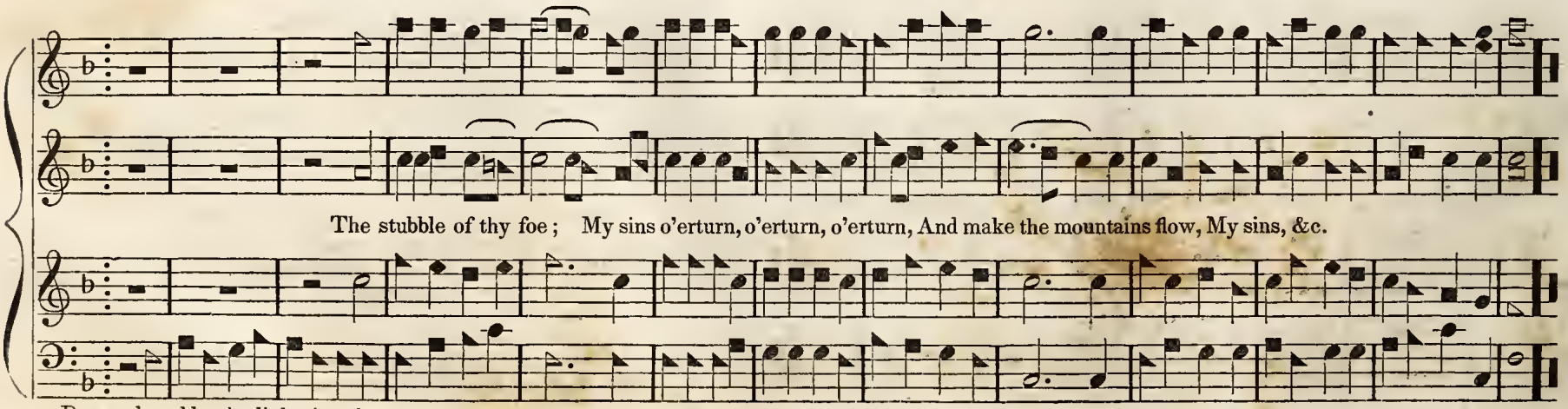


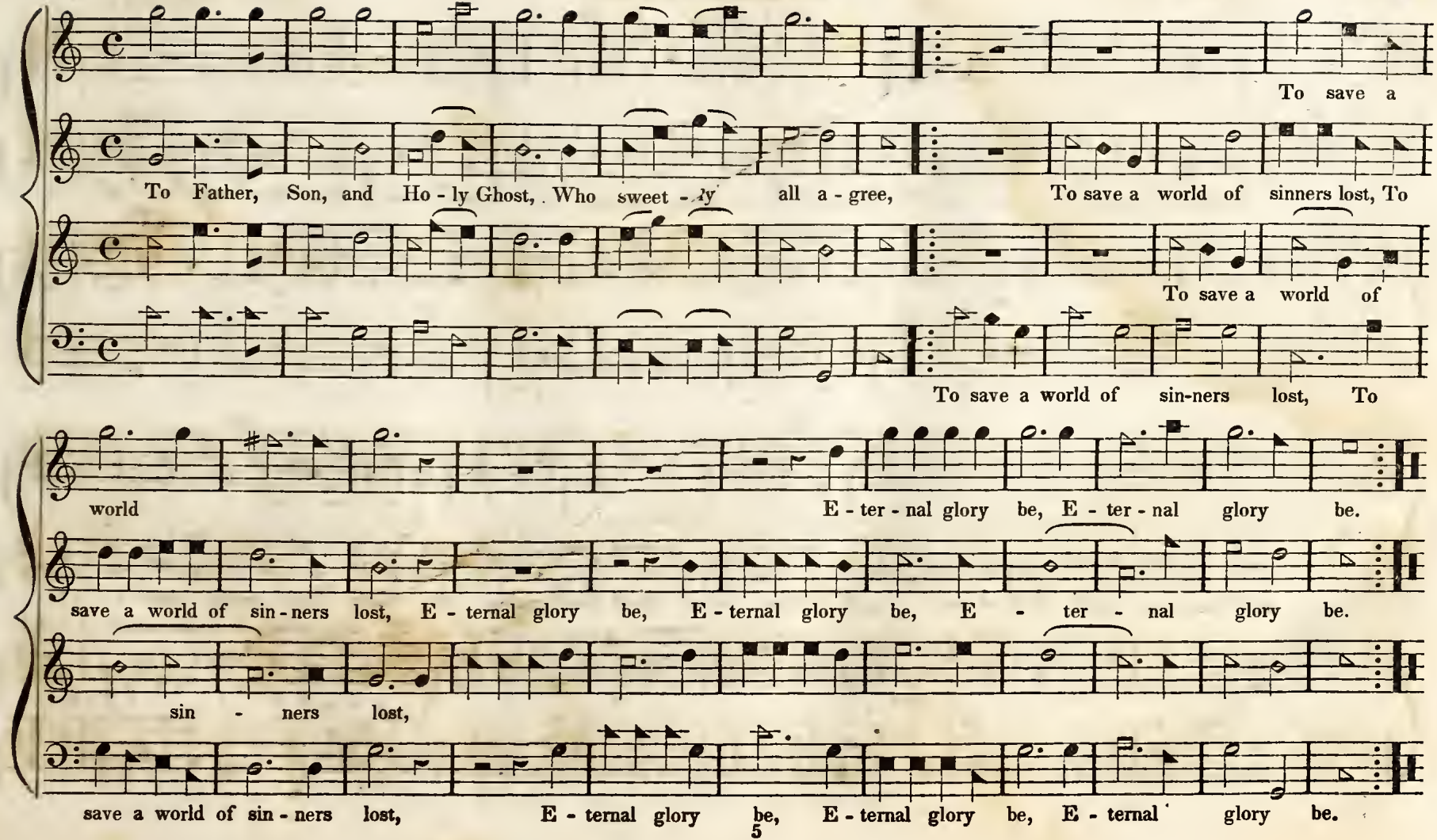


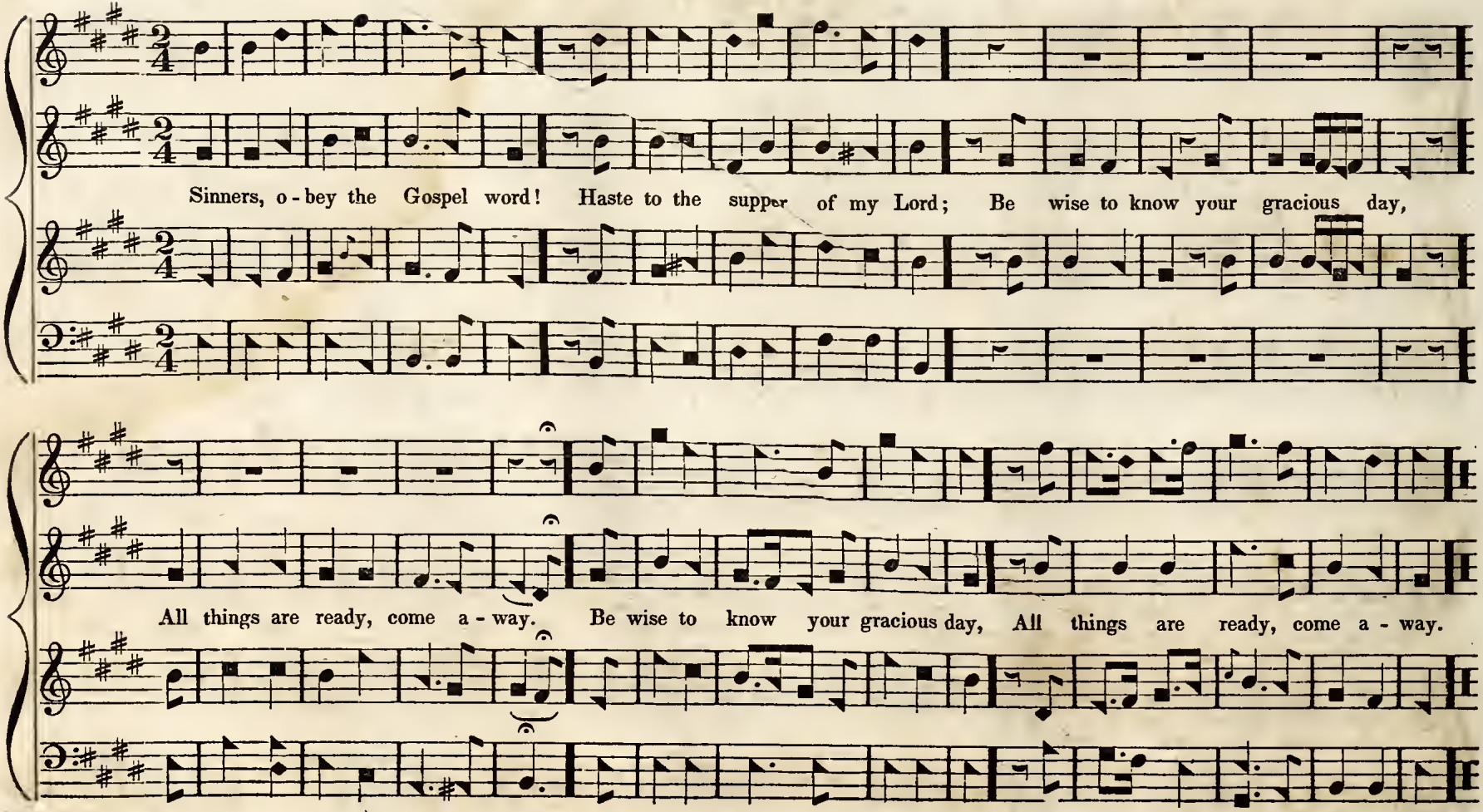
Part of thy name divinely stands,
On all thy creatures writ,
They show the labour of thy hands,
Or impress of thy feet;
But when we view thy strange design,
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join,
In their divinest forms:

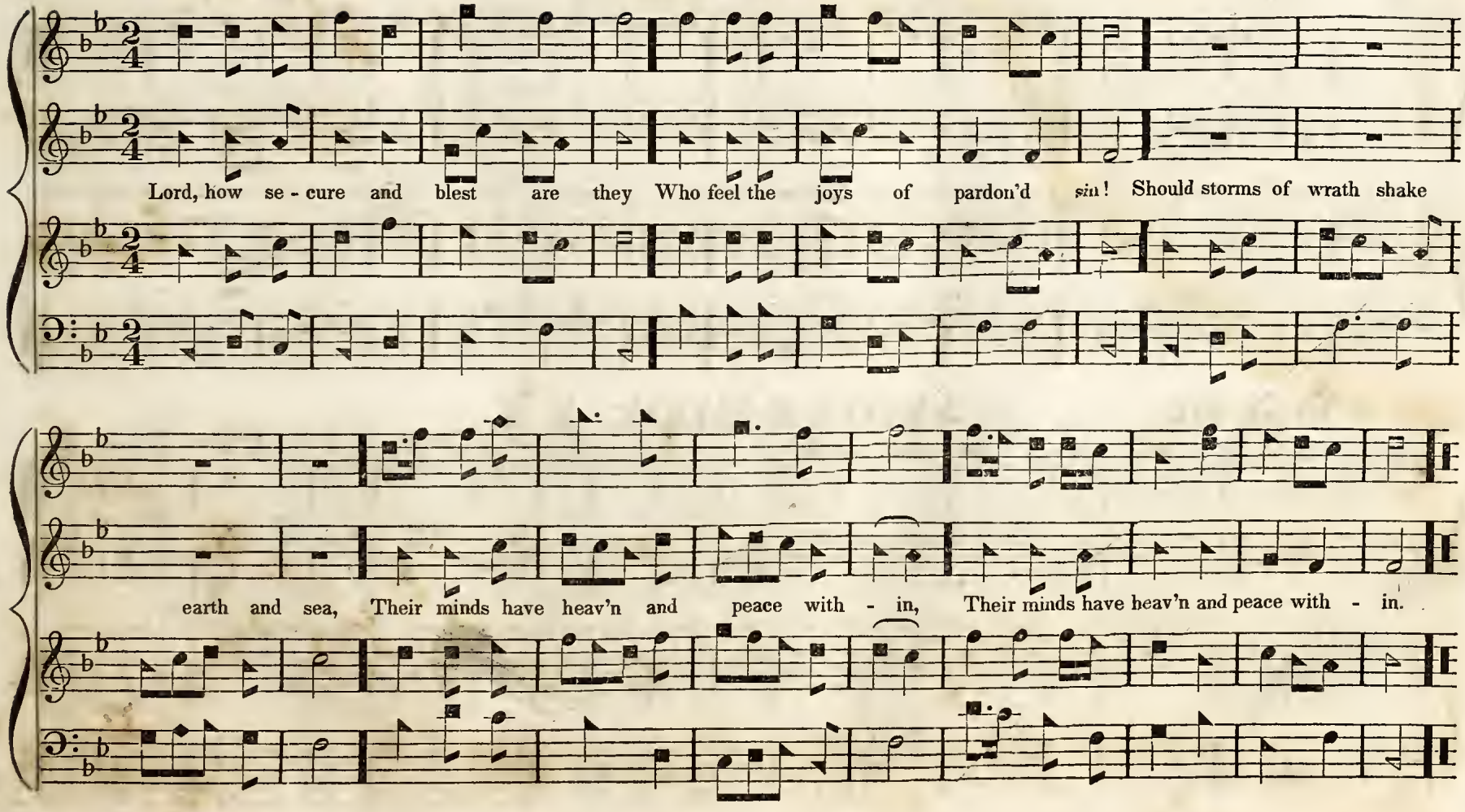
Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice or the grace;
Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains,
Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.


O that thou wouldst the heavens rent, In ma - jes - ty come down; Stretch out thine arm om - ni - po - tent, And seize me for thine own!

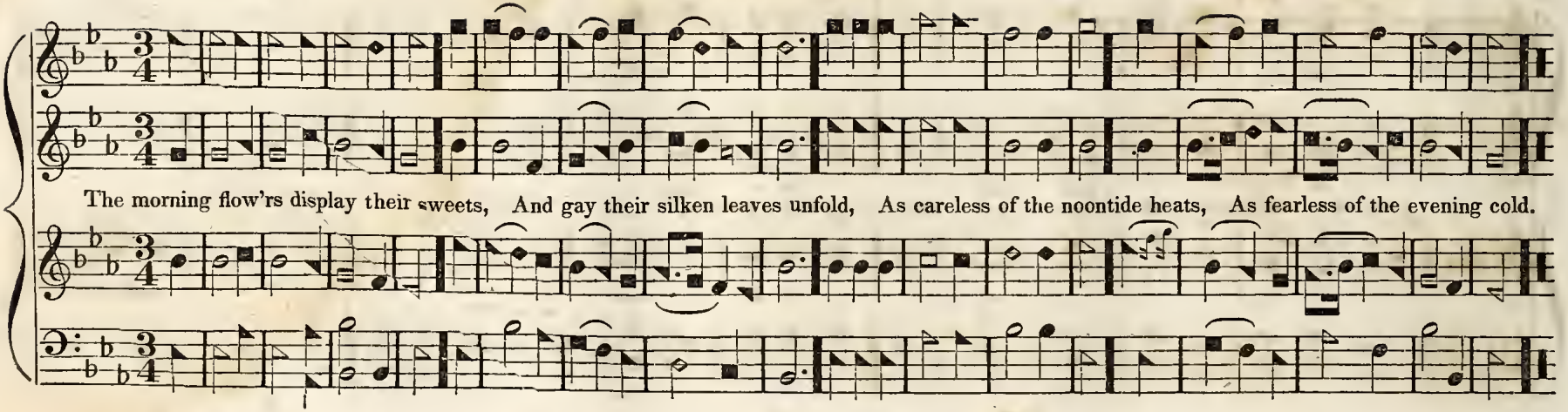

The stubble of thy foe; My sins o'erturn, o'erturn, o'erturn, And make the mountains flow, My sins, &c.
Descend, and let thy lightnings burn


To save a
To Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, Who sweet - ly all a - gree, To save a world of sinners lost, To
To save a world of
To save a world of sin-ners lost, To
world
E - ter - nal glory be, E - ter - nal glory be.
save a world of sin - ners lost, E - ternal glory be, E - ternal glory be, E - ter - nal glory be.
sin - ners lost,
save a world of sin - ners lost, E - ternal glory be, E - ternal glory be, E - ternal glory be.

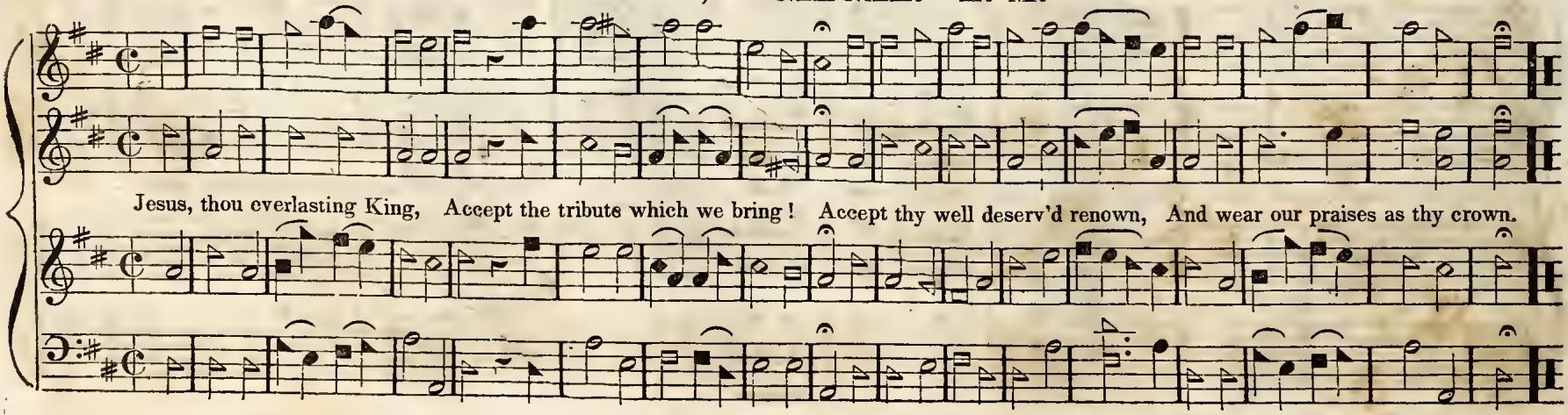

Sinners, o - bey the Gospel word! Haste to the supper of my Lord; Be wise to know your gracious day,
All things are ready, come a - way. Be wise to know your gracious day, All things are ready, come a - way.

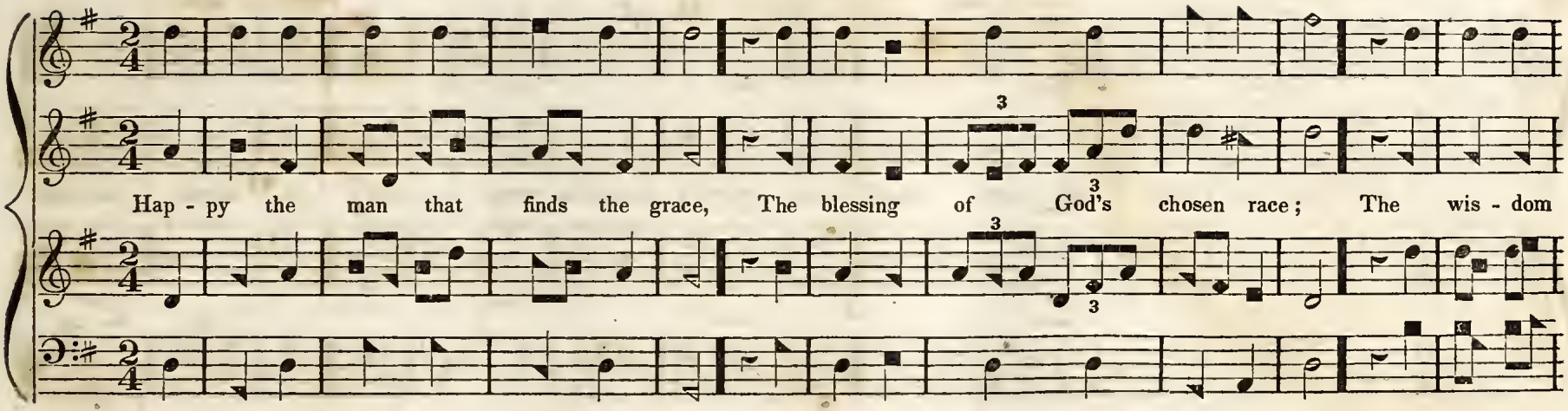
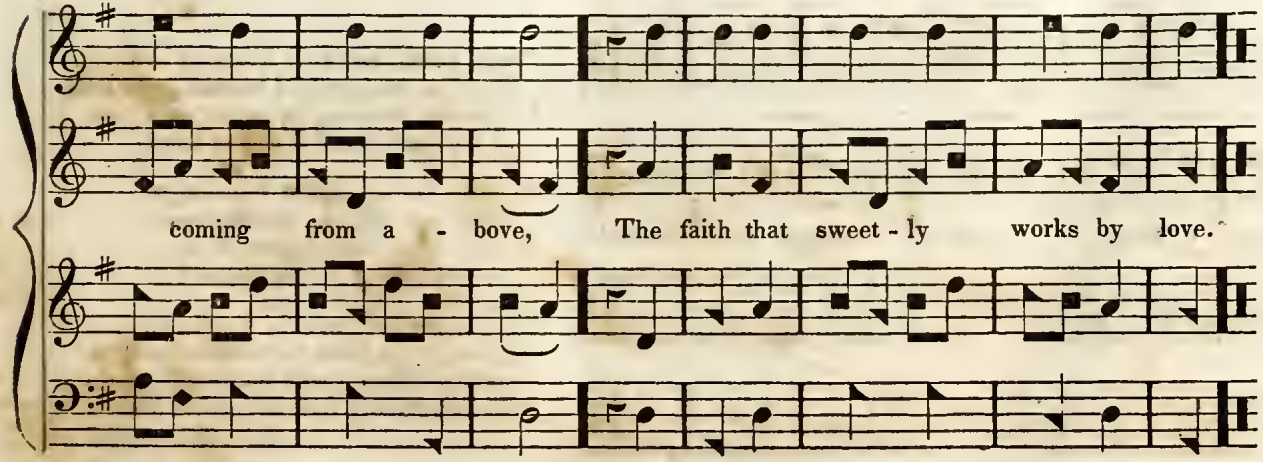

Lord, how se - cure and blest are they Who feel the joys of pardon'd sin! Should storms of wrath shake
earth and sea, Their minds have heav'n and peace with - in, Their minds have heav'n and peace with - in.

Hymn 368. LUTON. L. M. Burder.


The morning flow'rs display their sweets, And gay their silken leaves unfold, As careless of the noontide heats, As fearless of the evening cold.

Hymn 246. PARVUS, or GILGAL. L. M.

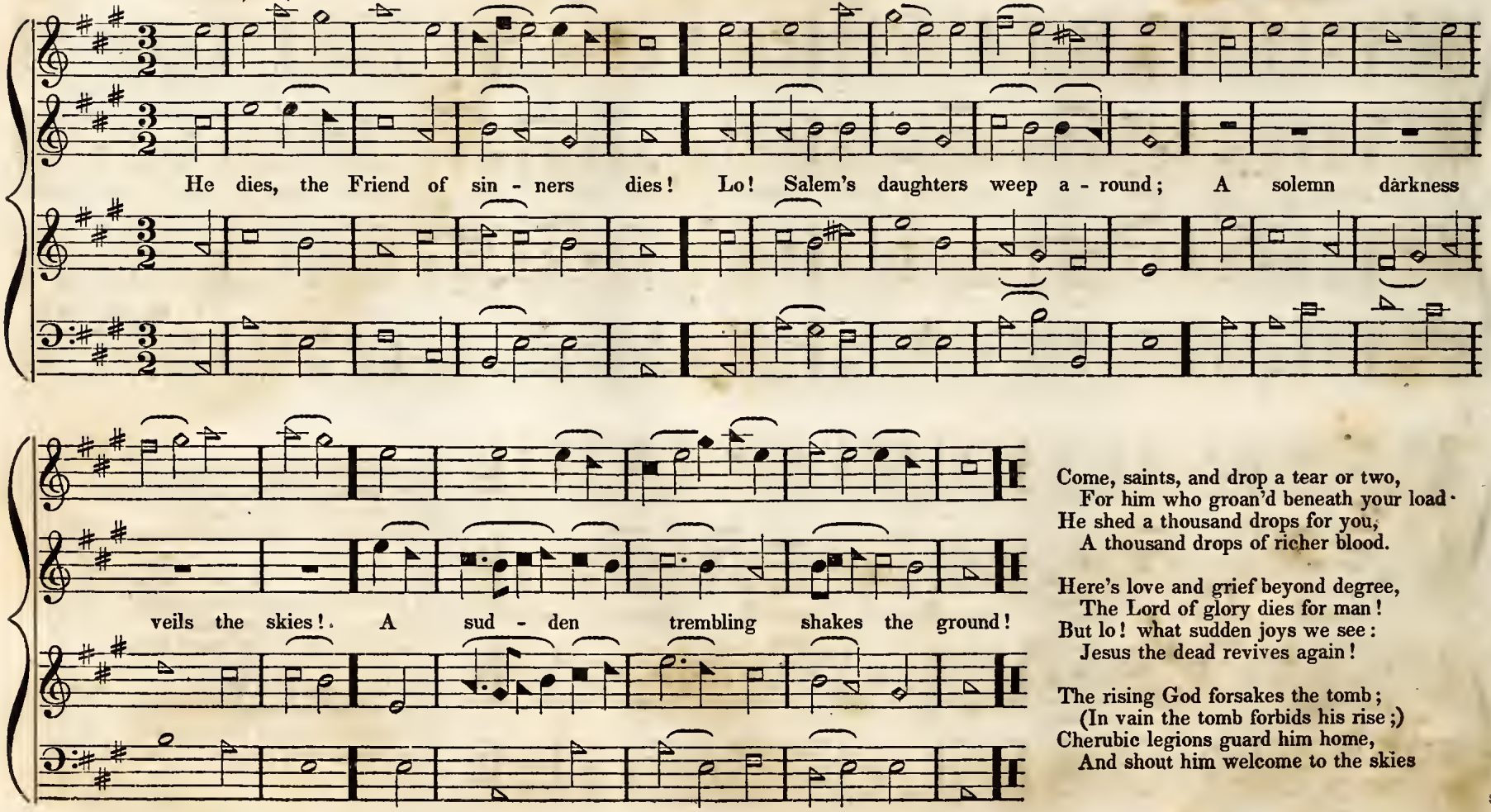

Jesus, thou everlasting King, Accept the tribute which we bring! Accept thy well deserv'd renown, And wear our praises as thy crown.



Happy beyond description he,
Who knows the Saviour died for me;
The gift unspeakable obtains,
And heavenly understanding gains.

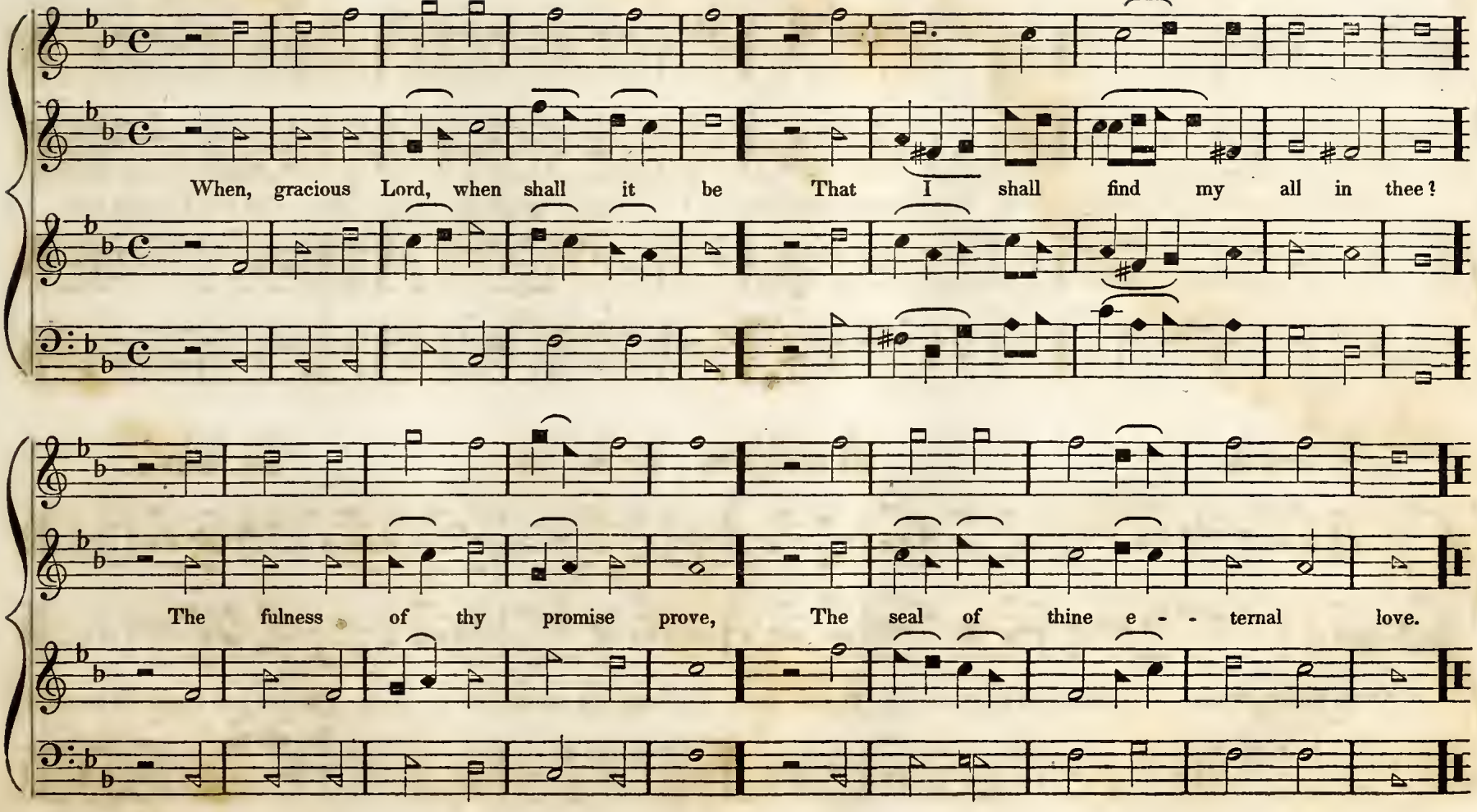
Wisdom divine! who tells the price
Of wisdom's costly merchandize!
Wisdom to silver we prefer,
And gold is dross compared to her.

Her hands are fill'd with length of days,
True riches and immortal praise;
Riches of Christ on all bestow'd,
And honour that descends from God.

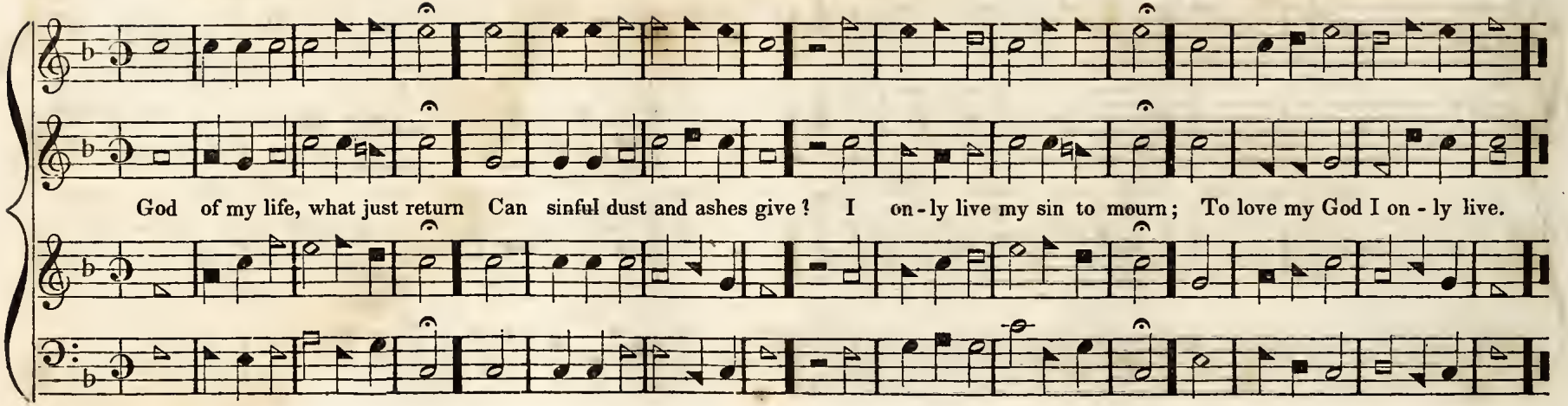

He dies, the Friend of sin - ners dies! Lo! Salem's daughters weep a - round; A solemn dărkness
veils the skies! A sud - den trembling shakes the ground!

Come, saints, and drop a tear or two,
For him who groan'd beneath your load·
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood.

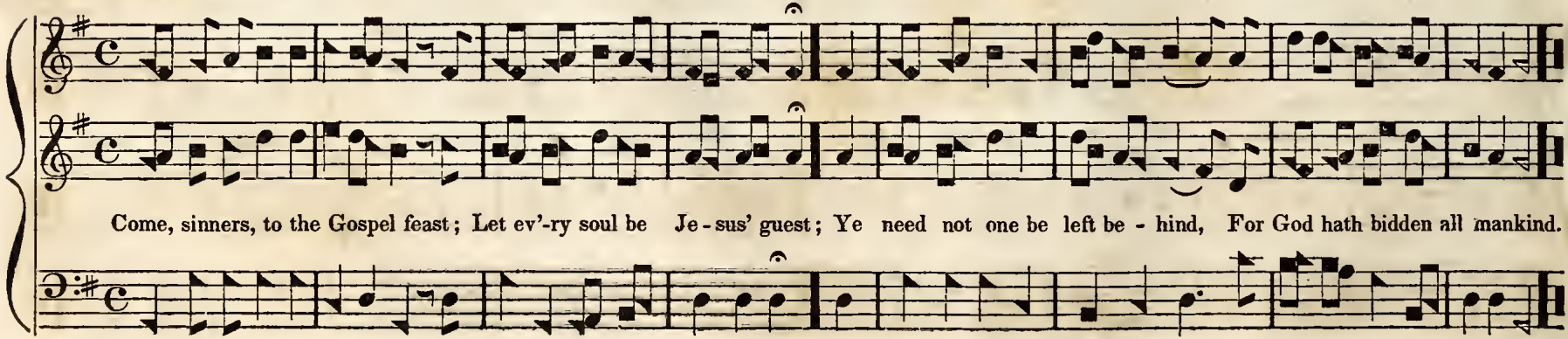
Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for man!
But lo! what sudden joys we see:
Jesus the dead revives again!

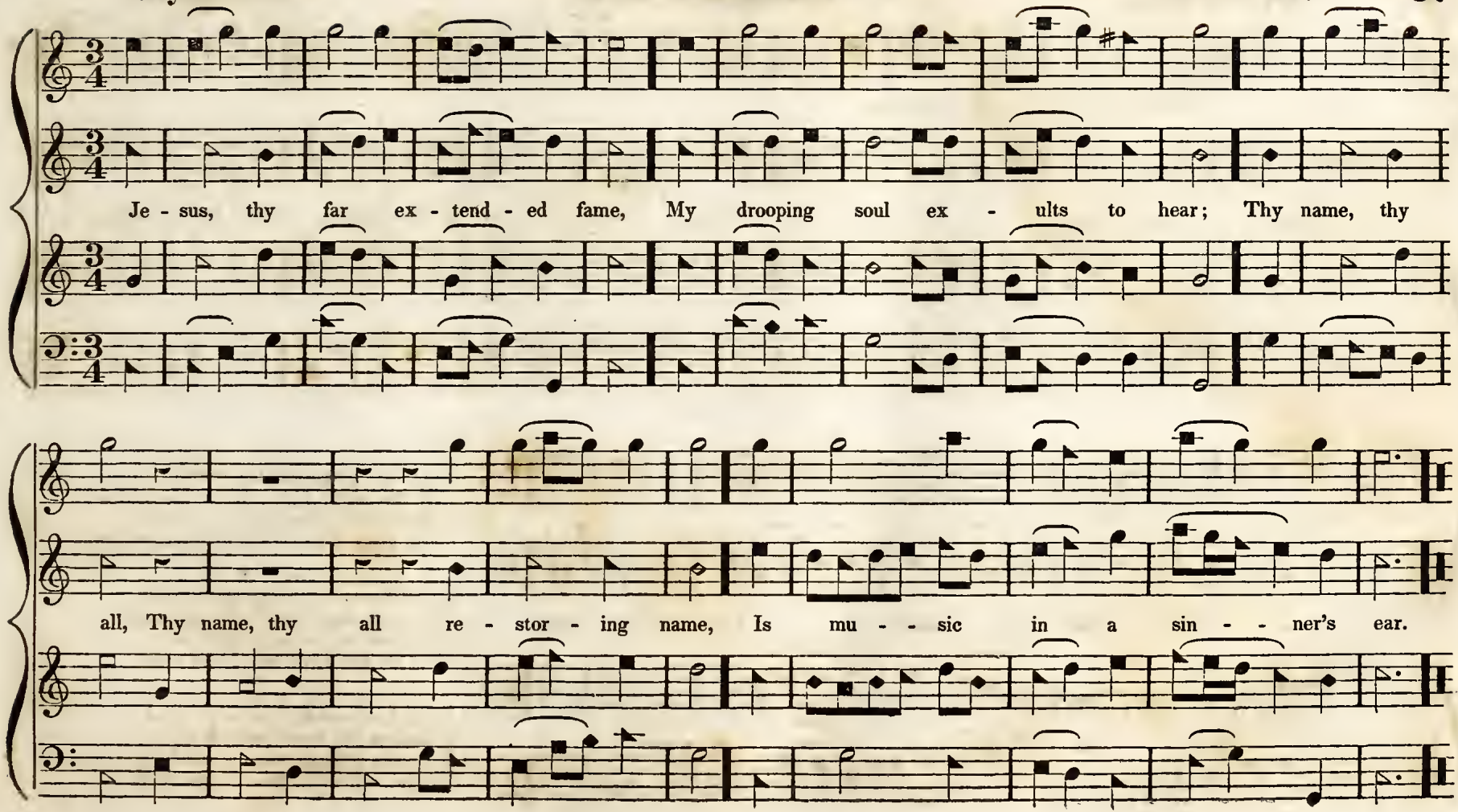
The rising God forsakes the tomb;
(In vain the tomb forbids his rise;)
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies

When, gracious Lord, when shall it be That I shall find my all in thee?
The fulness of thy promise prove, The seal of thine e - - ternal love.

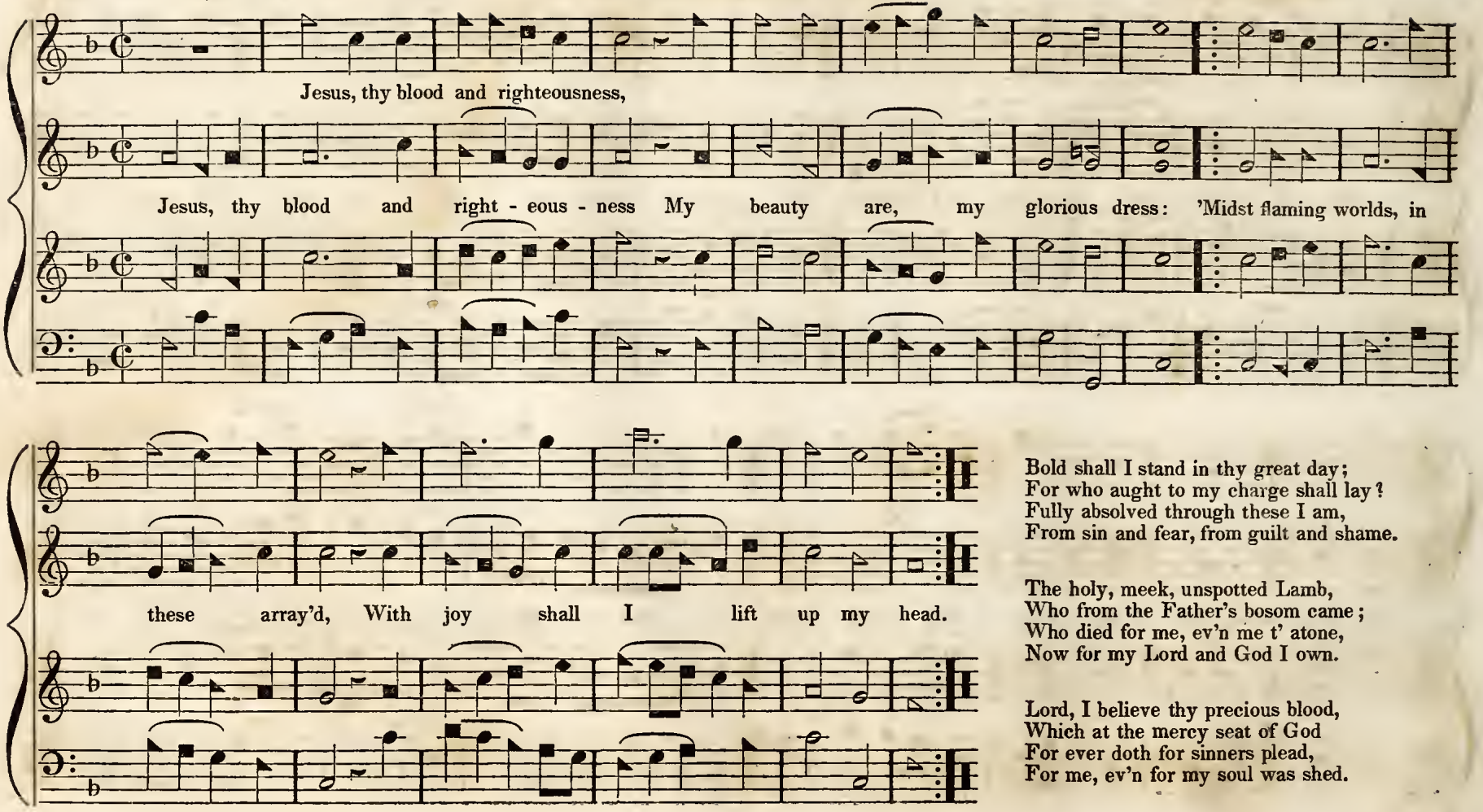
Hymn 71. WELLS. L. M. Holdrayd.



Hymn 3. BURSLEM. L. M. Dr. Miller.


Come, sinners, to the Gospel feast; Let ev'-ry soul be Je-sus' guest; Ye need not one be left be-hind, For God hath bidden all mankind.

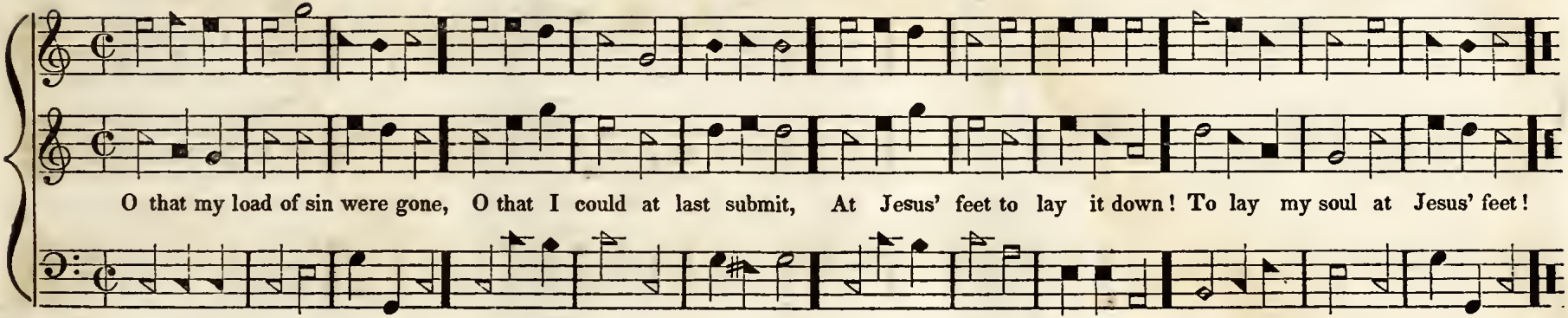

Je - sus, thy far ex - tend - ed fame, My drooping soul ex - ults to hear; Thy name, thy
all, Thy name, thy all re - stor - ing name, Is mu - - sic in a sin - - ner's ear.

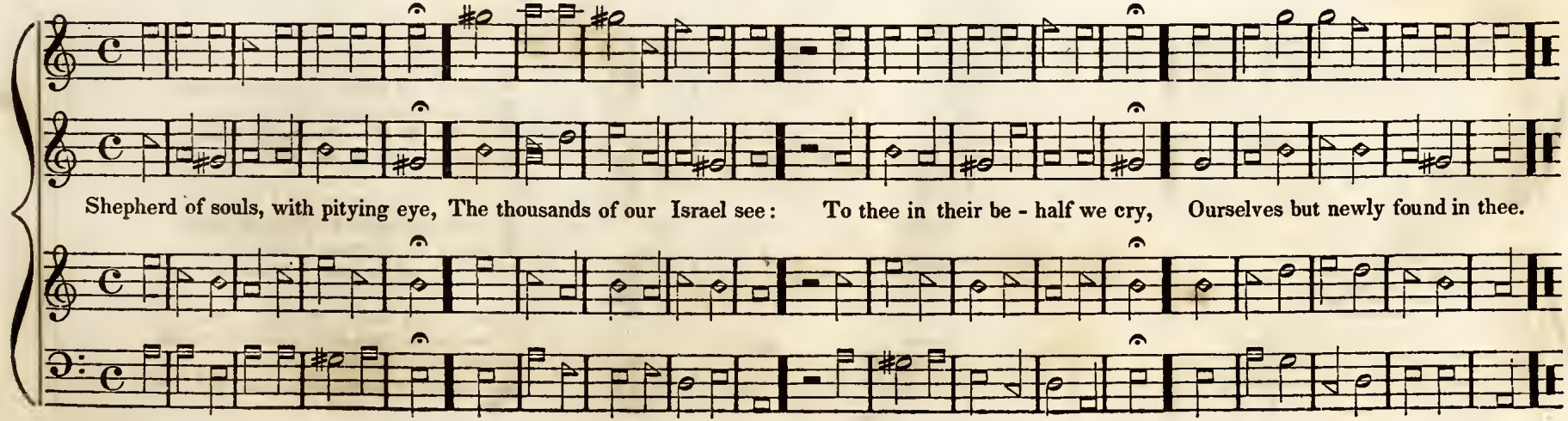

Jesus, thy blood and righteousness,
Jesus, thy blood and right - eous - ness My beauty are, my glorious dress: 'Midst flaming worlds, in
these array'd, With joy shall I lift up my head.

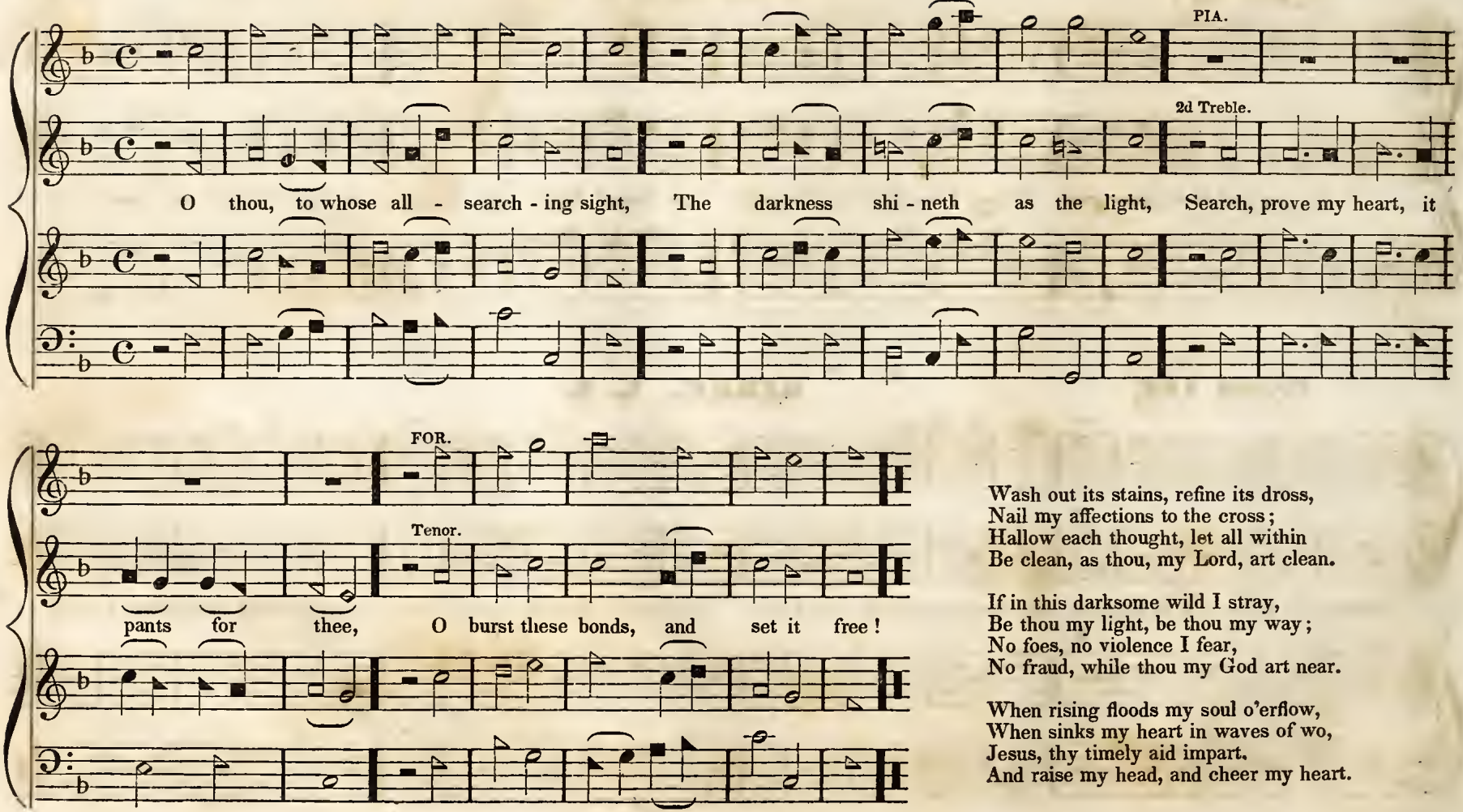
Bold shall I stand in thy great day;
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully absolved through these I am,
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

The holy, meek, unspotted Lamb,
Who from the Father's bosom came;
Who died for me, ev'n me t' atone,
Now for my Lord and God I own.

Lord, I believe thy precious blood,
Which at the mercy seat of God
For ever doth for sinners plead,
For me, ev'n for my soul was shed.



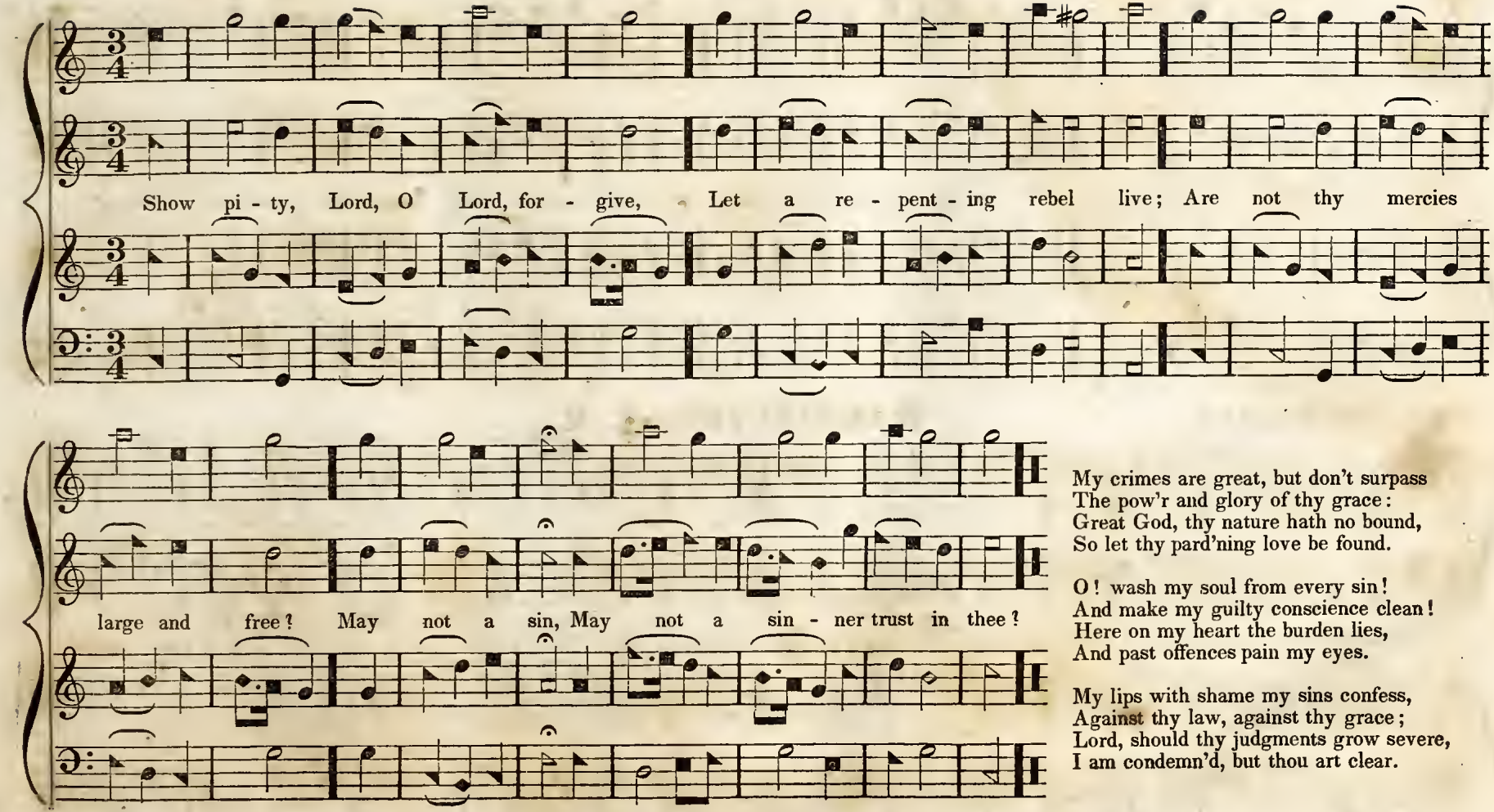
Hymn 103. KIRKE. L. M.

Shepherd of souls, with pitying eye, The thousands of our Israel see: To thee in their be - half we cry, Ourselves but newly found in thee.


PIA.
2d Treble.
O thou, to whose all - search - ing sight, The darkness shi - neth as the light, Search, prove my heart, it
FOR.
Tenor.
pants for thee, O burst these bonds, and set it free!

Wash out its stains, refine its dross,
Nail my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought, let all within
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.

If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my light, be thou my way;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No fraud, while thou my God art near.

When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of wo,
Jesus, thy timely aid impart.
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

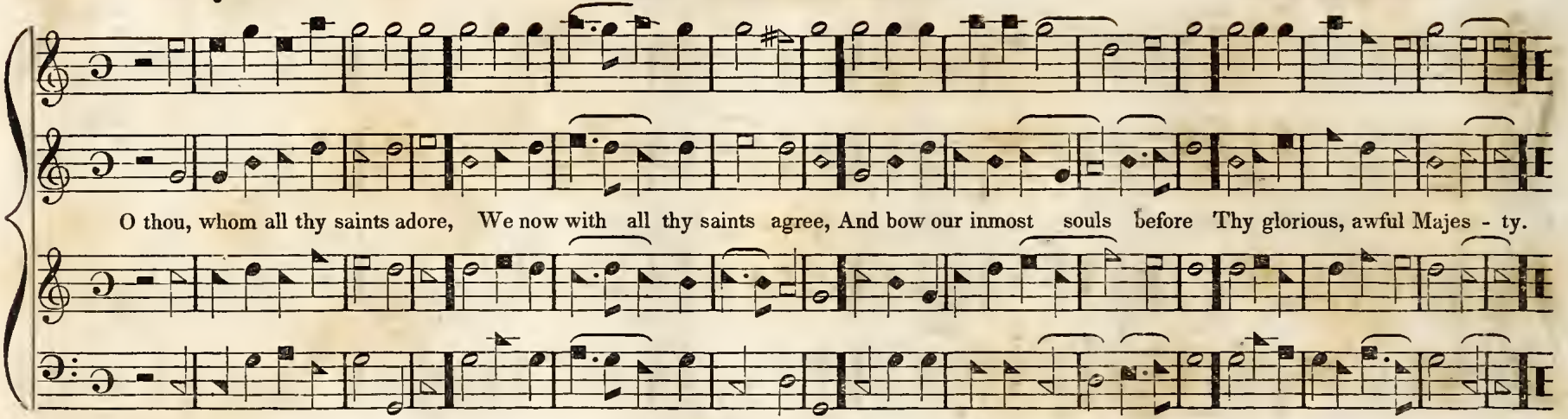

Show pi - ty, Lord, O Lord, for - give, Let a re - pent - ing rebel live; Are not thy mercies
large and free? May not a sin, May not a sin - ner trust in thee?

My crimes are great, but don't surpass
The pow'r and glory of thy grace:
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pard'ning love be found.

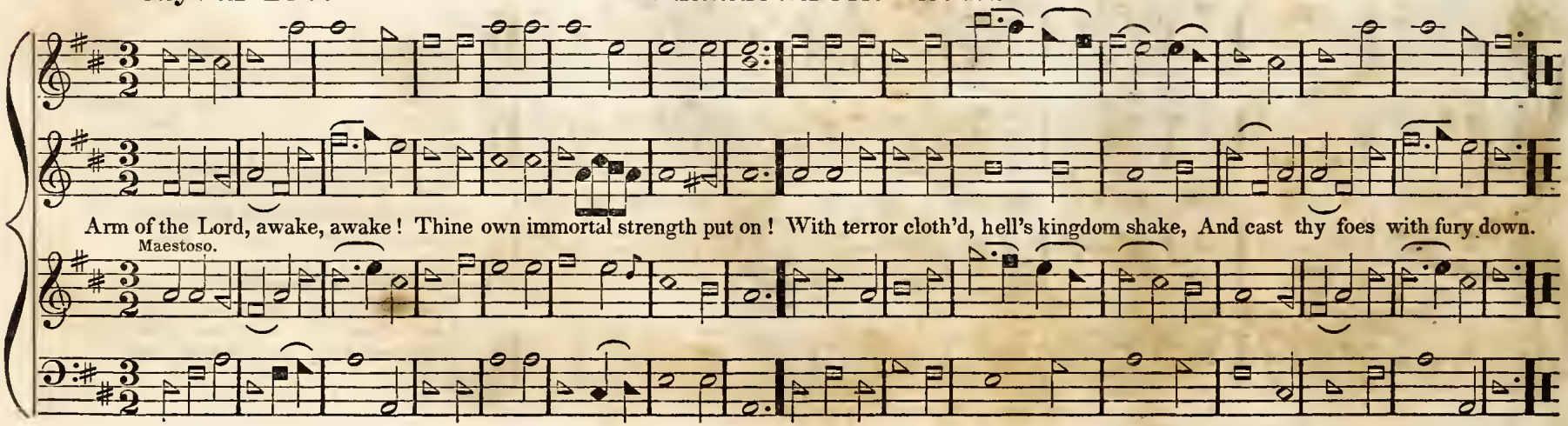
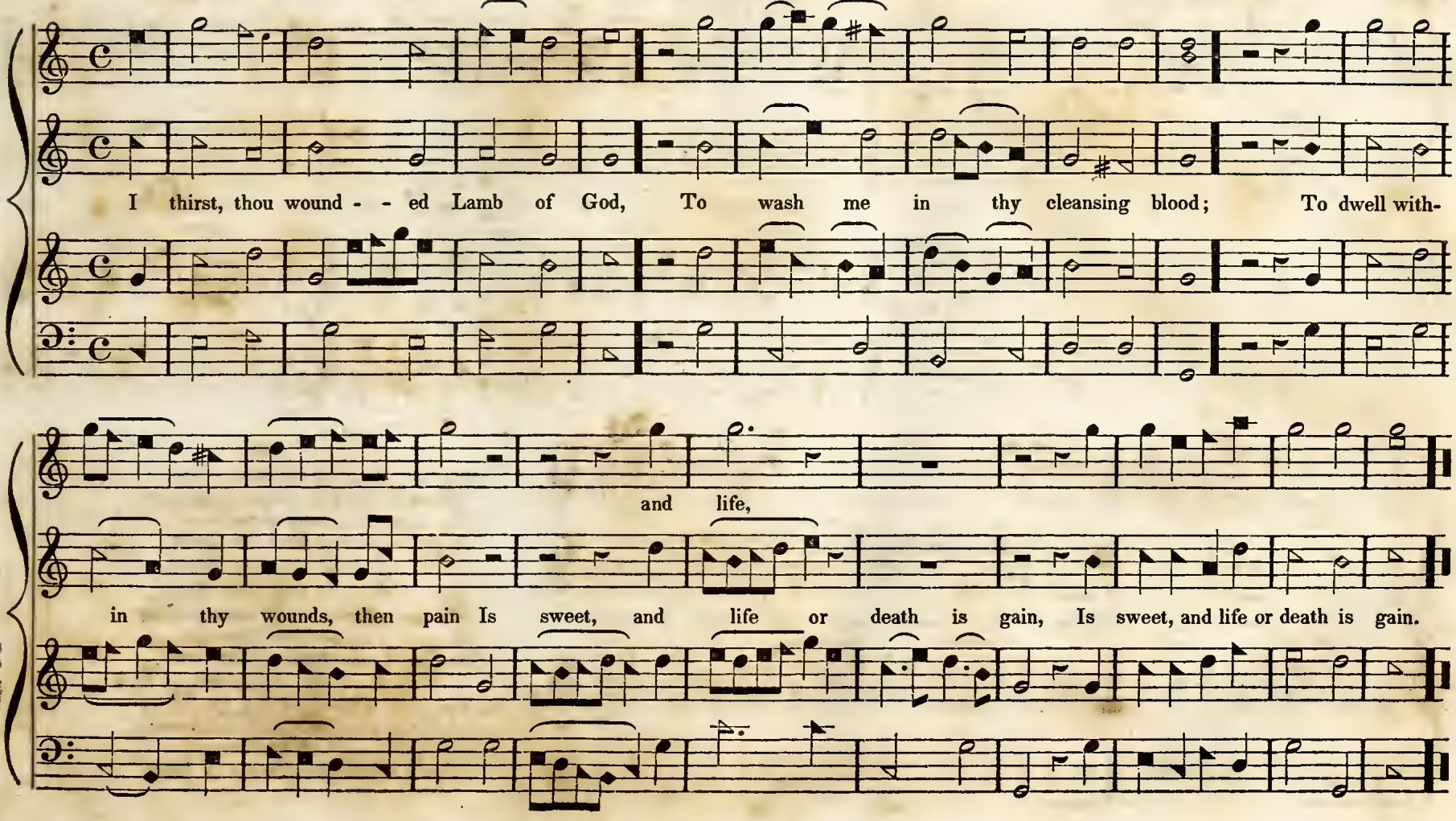
O! wash my soul from every sin!
And make my guilty conscience clean!
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.

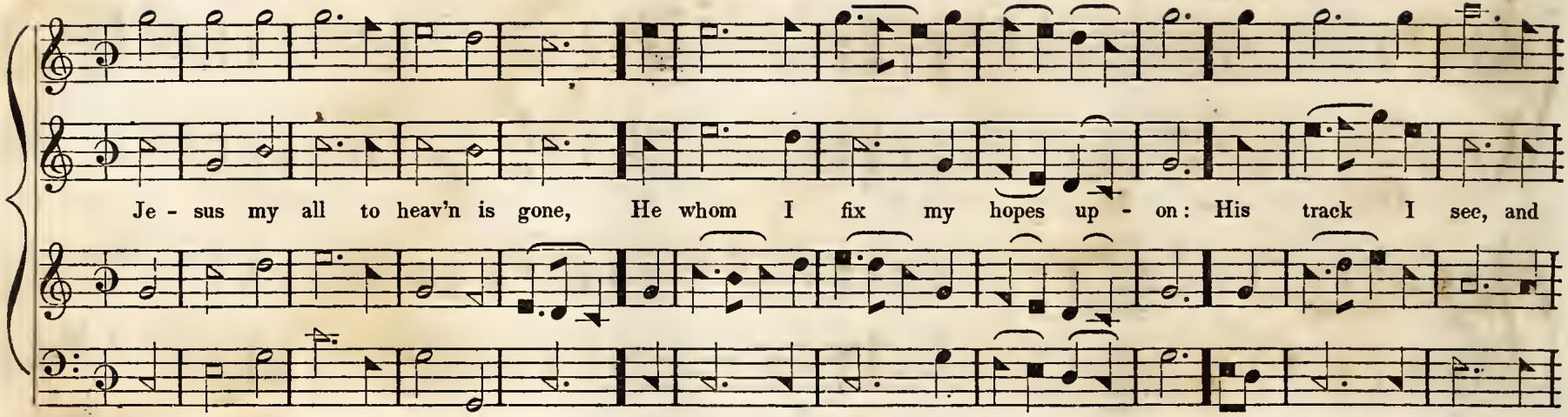
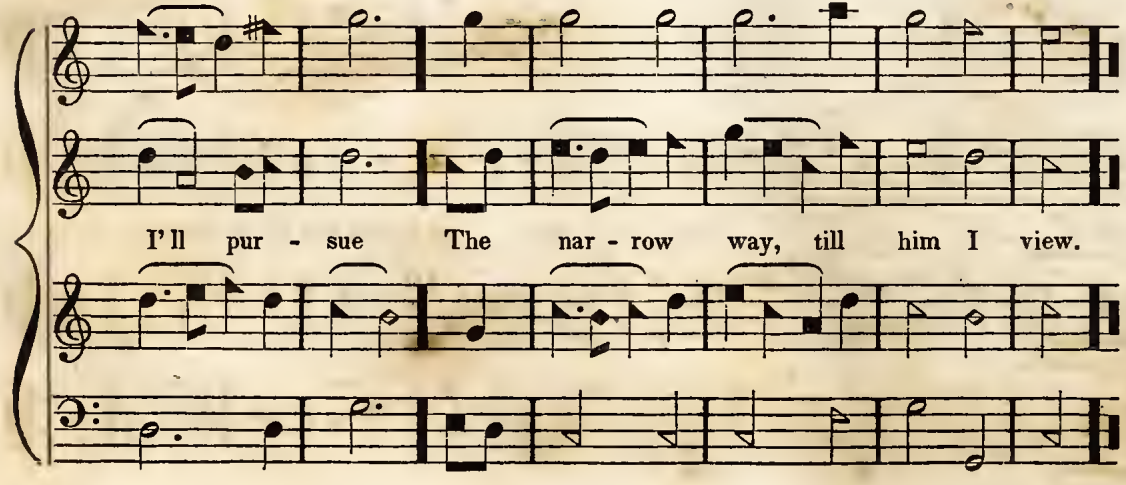
My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord, should thy judgments grow severe,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.

Hymn 137. BRAMCOAT L. M.


O thou, whom all thy saints adore, We now with all thy saints agree, And bow our inmost souls before Thy glorious, awful Majes - ty.

Hymn 480. WARRINGTON. L. M.

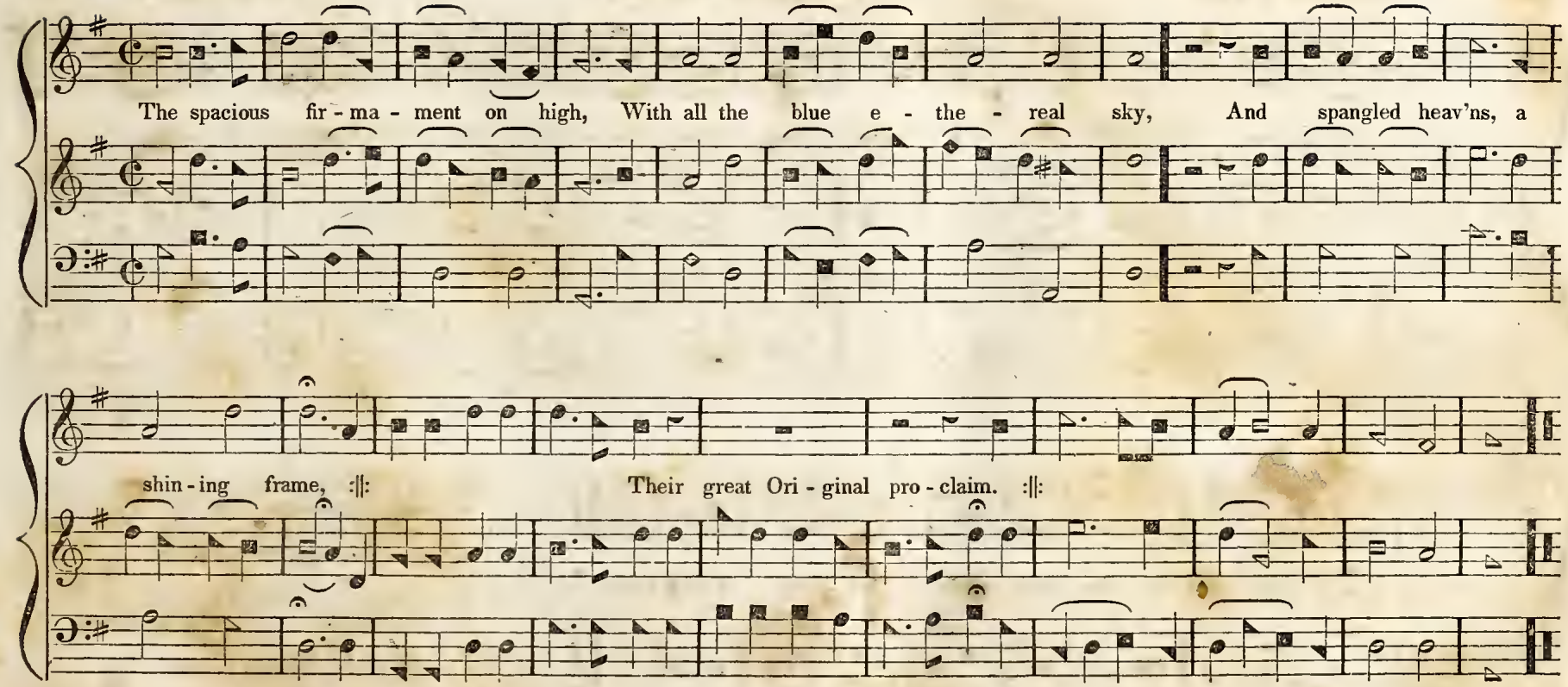

Arm of the Lord, awake, awake! Thine own immortal strength put on! With terror cloth'd, hell's kingdom shake, And cast thy foes with fury down.
Maestoso.

I thirst, thou wound - - ed Lamb of God, To wash me in thy cleansing blood; To dwell with-
and life,
in thy wounds, then pain Is sweet, and life or death is gain, Is sweet, and life or death is gain.



The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment:
The King's highway of holiness
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

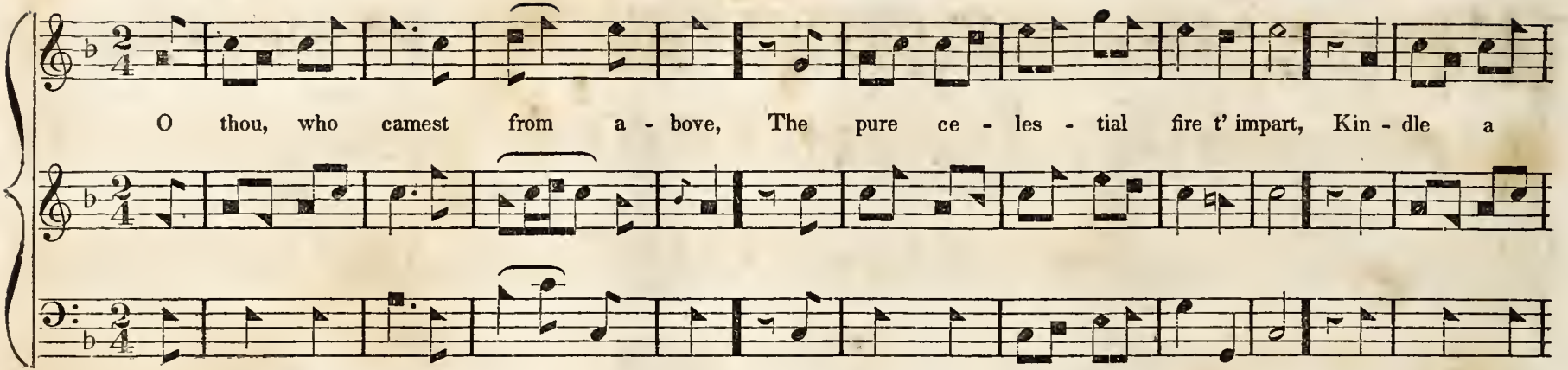
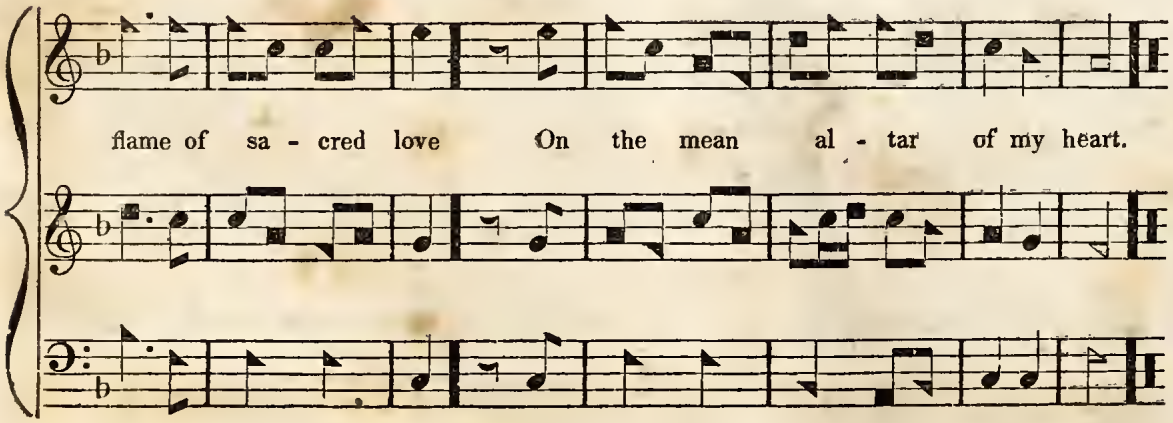
This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not;
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not saved from sin.

The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul, I AM THE WAY."


The spacious fir - ma - ment on high, With all the blue e - the - real sky, And spangled heav'ns, a
shin - ing frame, :‖: Their great Ori - ginal pro - claim. :‖:

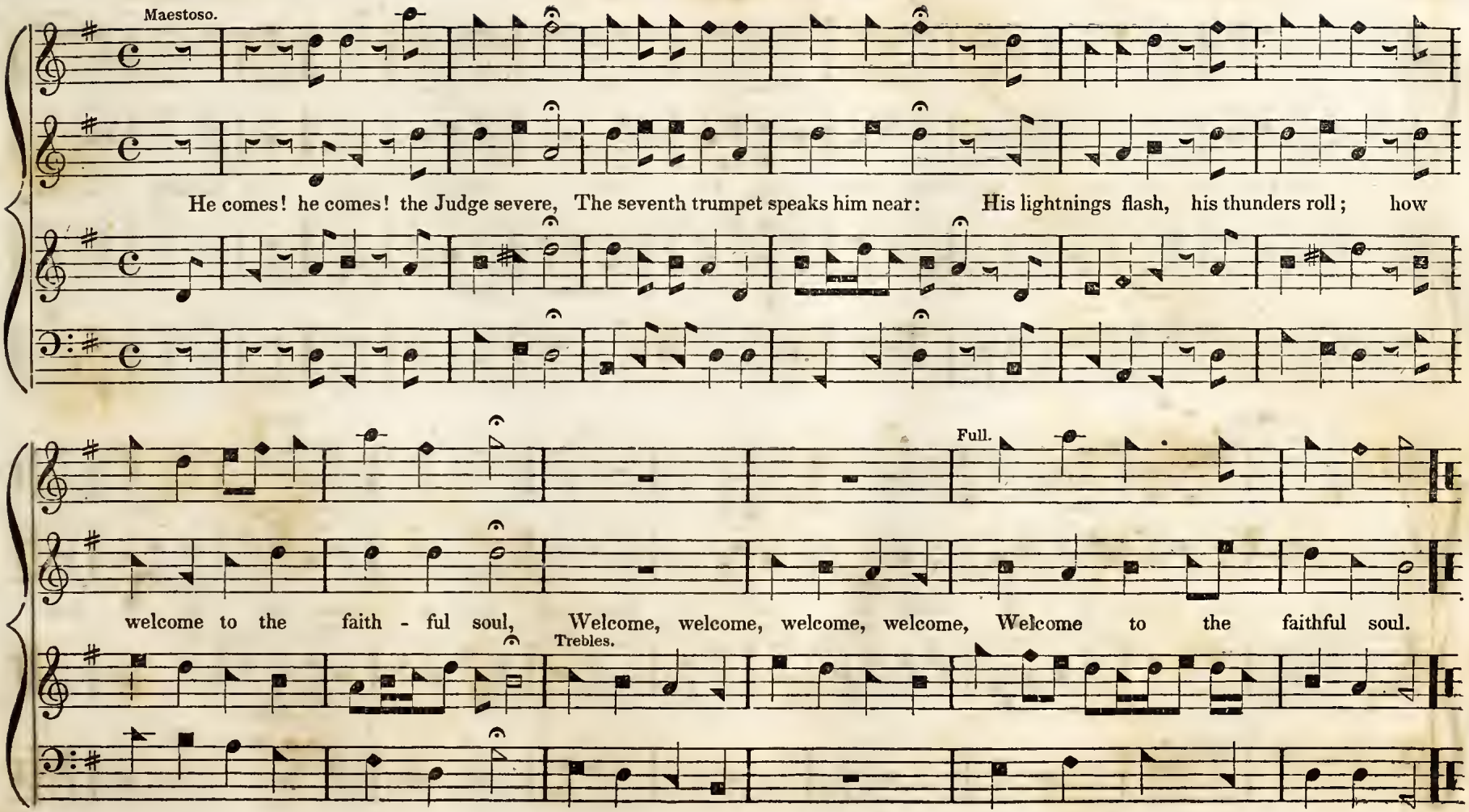
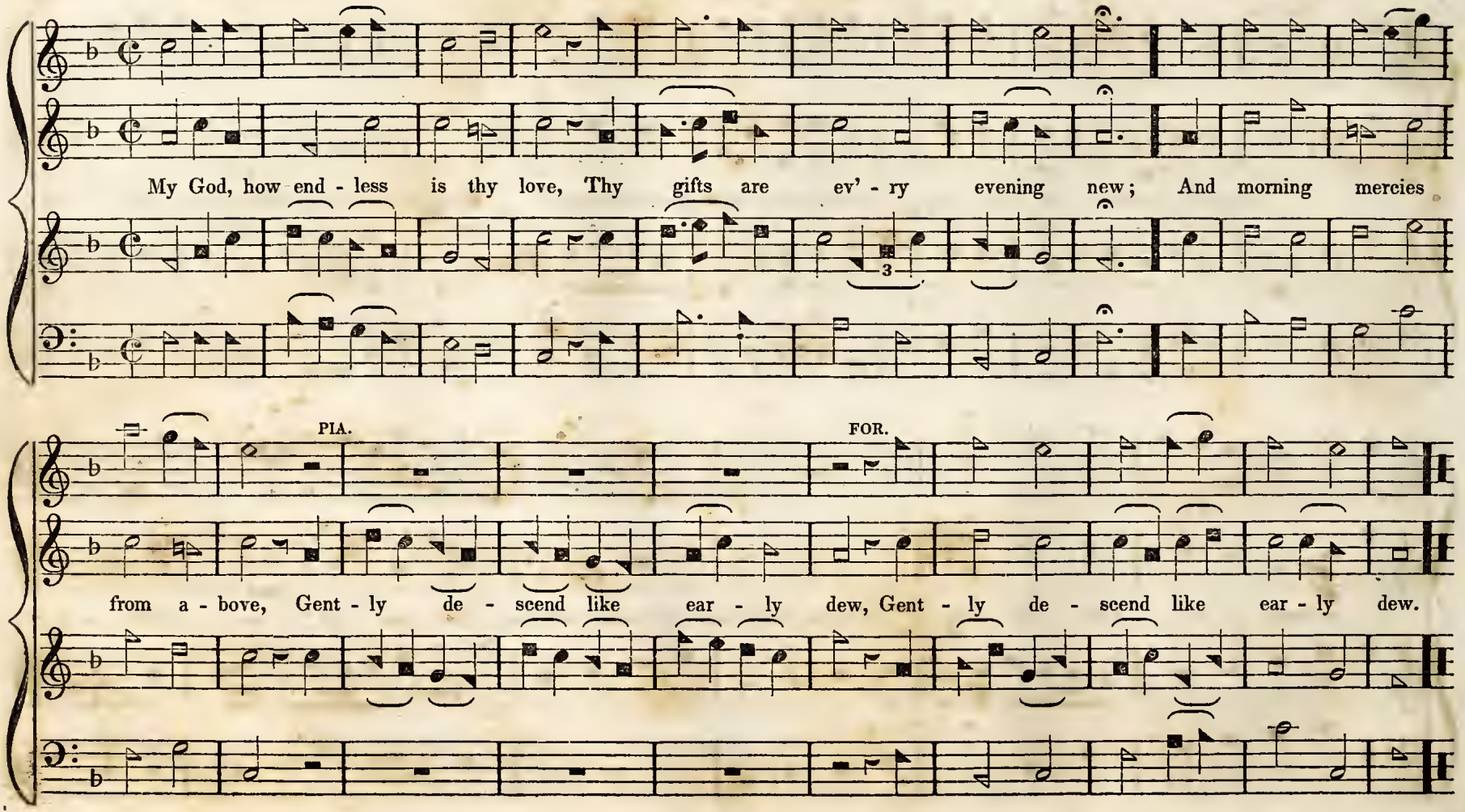
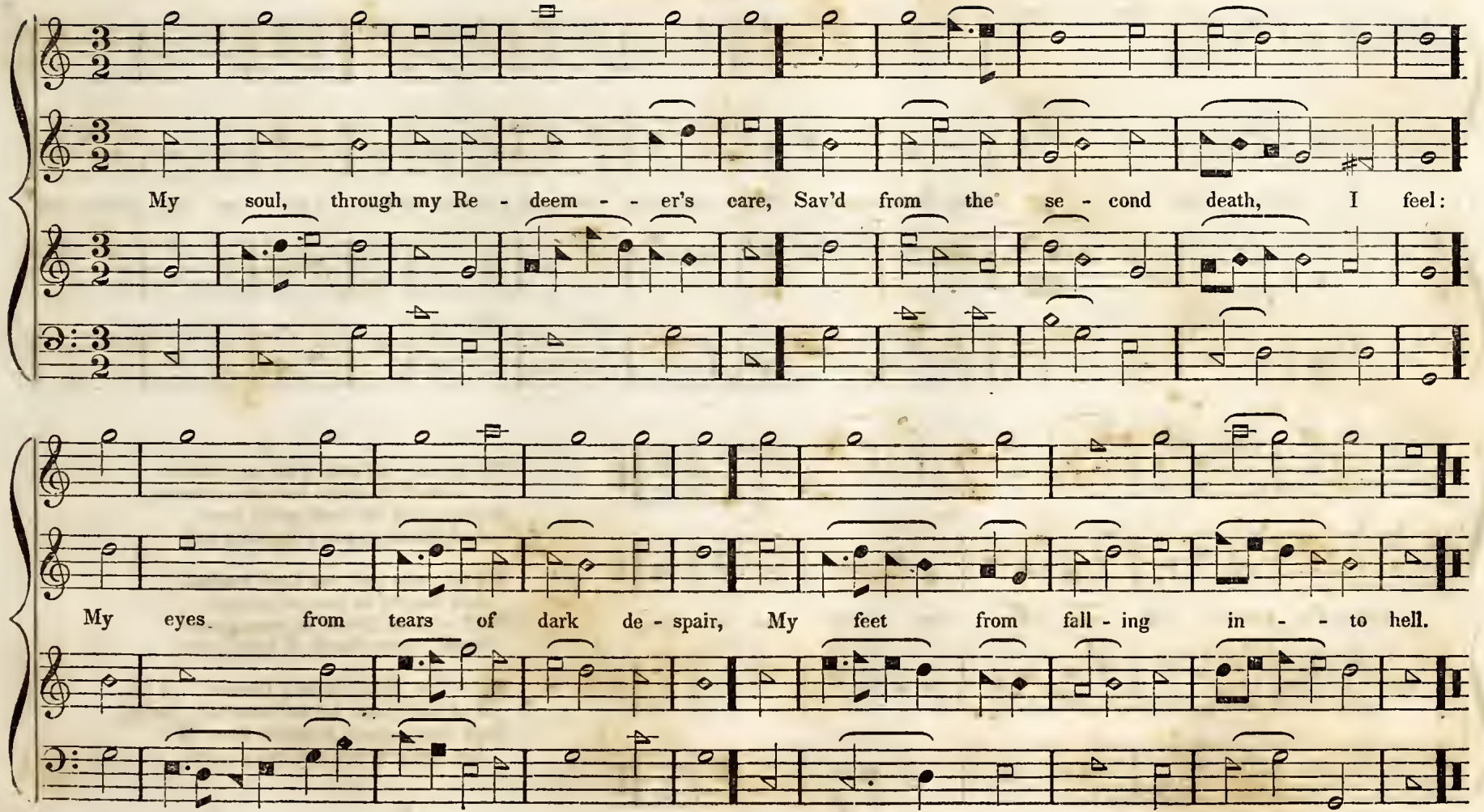
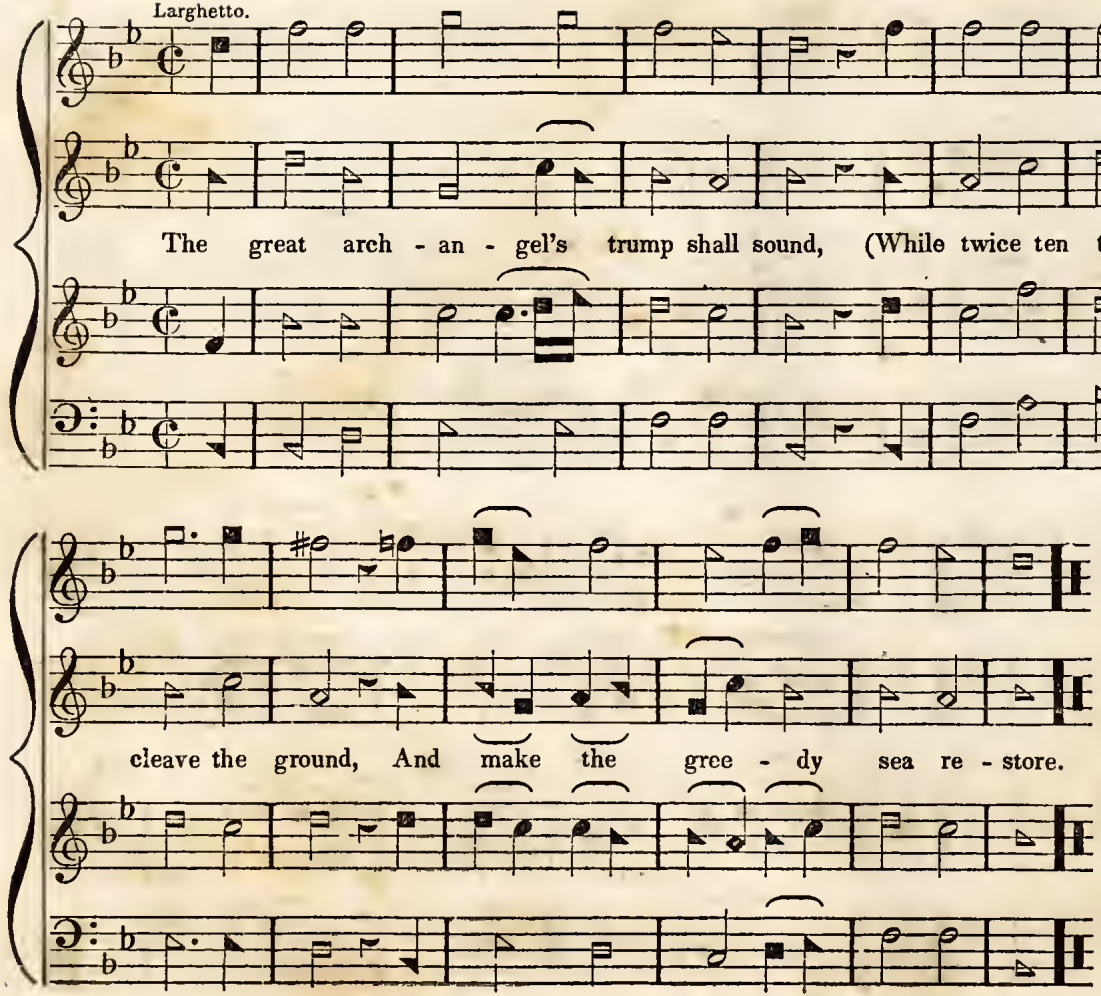
Th' unwearied sun from day to day
Doth his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning earth
Repeats the story of her birth:

While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

There let it for thy glory burn,
With inextinguishable blaze,
And trembling, to its source return,
In humble love and fervent praise.

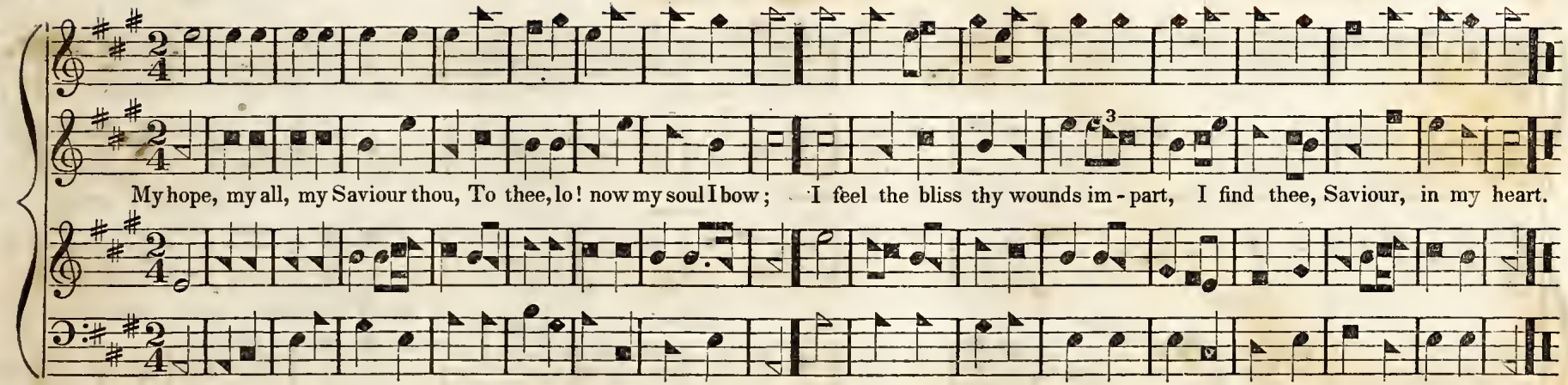
Jesus, confirm my heart's desire,
To work, and speak, and think for thee;
Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up thy gift in me.

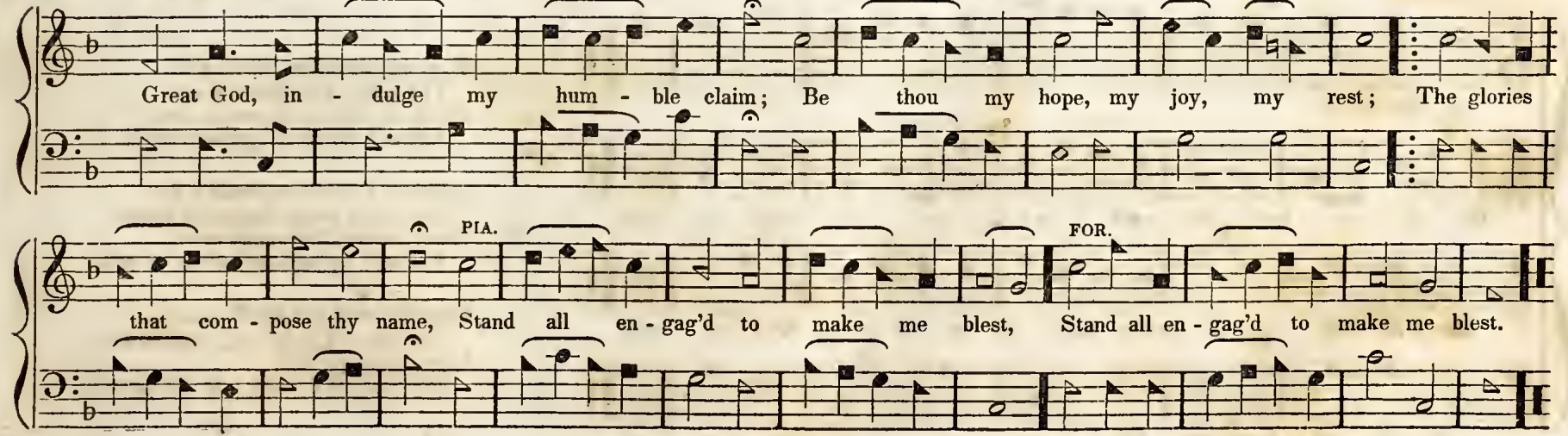
Ready for all thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat;
Till death thy endless mercies seal,
And make the sacrifice complete.

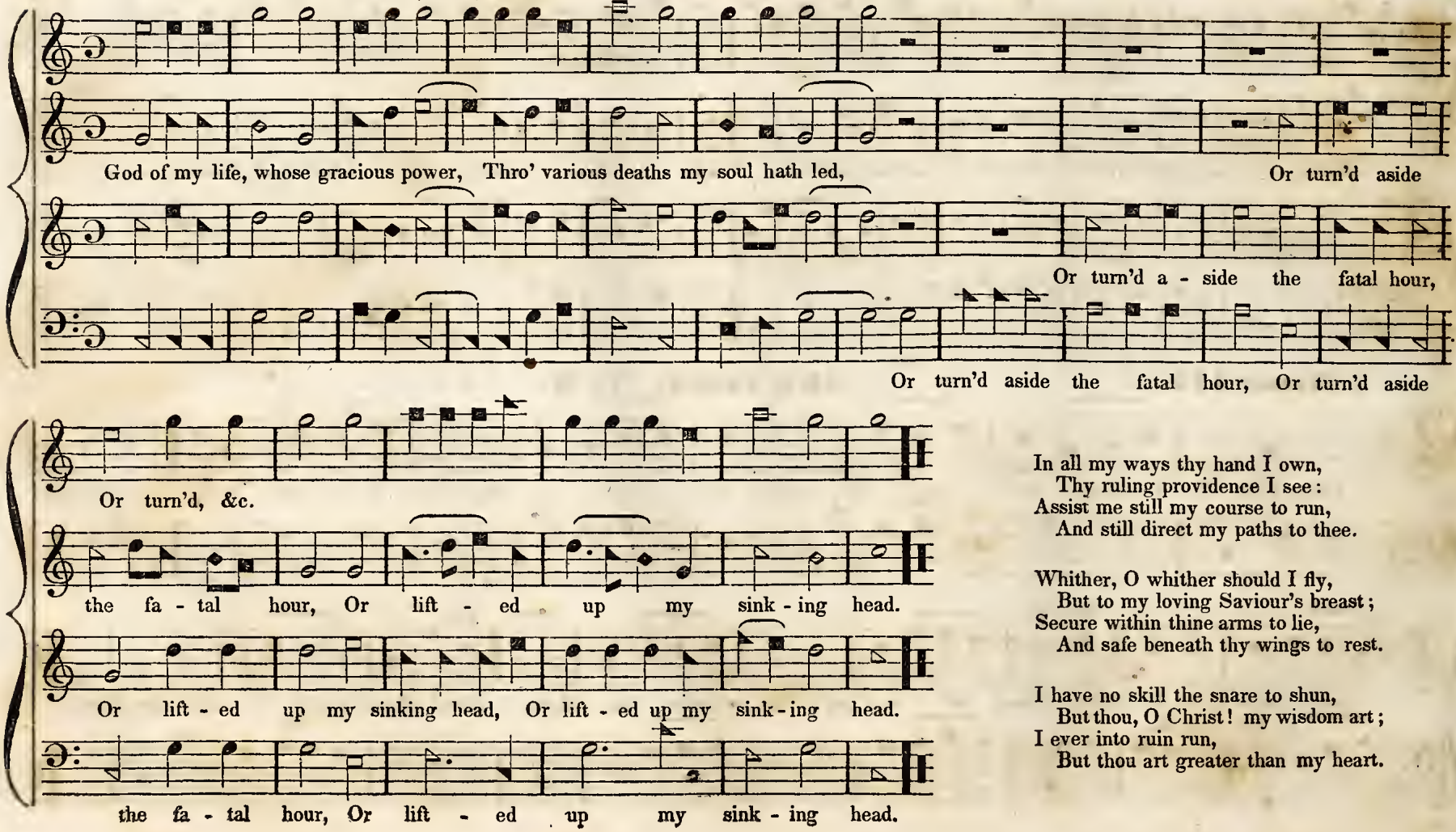

Maestoso.
He comes! he comes! the Judge severe, The seventh trumpet speaks him near: His lightnings flash, his thunders roll; how
Full.
welcome to the faith - ful soul, Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome, Welcome to the faithful soul.
Trebles.

My God, how end - less is thy love, Thy gifts are ev' - ry evening new; And morning mercies
PIA.
FOR.
from a - bove, Gent - ly de - scend like ear - ly dew, Gent - ly de - scend like ear - ly dew.

My soul, through my Re - deem - - er's care, Sav'd from the se - cond death, I feel:
My eyes from tears of dark de - spair, My feet from fall - ing in - - to hell.

Larghetto.
The great arch - an - gel's trump shall sound, (While twice ten thousand thunders roar,) Tear up the graves, and
cleave the ground, And make the gree - dy sea re - store.

The greedy sea shall yield her dead;
The earth no more her slain conceal;
Sinners shall lift their guilty head,
And shrink to see a yawning hell.

But we, who now our Lord confess,
And faithful to the end endure,
Shall stand in Jesus' righteousness:
Stand, as the Rock of Ages, sure.

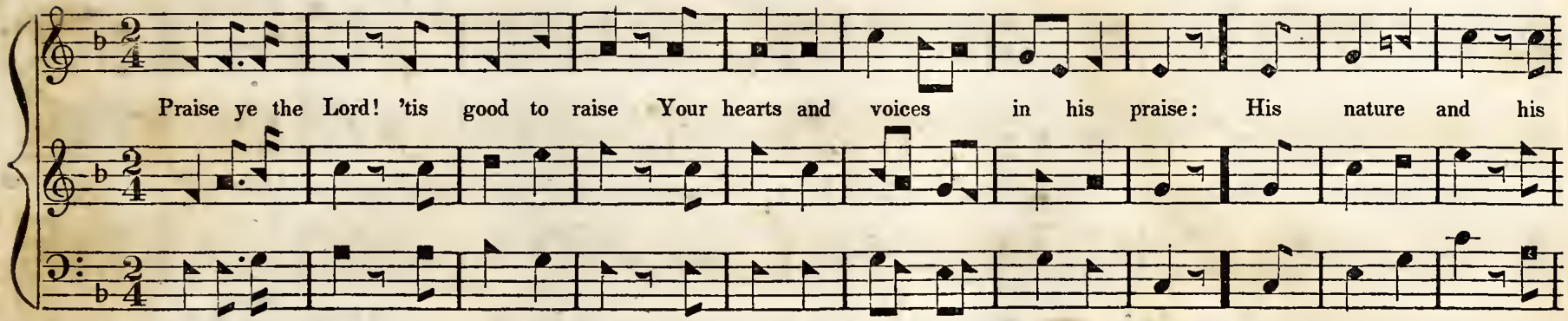
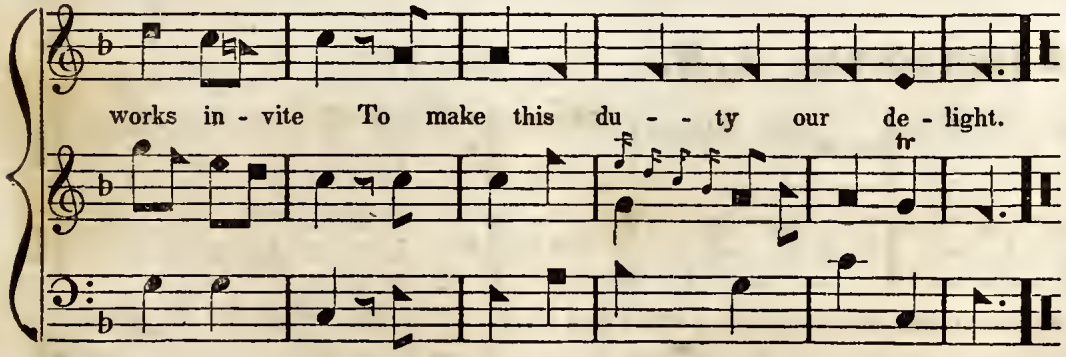
We, while the stars from heaven shall fall,
And mountains are on mountains hurl'd,
Shall stand unmov'd amidst them all,
And smile to see a burning world.

Hymn 115. NEWPORT. L. M.


Great God, in - dulge my hum - ble claim; Be thou my hope, my joy, my rest; The glories
PIA.
FOR.
that com - pose thy name, Stand all en - gag'd to make me blest, Stand all en - gag'd to make me blest.


God of my life, whose gracious power, Thro' various deaths my soul hath led, Or turn'd aside
Or turn'd a - side the fatal hour,
Or turn'd aside the fatal hour, Or turn'd aside
Or turn'd, &c.
the fa - tal hour, Or lift - ed up my sink - ing head.
Or lift - ed up my sinking head, Or lift - ed up my sink - ing head.
the fa - tal hour, Or lift - ed up my sink - ing head.

In all my ways thy hand I own,
Thy ruling providence I see:
Assist me still my course to run,
And still direct my paths to thee.

Whither, O whither should I fly,
But to my loving Saviour's breast;
Secure within thine arms to lie,
And safe beneath thy wings to rest.

I have no skill the snare to shun,
But thou, O Christ! my wisdom art;
I ever into ruin run,
But thou art greater than my heart.



What is the creature's skill or force,
The sprightly man, or warlike horse!
The piercing wit, the active limb,
Are all too mean delights for him.

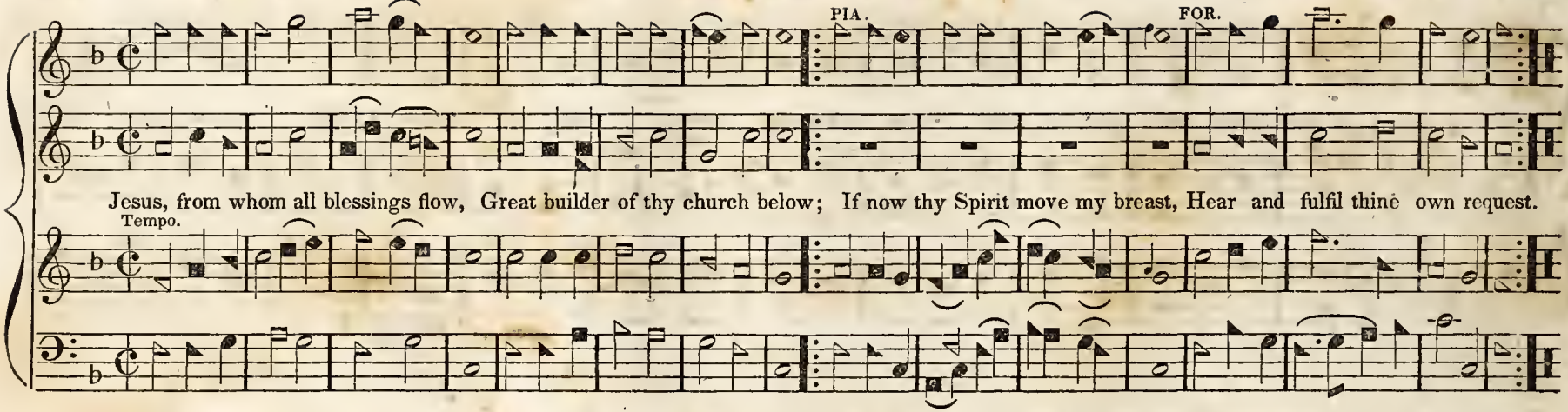
But saints are lovely in his sight,
He views his children with delight;
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
He looks, and loves his image there.

He form'd the stars, those heav'nly flames:
He counts their numbers, calls their names;
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,
A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd.

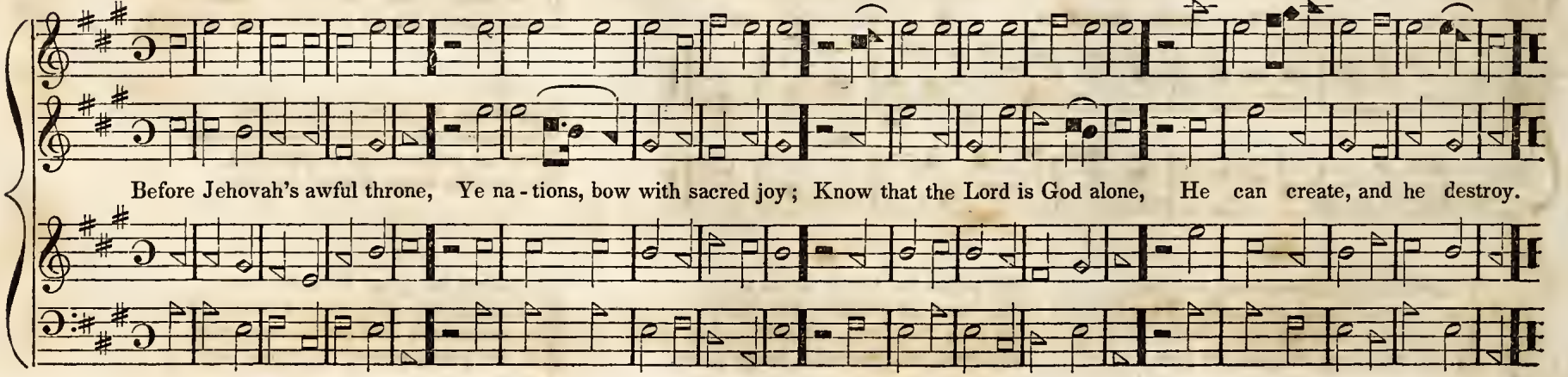
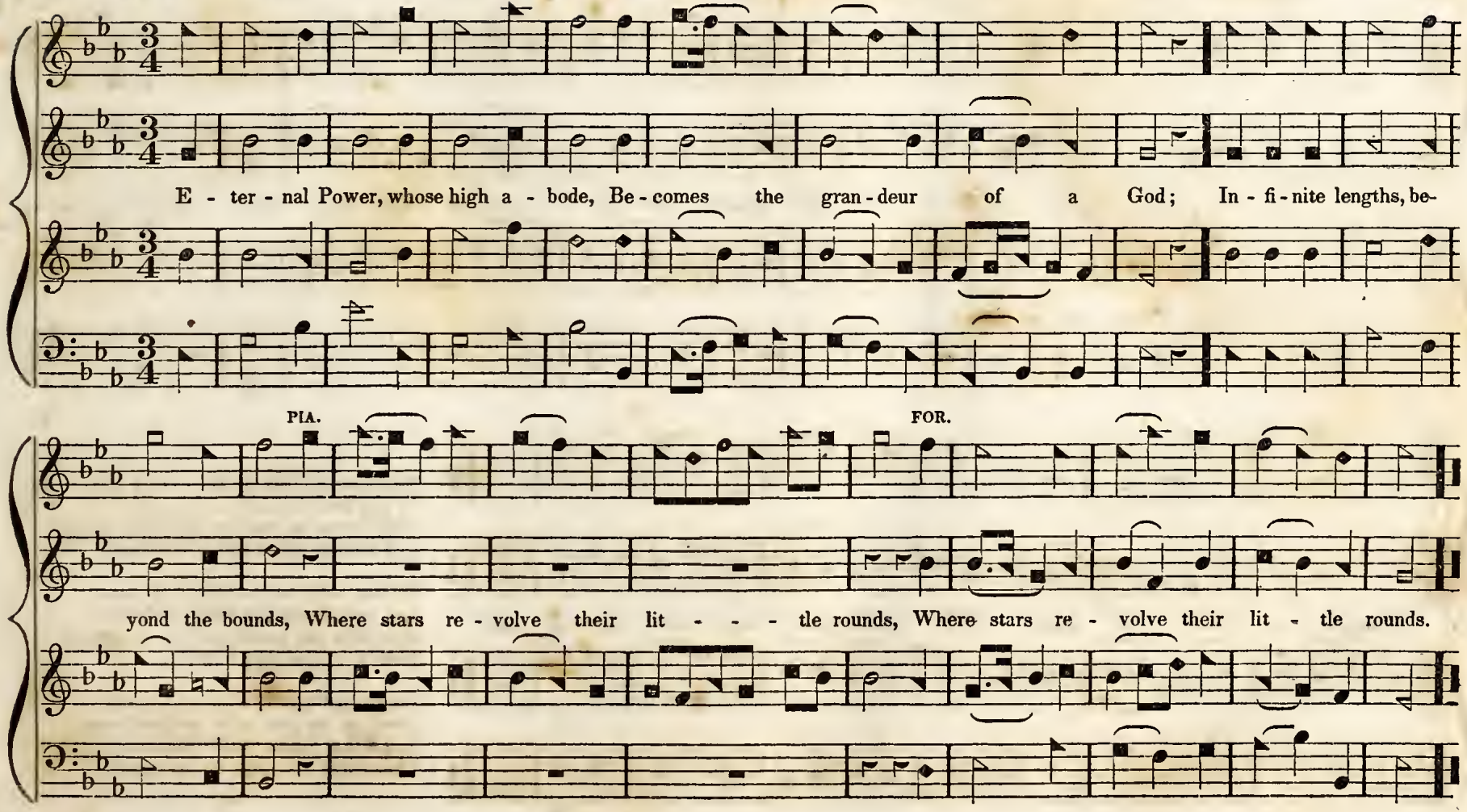
Sing to the Lord, exalt him high,
Who spreads his clouds around the sky
There he prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.

He makes the grass the hills adorn;
He clothes the smiling fields with corn;
The beasts with food his hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry.

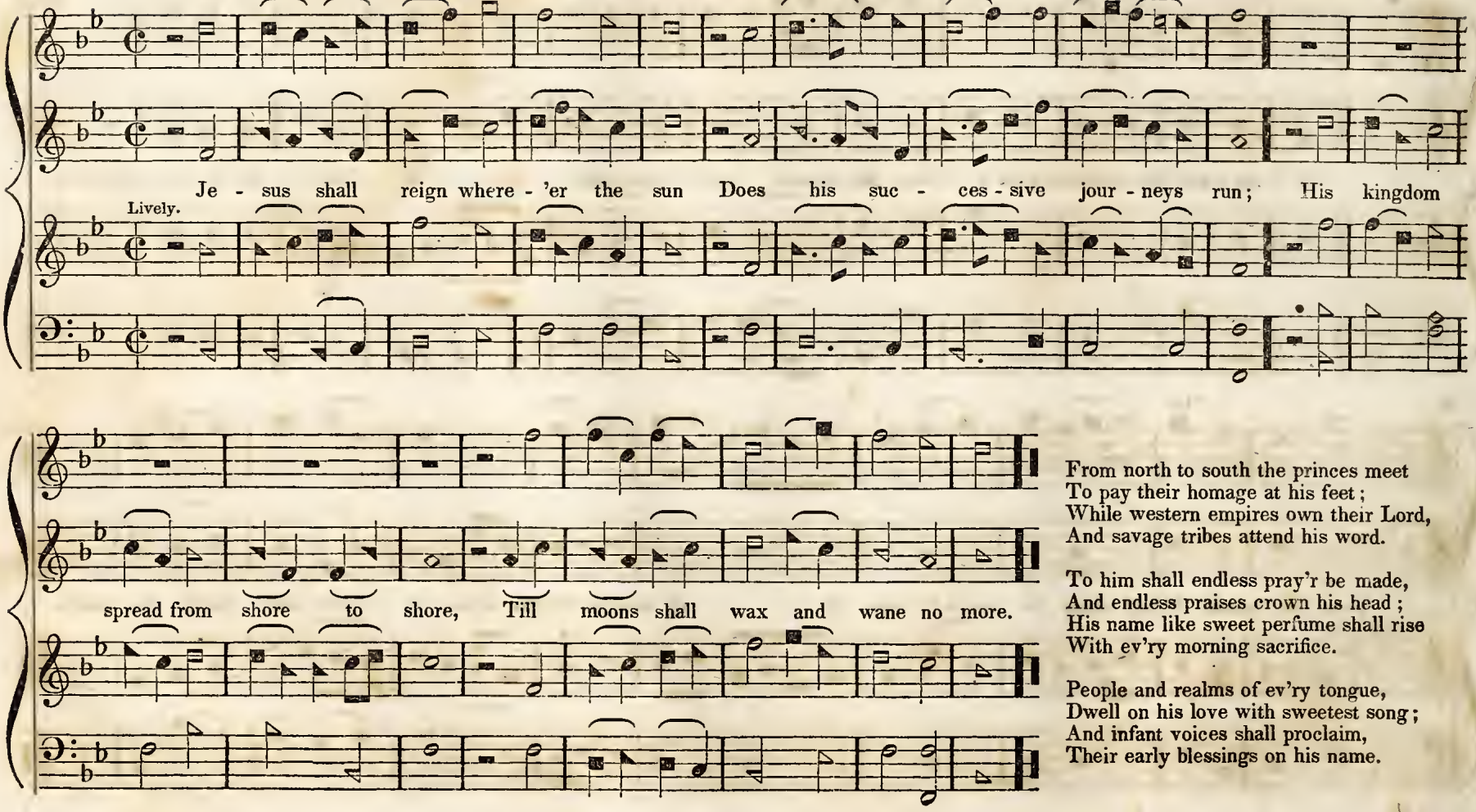
Hymn 123. NEWRY. L. M.


PIA.
FOR.
Jesus, from whom all blessings flow, Great builder of thy church below; If now thy Spirit move my breast, Hear and fulfil thine own request.
Tempo.

Hymn 266. OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

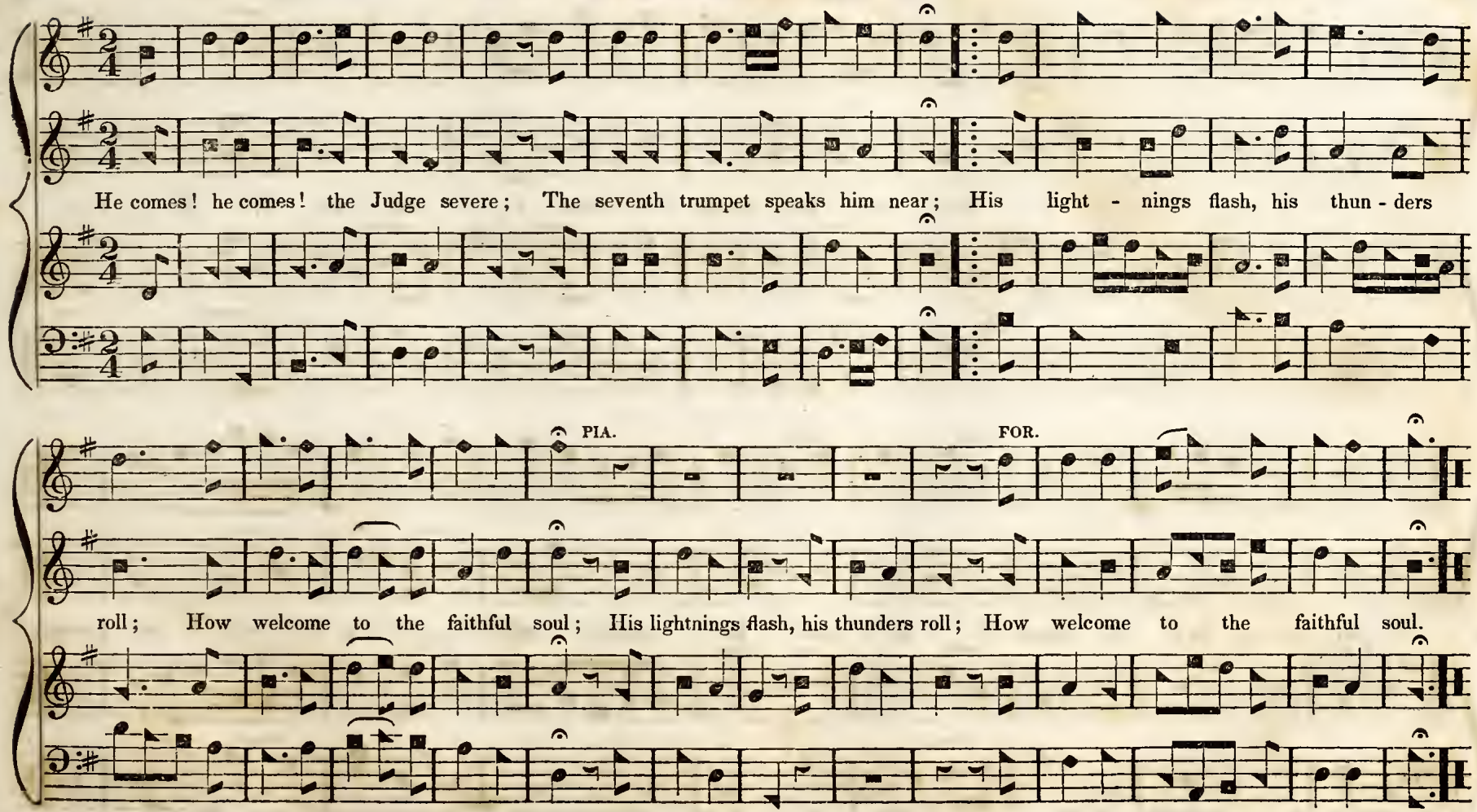
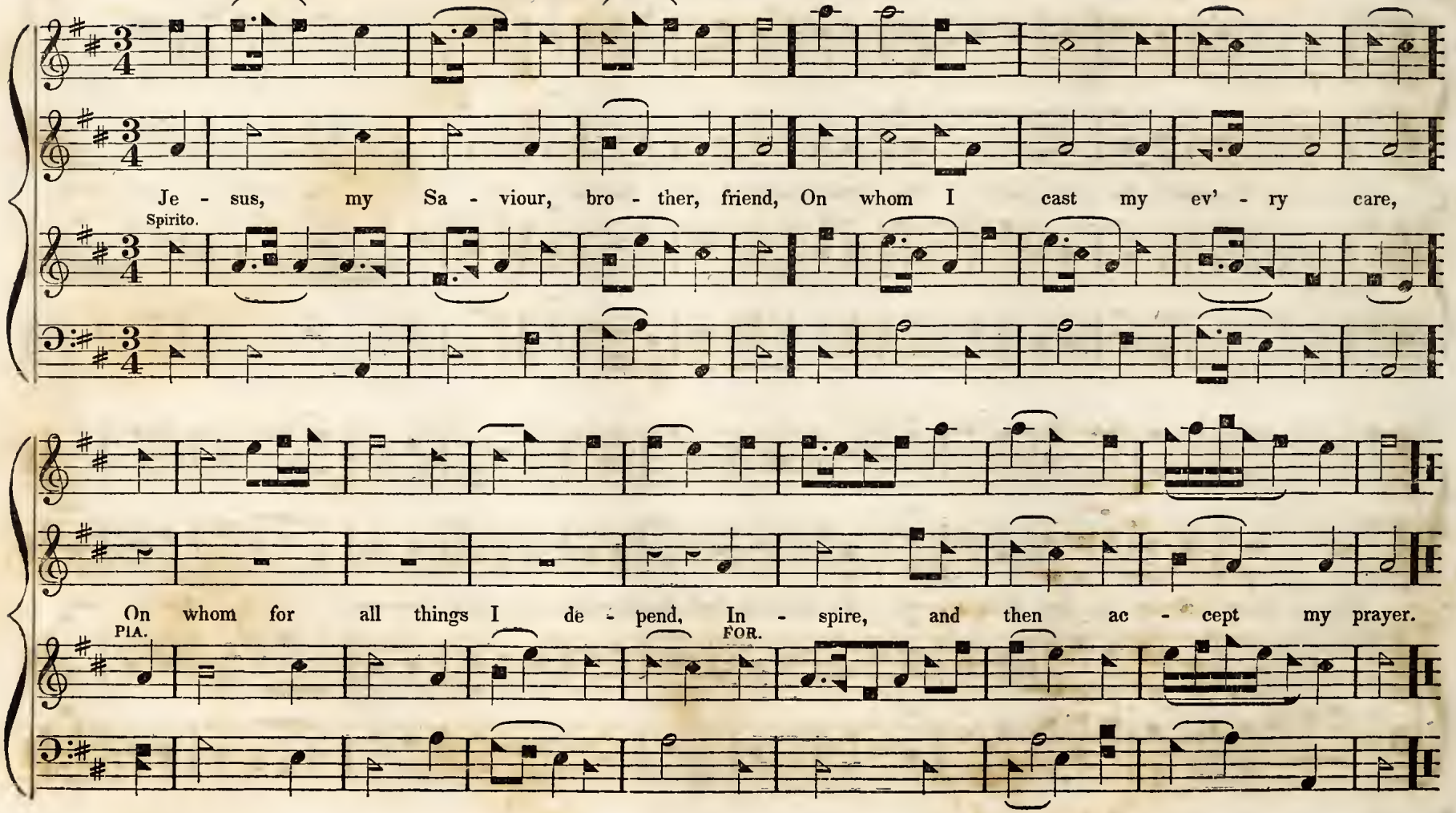
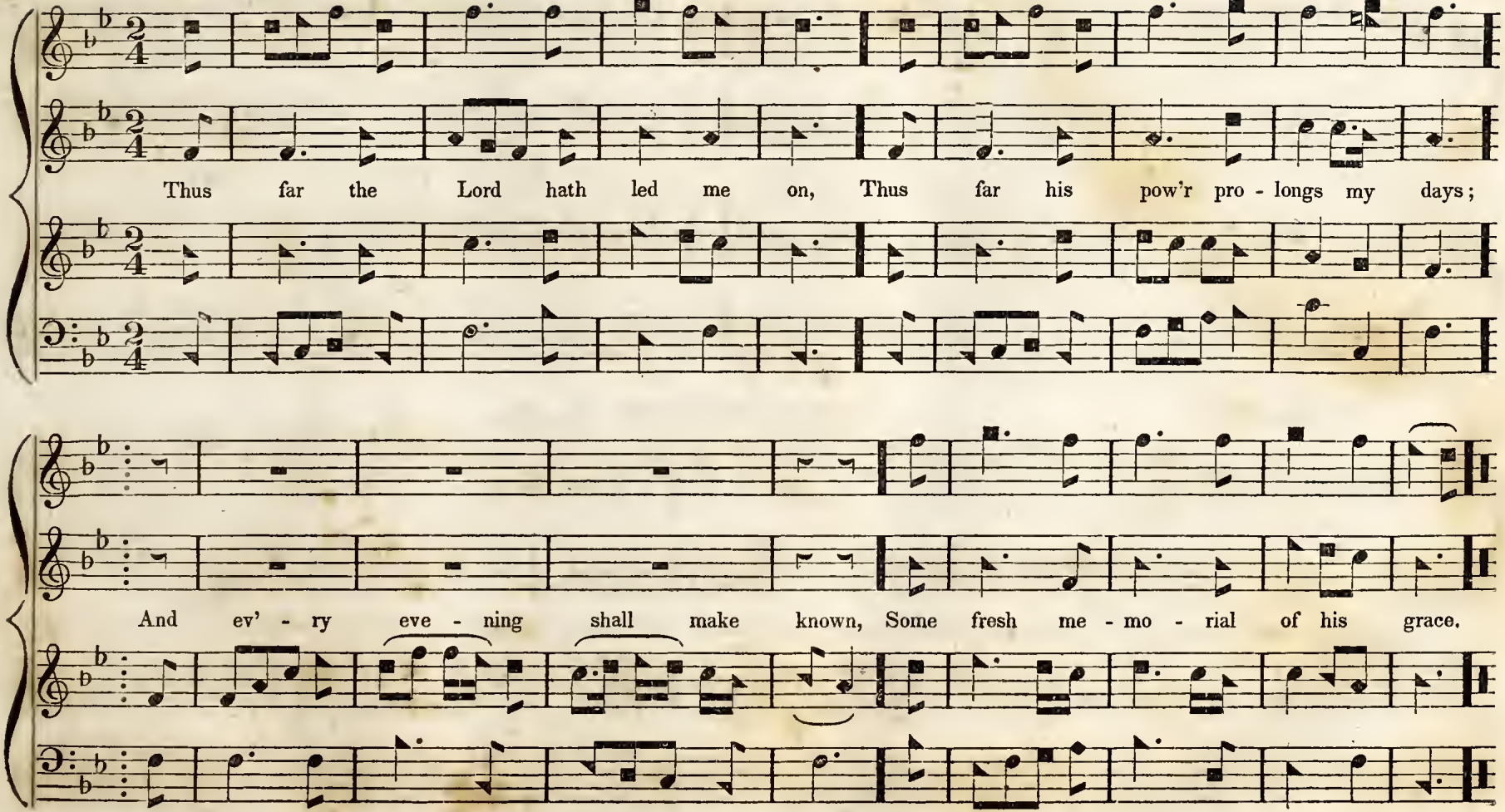


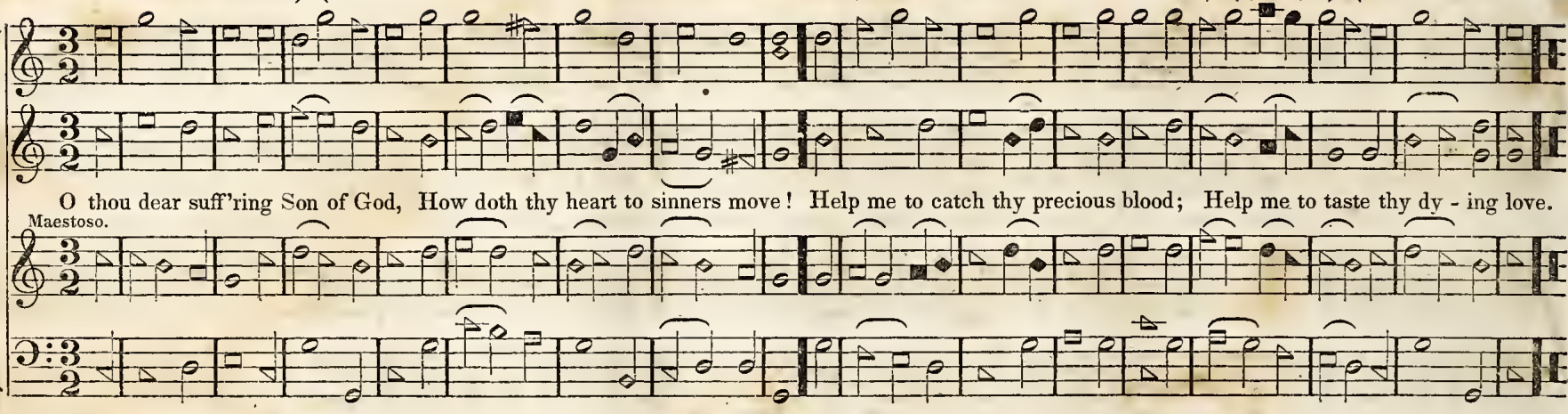
E - ter - nal Power, whose high a - bode, Be - comes the gran - deur of a God; In - fi - nite lengths, be-
PIA.
FOR.
yond the bounds, Where stars re - volve their lit - - - tle rounds, Where stars re - volve their lit - tle rounds.


Je - sus shall reign where - 'er the sun Does his suc - ces - sive jour - neys run; His kingdom
Lively.
spread from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

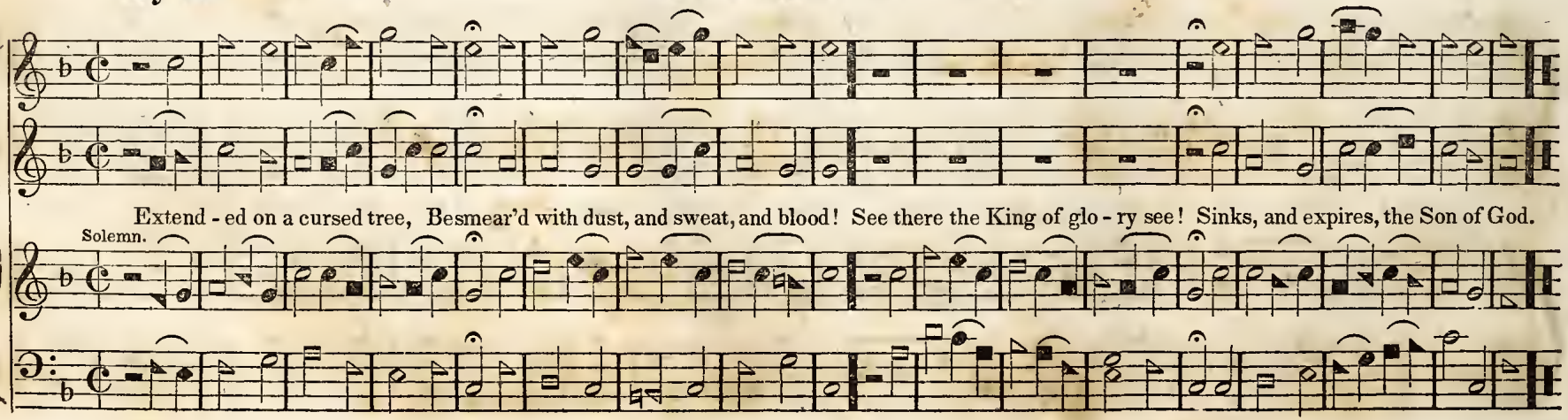
From north to south the princes meet
To pay their homage at his feet;
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend his word.

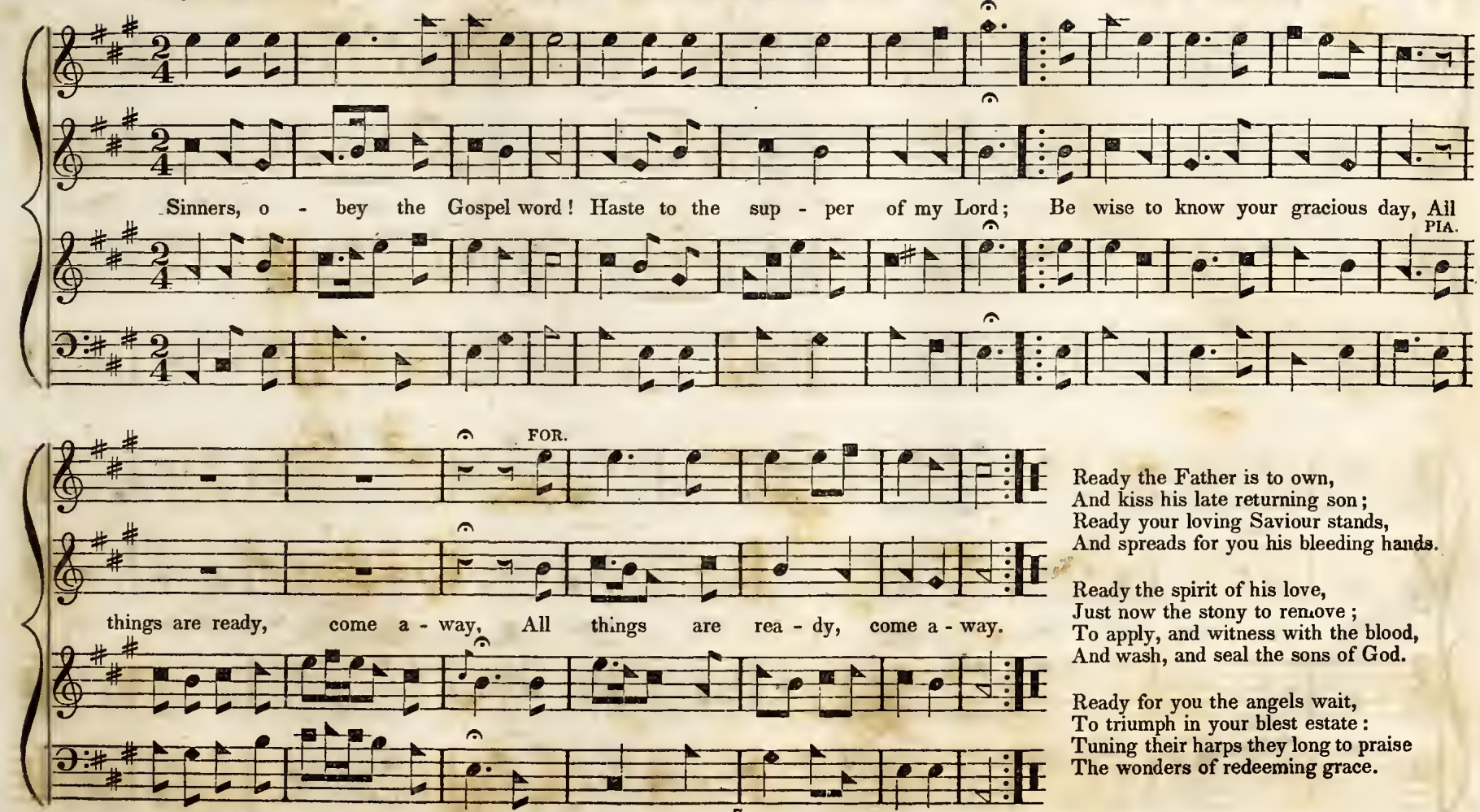
To him shall endless pray'r be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With ev'ry morning sacrifice.

People and realms of ev'ry tongue,
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim,
Their early blessings on his name.

He comes! he comes! the Judge severe; The seventh trumpet speaks him near; His light - nings flash, his thun - ders
PIA.
FOR.
roll; How welcome to the faithful soul; His lightnings flash, his thunders roll; How welcome to the faithful soul.

Je - sus, my Sa - viour, bro - ther, friend, On whom I cast my ev' - ry care,
Spirito.
On whom for all things I de - pend, In - spire, and then ac - cept my prayer.
PIA.
FOR.

Thus far the Lord hath led me on, Thus far his pow'r pro - longs my days;
And ev' - ry eve - ning shall make known, Some fresh me - mo - rial of his grace.

Hymn 195. WAREHAM. L. M. Knapp.

O thou dear suff'ring Son of God, How doth thy heart to sinners move! Help me to catch thy precious blood; Help me to taste thy dy - ing love.
Maestoso.

Hymn 193. STRASBURGH. L. M.


Extend - ed on a cursed tree, Besmear'd with dust, and sweat, and blood! See there the King of glo - ry see! Sinks, and expires, the Son of God.
Solemn.

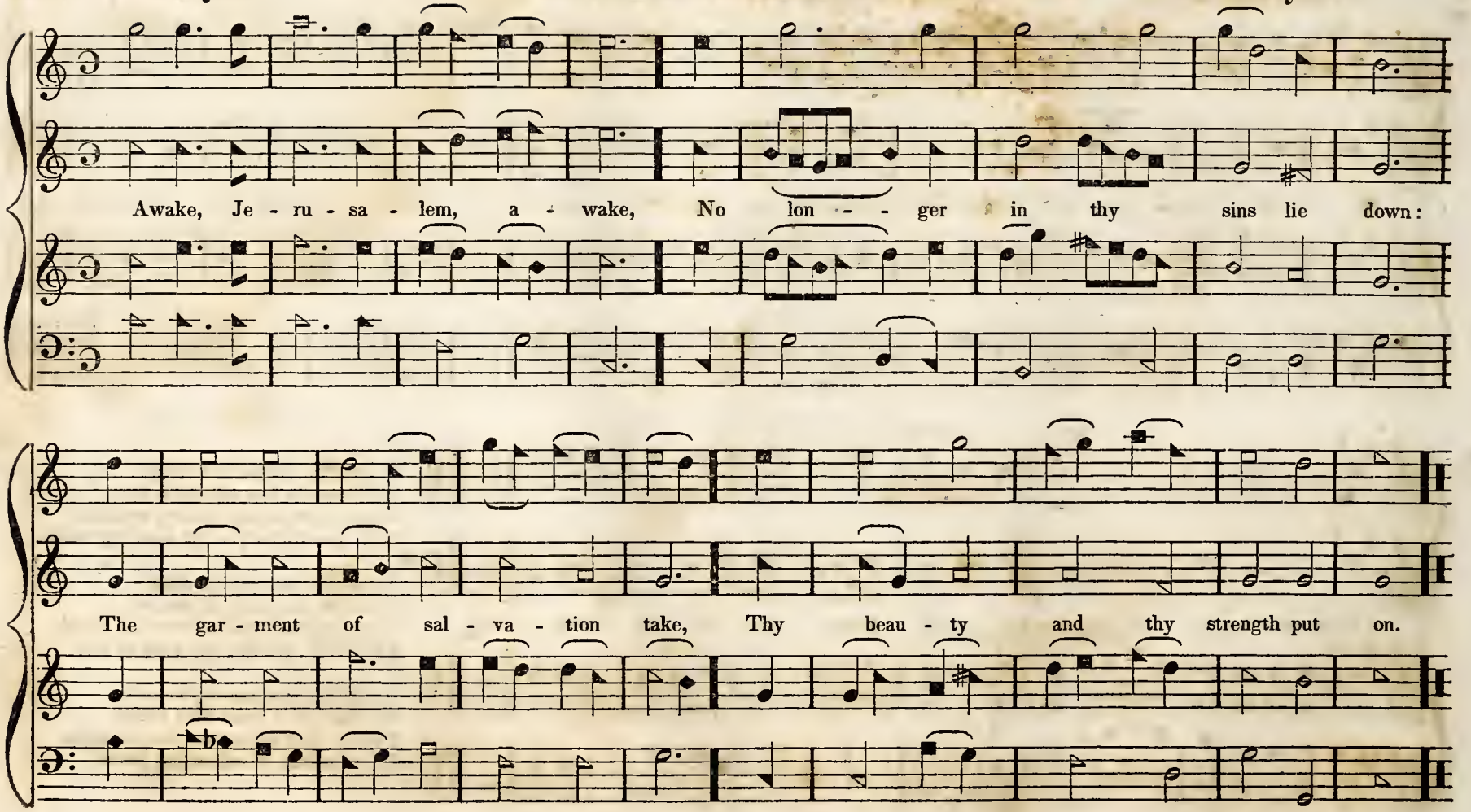
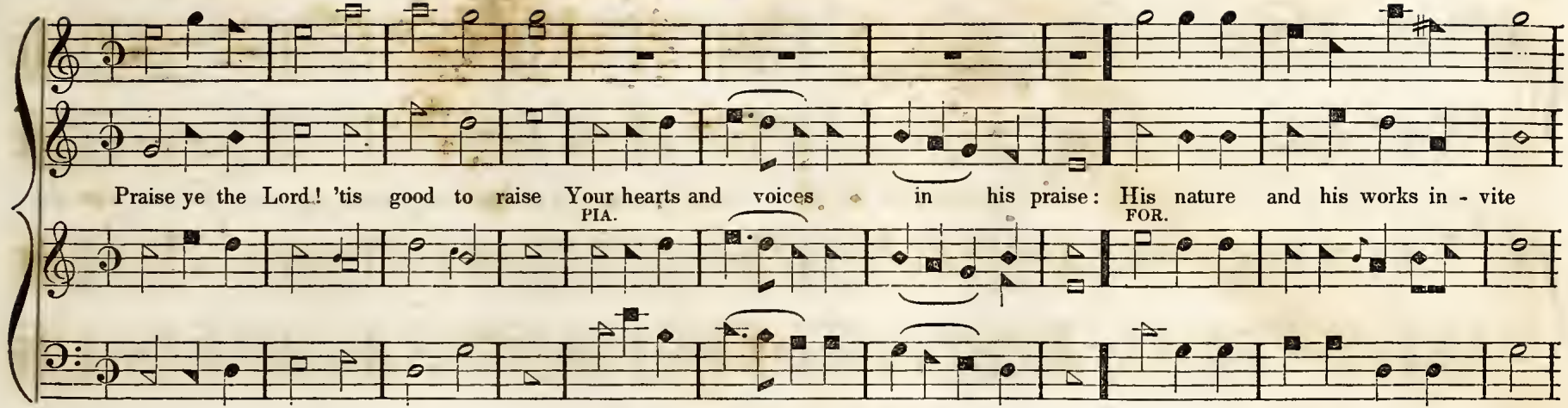
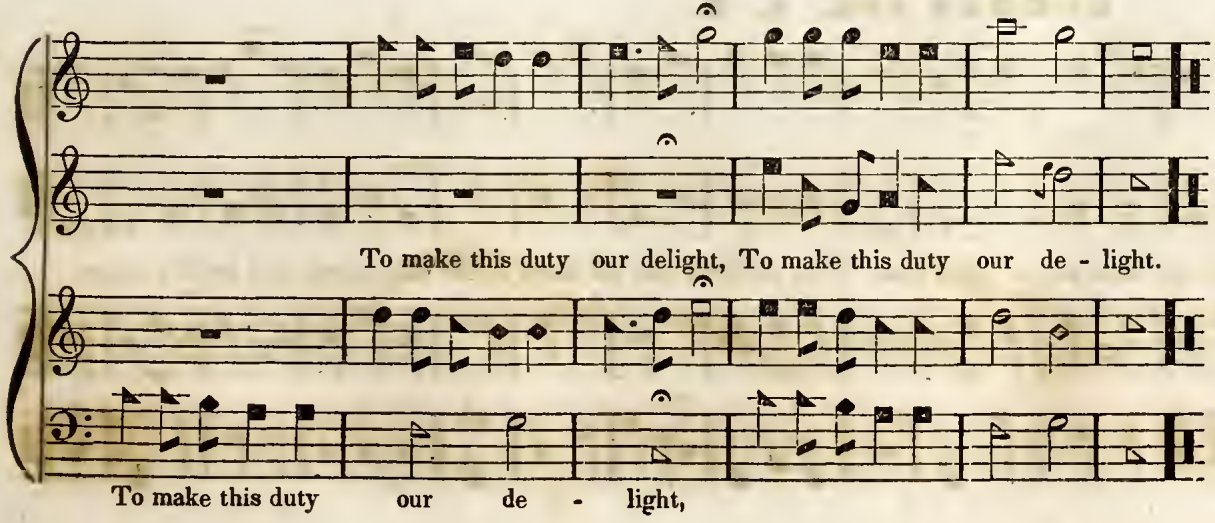

Sinners, o - bey the Gospel word! Haste to the sup - per of my Lord; Be wise to know your gracious day, All
PIA.
FOR.
things are ready, come a - way, All things are rea - dy, come a - way.

Ready the Father is to own,
And kiss his late returning son;
Ready your loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.

Ready the spirit of his love,
Just now the stony to remove;
To apply, and witness with the blood,
And wash, and seal the sons of God.

Ready for you the angels wait,
To triumph in your blest estate:
Tuning their harps they long to praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.

NAZARETH. L. M.

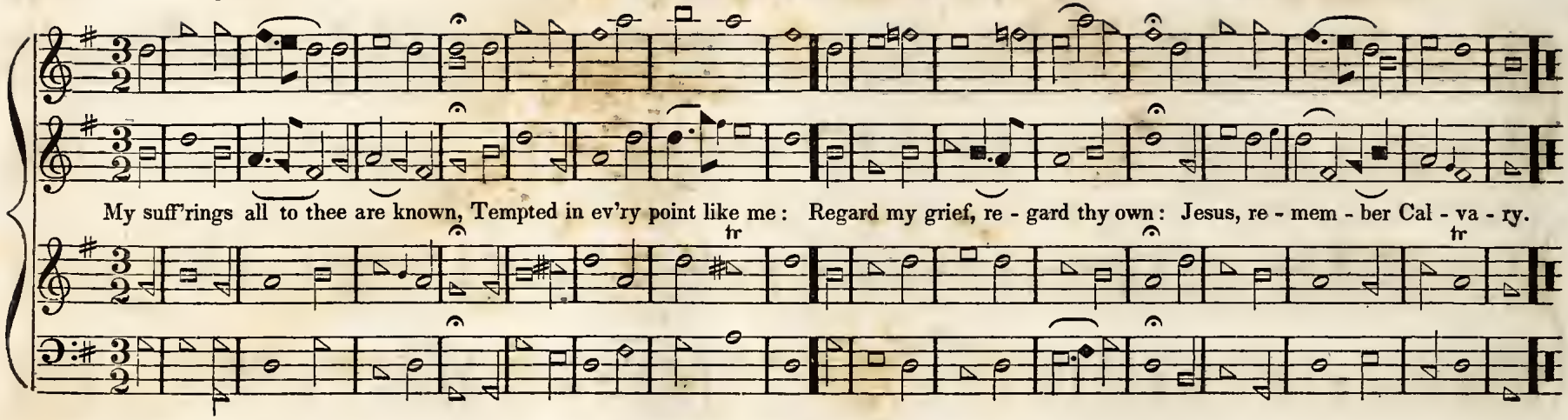
E. Taylor.



He form'd the stars, those heav'nly flames;
He counts their numbers, calls their names:
His wisdom 's vast, and knows no bound,
A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd.

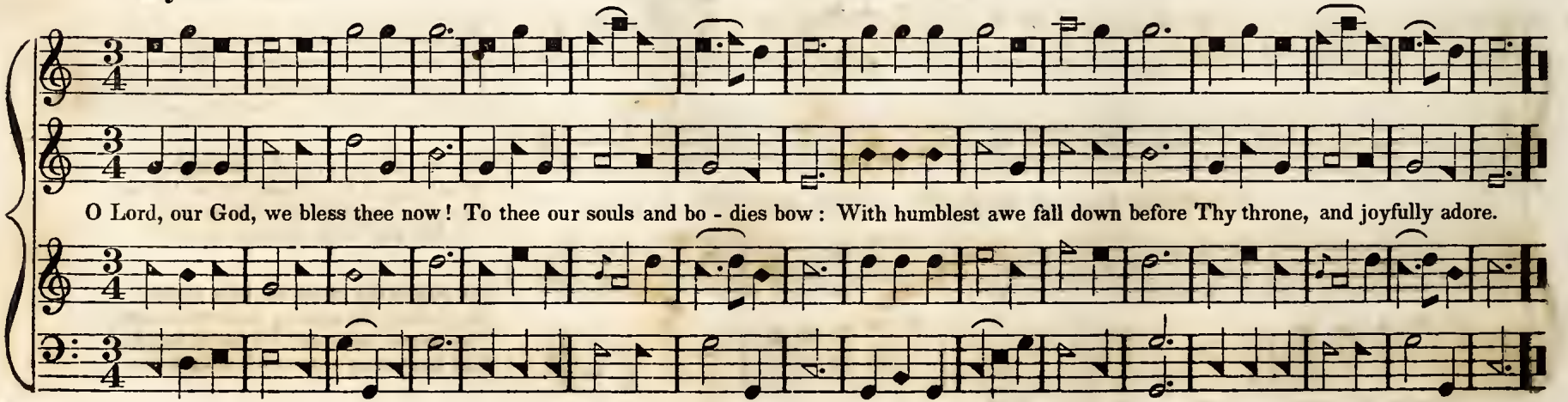
Sing to the Lord, exalt him high,
Who spreads his clouds around the sky;
There he prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.

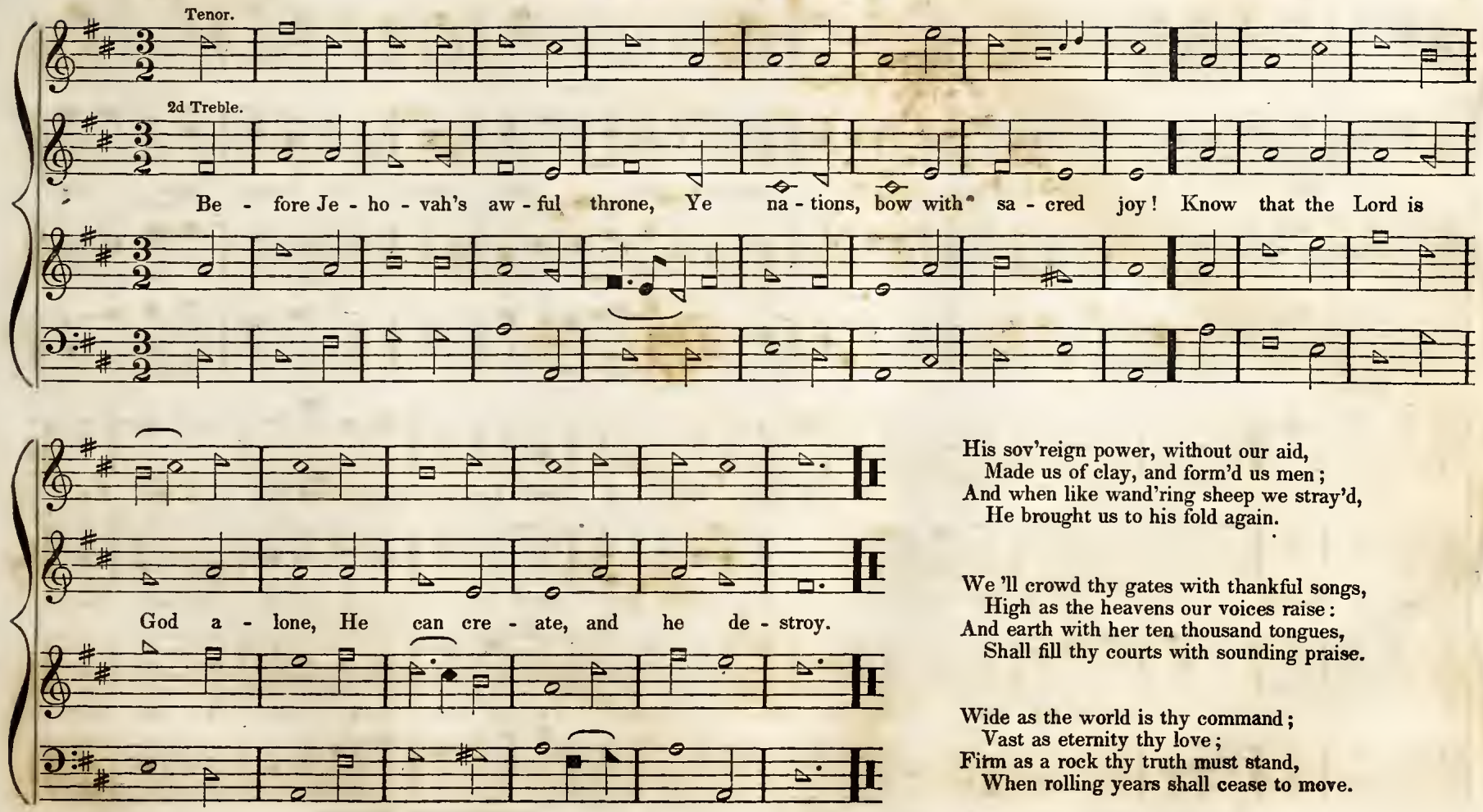
He makes the grass the hills adorn;
He clothes the smiling fields with corn;
The beasts with food his hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry.

Hymn 26. ANGEL'S HYMN. L. M.



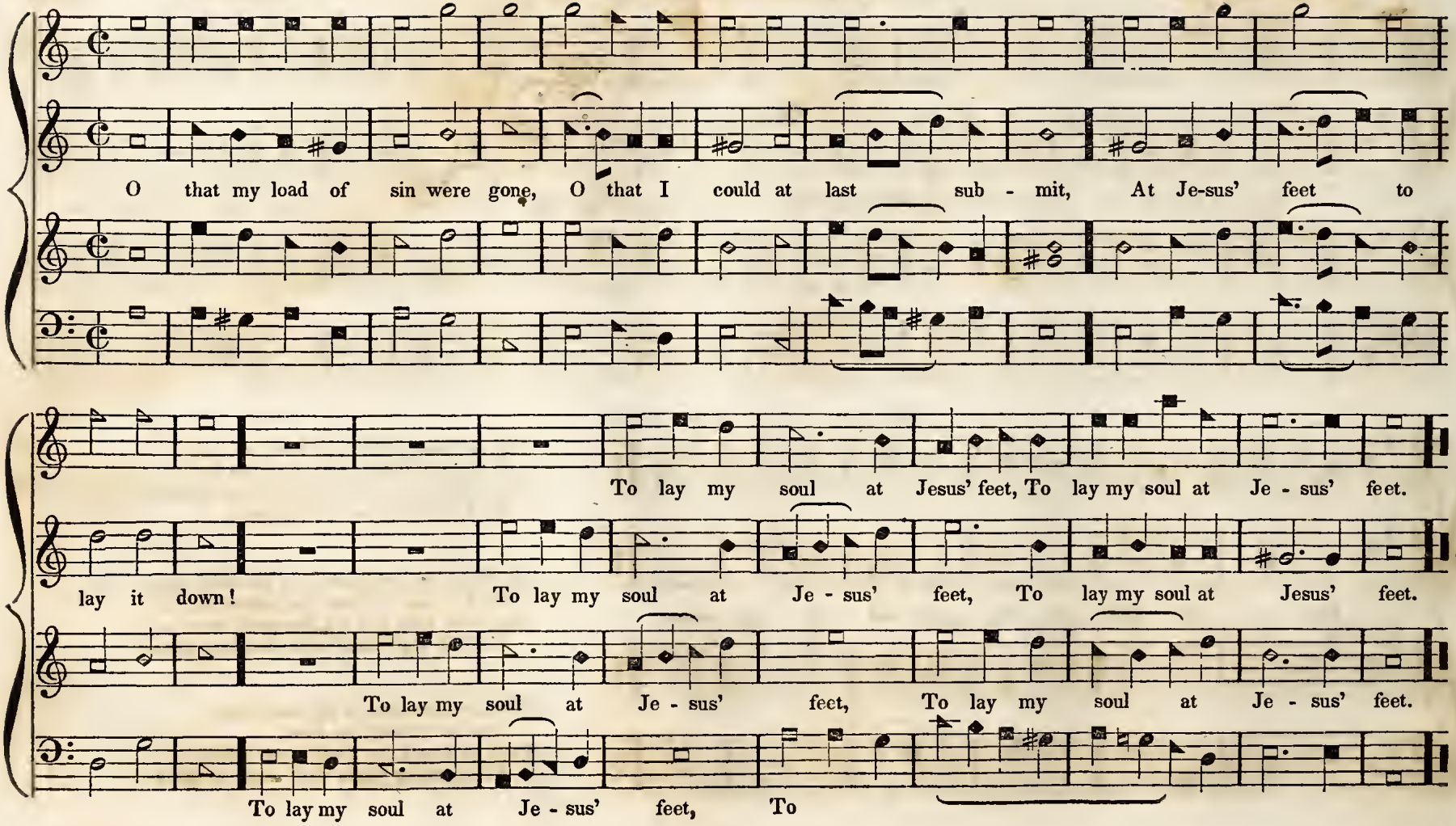
Hymn 605. GERMAN AIR. L. M.

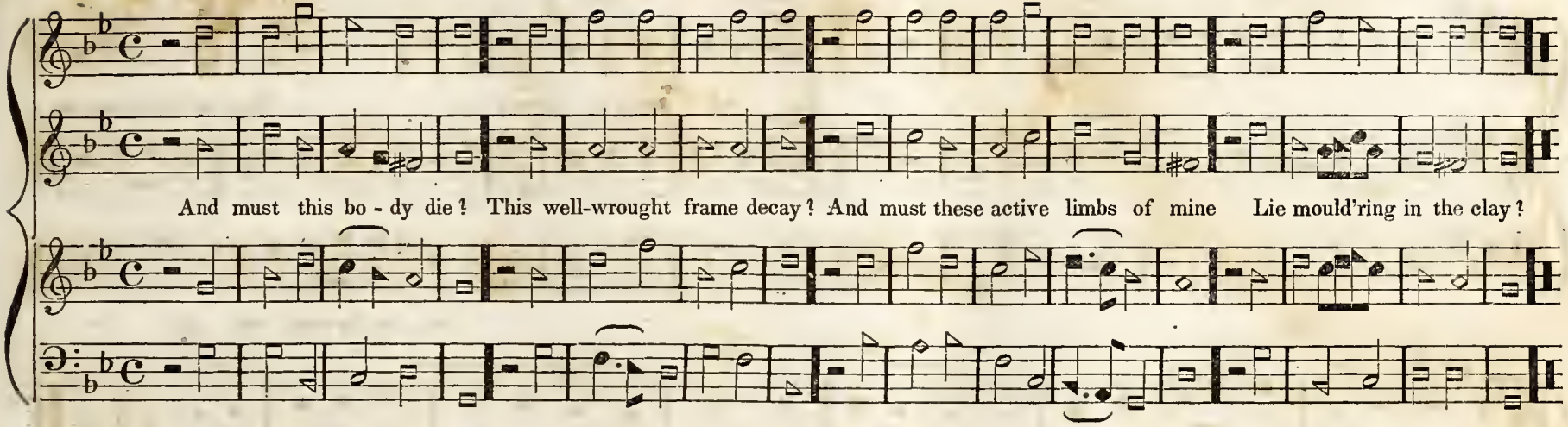

O Lord, our God, we bless thee now! To thee our souls and bo - dies bow: With humblest awe fall down before Thy throne, and joyfully adore.


Tenor.
2d Treble.
Be - fore Je - ho - vah's aw - ful throne, Ye na - tions, bow with sa - cred joy! Know that the Lord is
God a - lone, He can cre - ate, and he de - stroy.

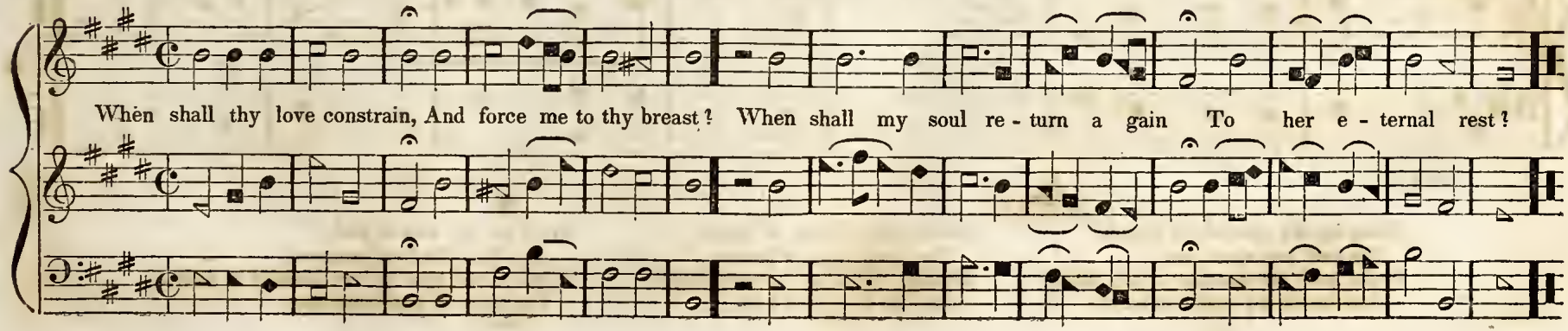
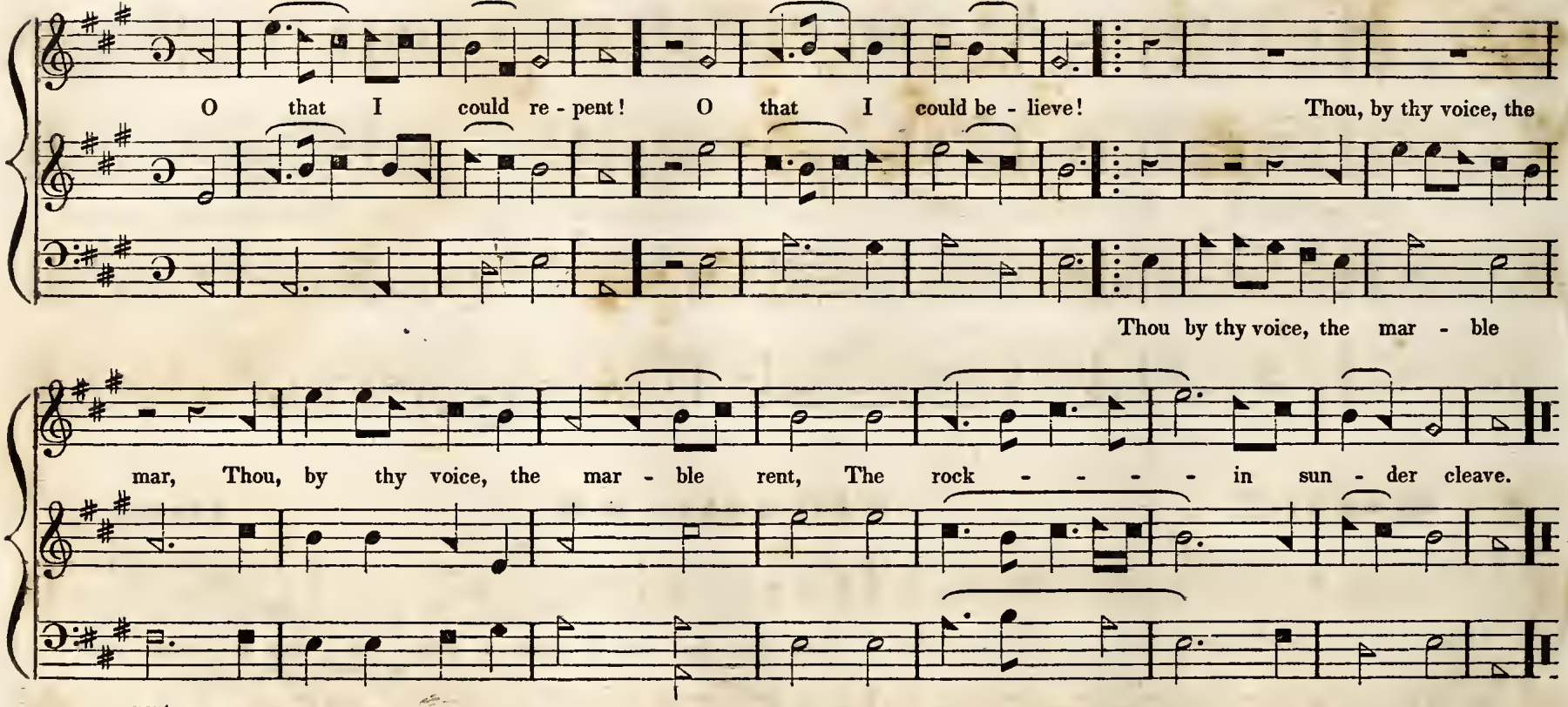
His sov'reign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

We 'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise:
And earth with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the world is thy command;
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

O that my load of sin were gone, O that I could at last sub - mit, At Je-sus' feet to
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet, To lay my soul at Je - sus' feet.
lay it down! To lay my soul at Je - sus' feet, To lay my soul at Jesus' feet.
To lay my soul at Je - sus' feet, To lay my soul at Je - sus' feet.
To lay my soul at Je - sus' feet, To



Hymn 67. WATCHMAN. S. M. Leach.

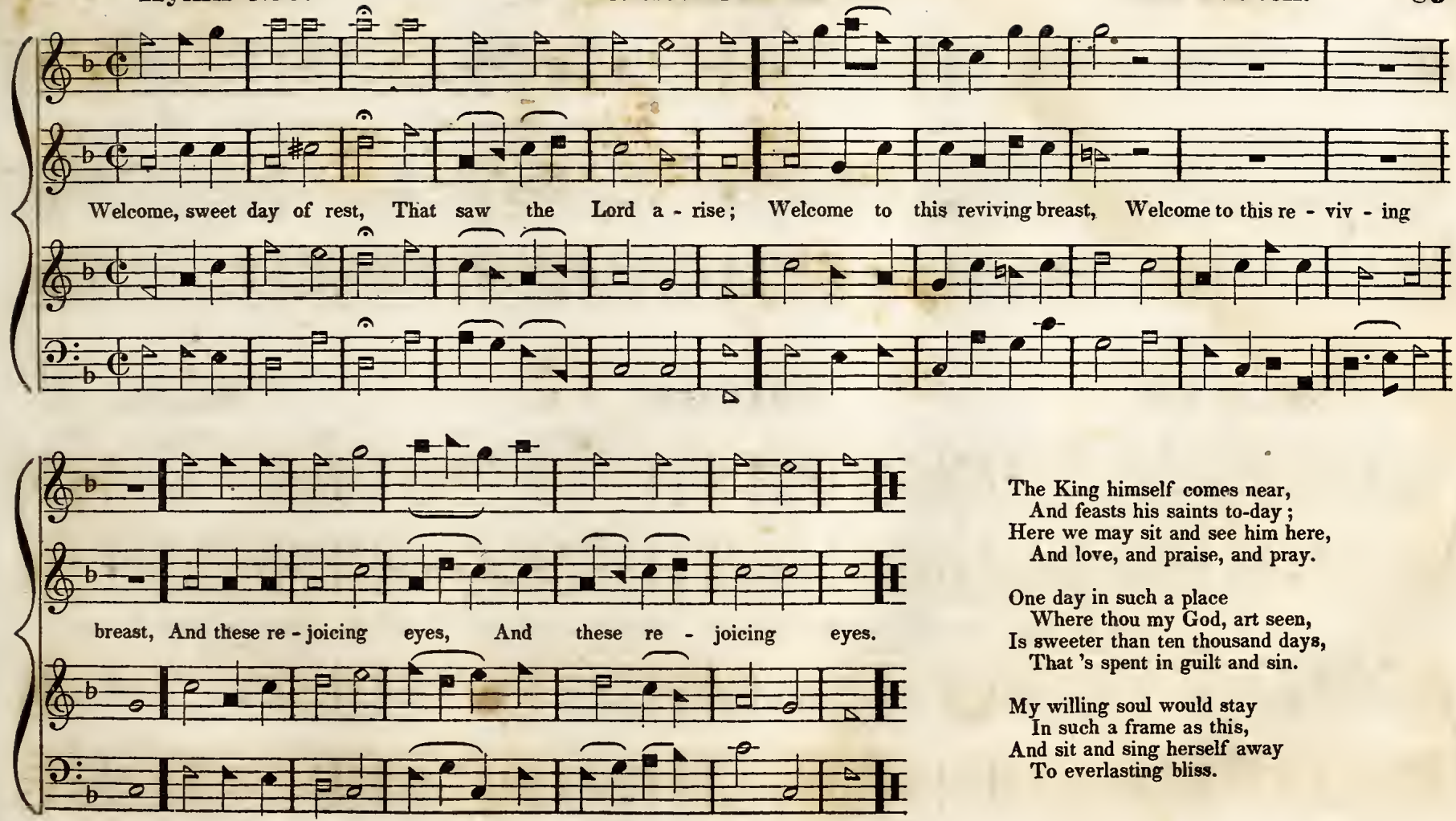


O that I could re - pent! O that I could be - lieve! Thou, by thy voice, the
Thou by thy voice, the mar - ble
mar, Thou, by thy voice, the mar - ble rent, The rock - - - - - in sun - der cleave.
rent,

Thou, by thy two-edged sword,
My soul and spirit part;
Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break my stubborn heart.

Saviour and Prince of peace,
The double grace bestow;
Unloose the bands of wickedness,
And let the captive go.

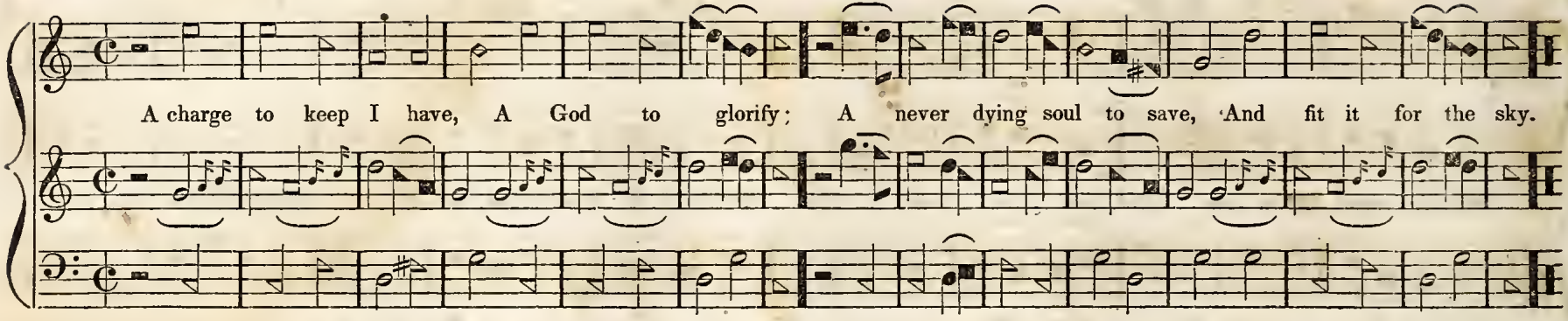
Grant me my sins to feel,
And then the load remove;
Wound, and pour in, my wounds to heal,
The balm of pard'ning love.

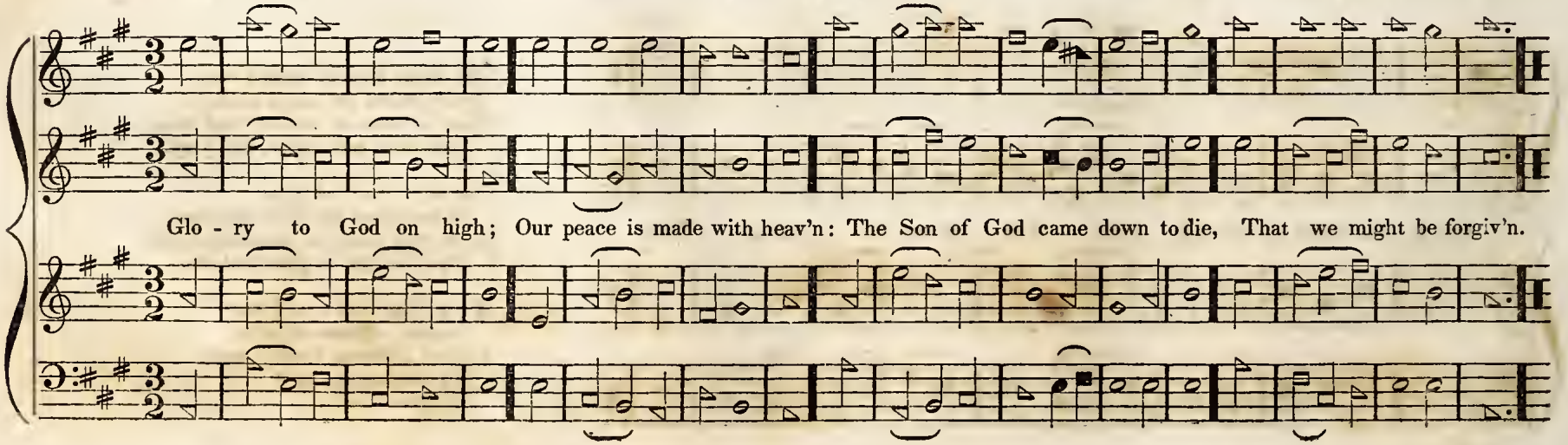

Welcome, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise; Welcome to this reviving breast, Welcome to this re - viv - ing
breast, And these re - joicing eyes, And these re - joicing eyes.

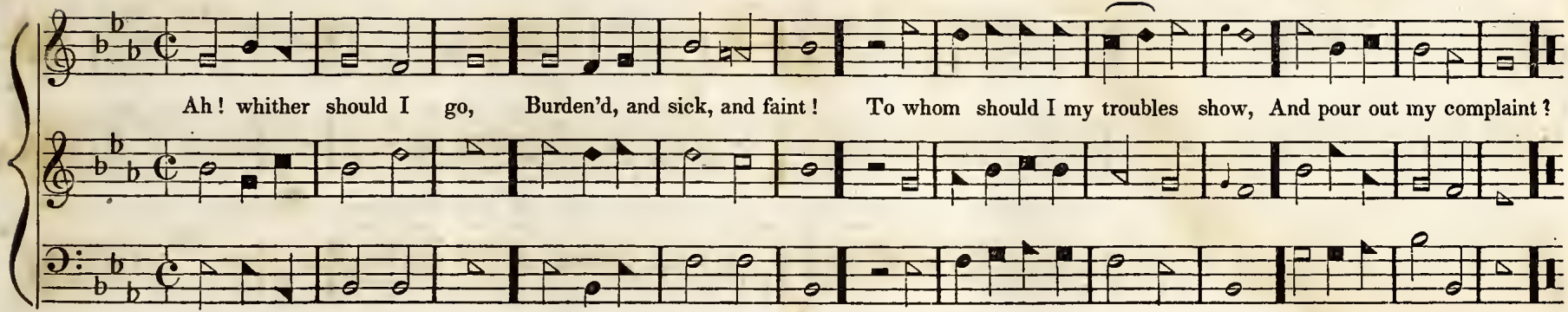
The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

One day in such a place
Where thou my God, art seen,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days,
That 's spent in guilt and sin.

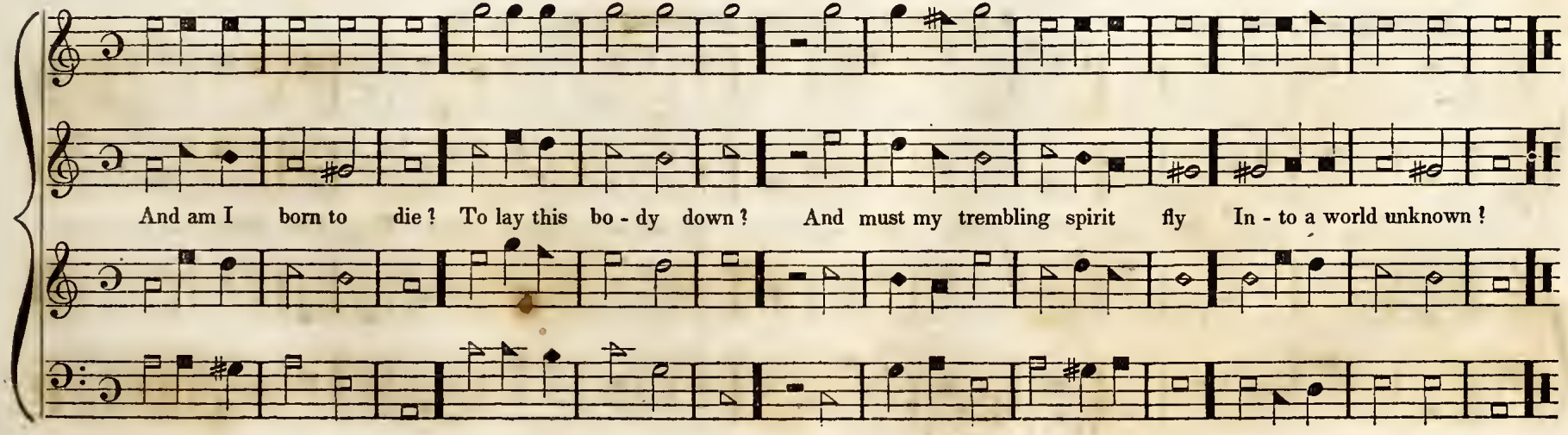
My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

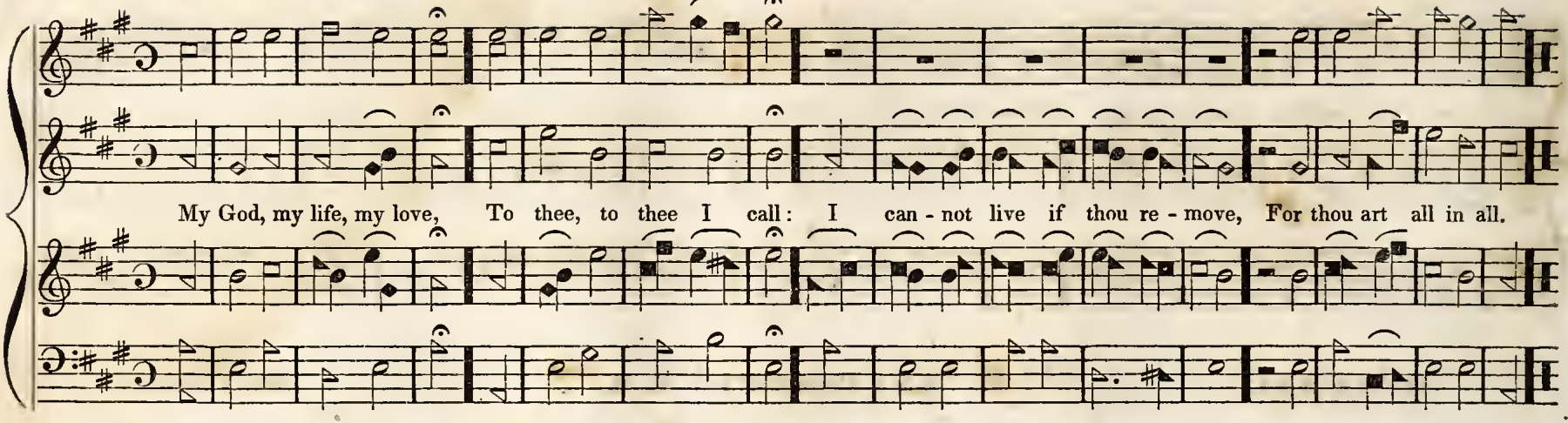
Hymn 159. KENTUCKY. S. M.

Hymn 233. THACHER. S. M. Handel.

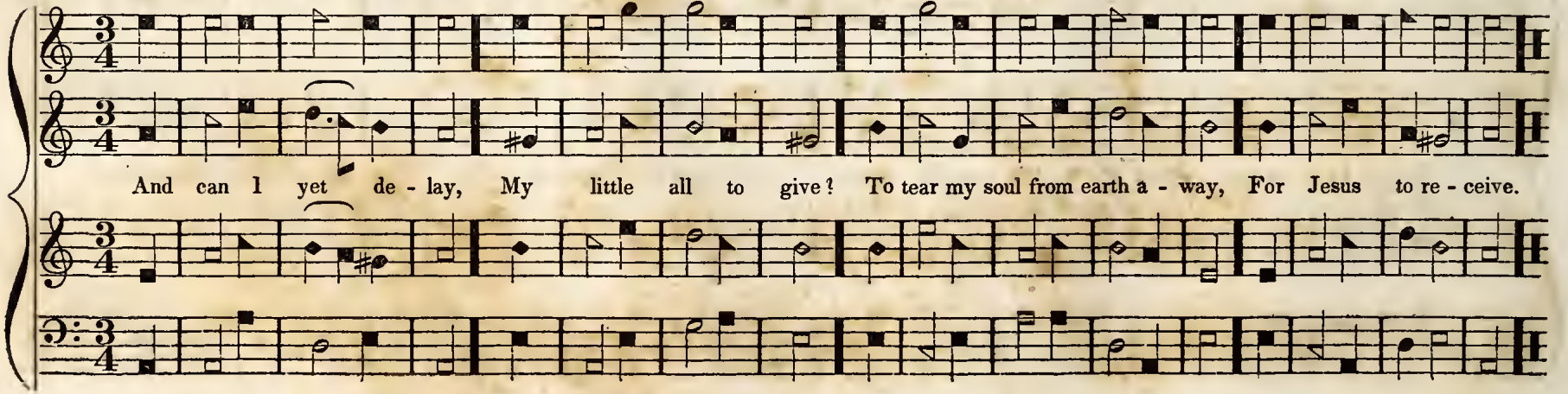


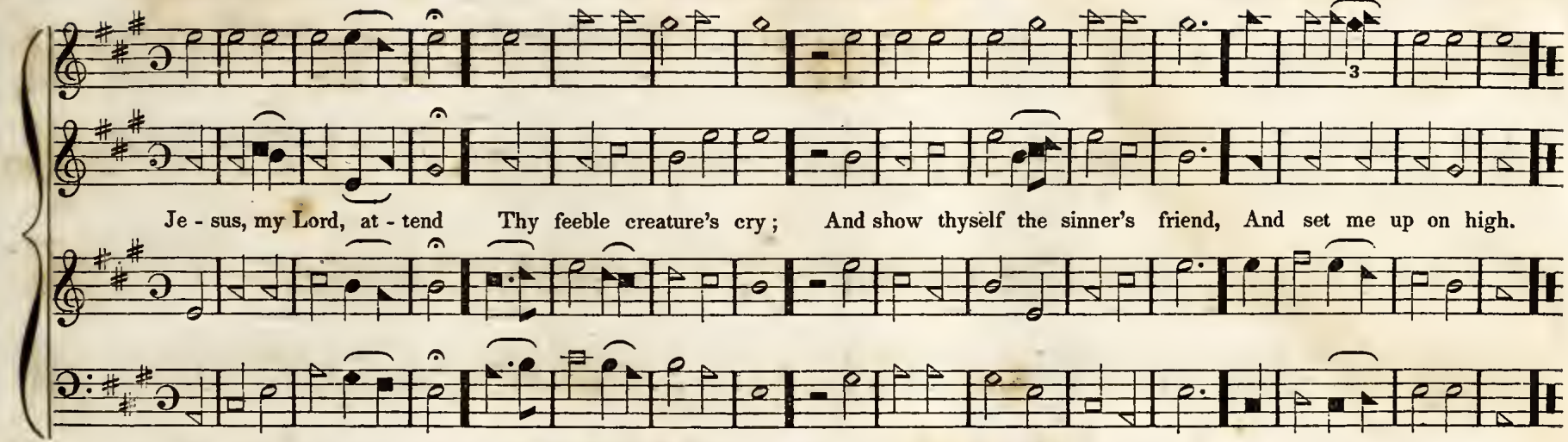


Hymn 551. AYLESBURY. S. M. Dr. Green.

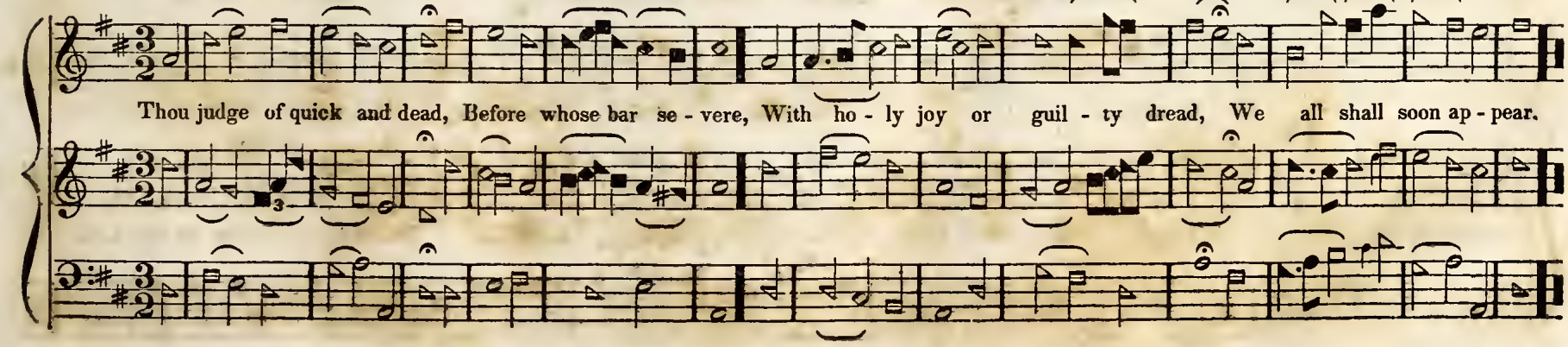
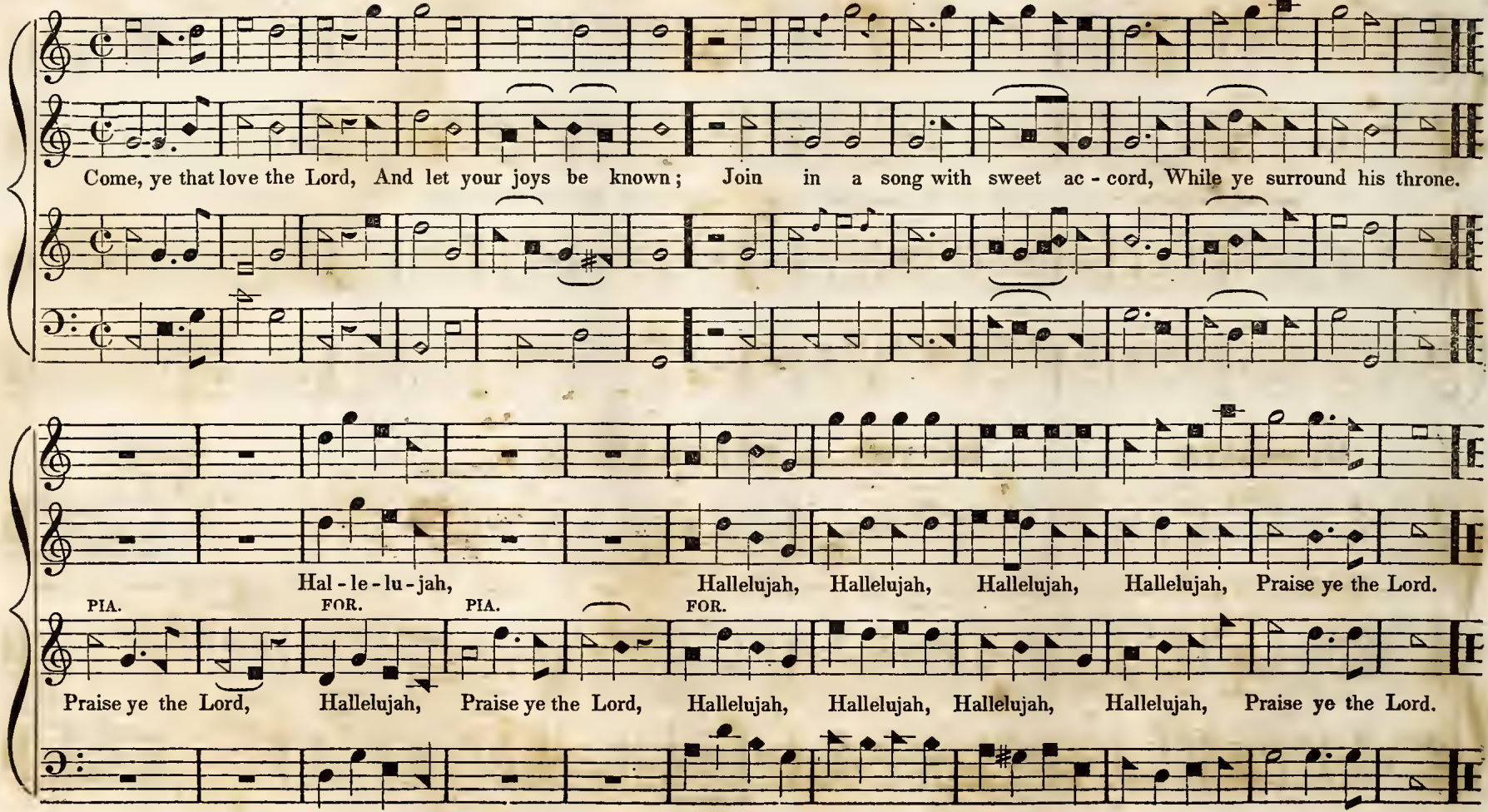


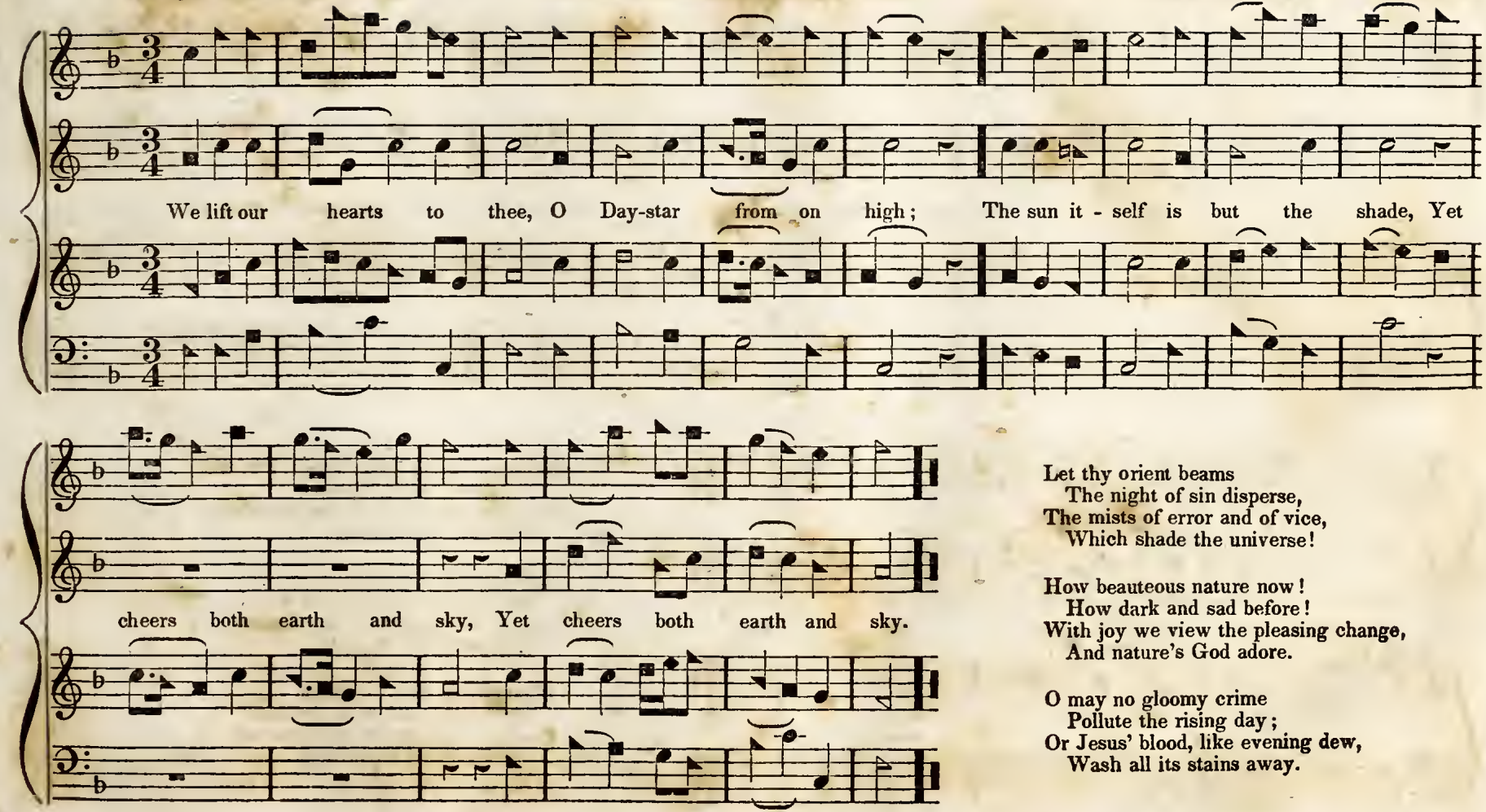
Hymn 109. SHIRLAND. S. M.

Hymn 67, 2d part. LITTLE MARLBOROUGH. S. M.





Hymn 575. RIPPON, or PECKHAM. S. M. Smith.

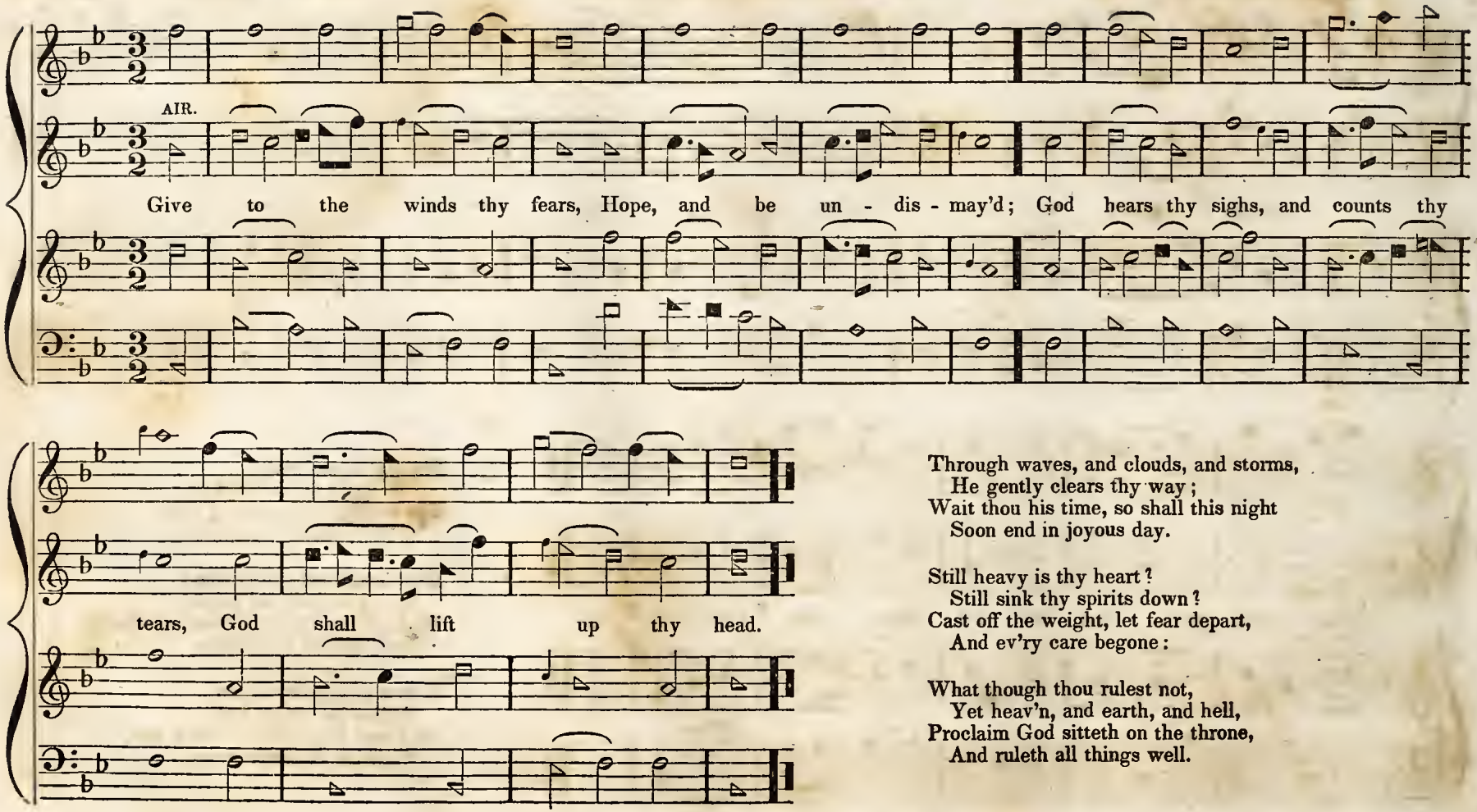


Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known; Join in a song with sweet ac - cord, While ye surround his throne.
Hal - le - lu - jah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Praise ye the Lord.
PIA.
FOR.
PIA.
FOR.
Praise ye the Lord, Hallelujah, Praise ye the Lord, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Praise ye the Lord.

We lift our hearts to thee, O Day-star from on high; The sun it - self is but the shade, Yet
cheers both earth and sky, Yet cheers both earth and sky.

Let thy orient beams
The night of sin disperse,
The mists of error and of vice,
Which shade the universe!

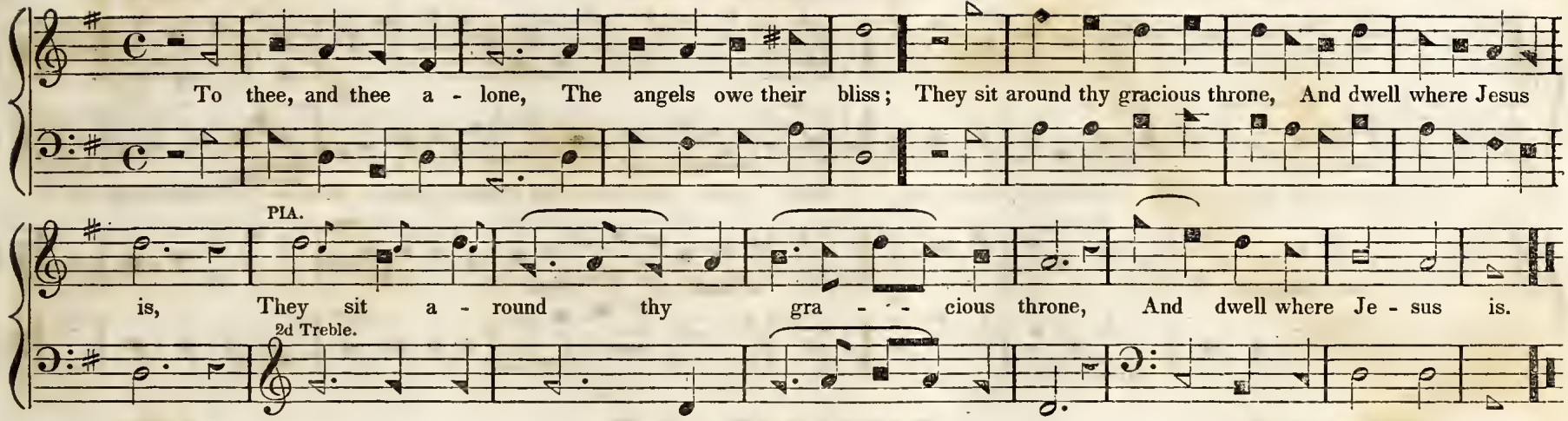
How beauteous nature now!
How dark and sad before!
With joy we view the pleasing change,
And nature's God adore.

O may no gloomy crime
Pollute the rising day;
Or Jesus' blood, like evening dew,
Wash all its stains away.

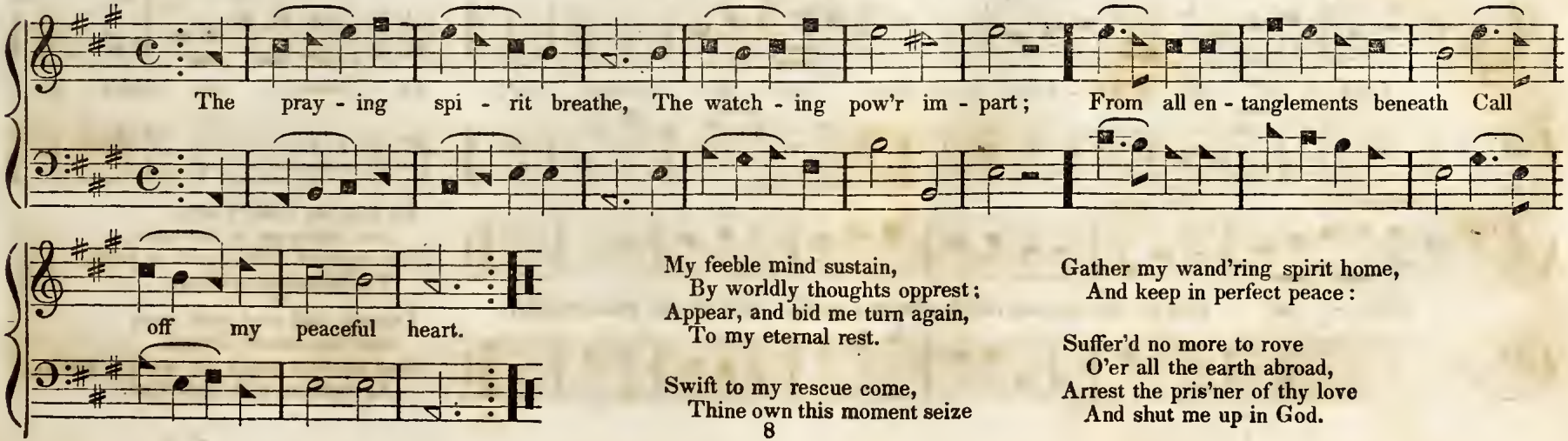


Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

Still heavy is thy heart?
Still sink thy spirits down?
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
And ev'ry care begone:

What though thou rulest not,
Yet heav'n, and earth, and hell,
Proclaim God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.

To thee, and thee a - lone, The angels owe their bliss; They sit around thy gracious throne, And dwell where Jesus
PIA.
is, They sit a - round thy gra - - - cious throne, And dwell where Je - sus is.
2d Treble.

Hymn 154. APPLETON. S. M. From Miller.

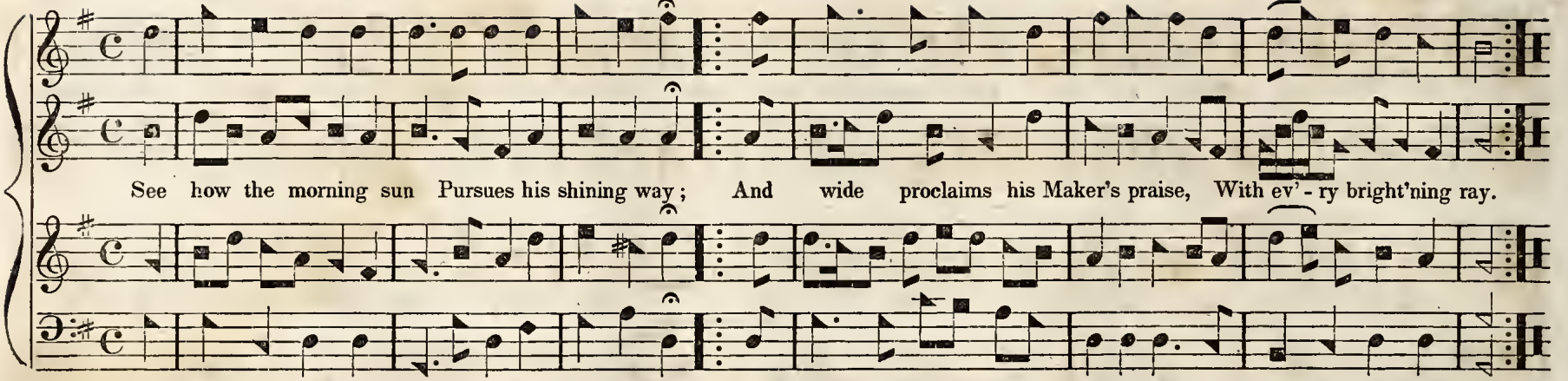


My feeble mind sustain,
By worldly thoughts opprest;
Appear, and bid me turn again,
To my eternal rest.

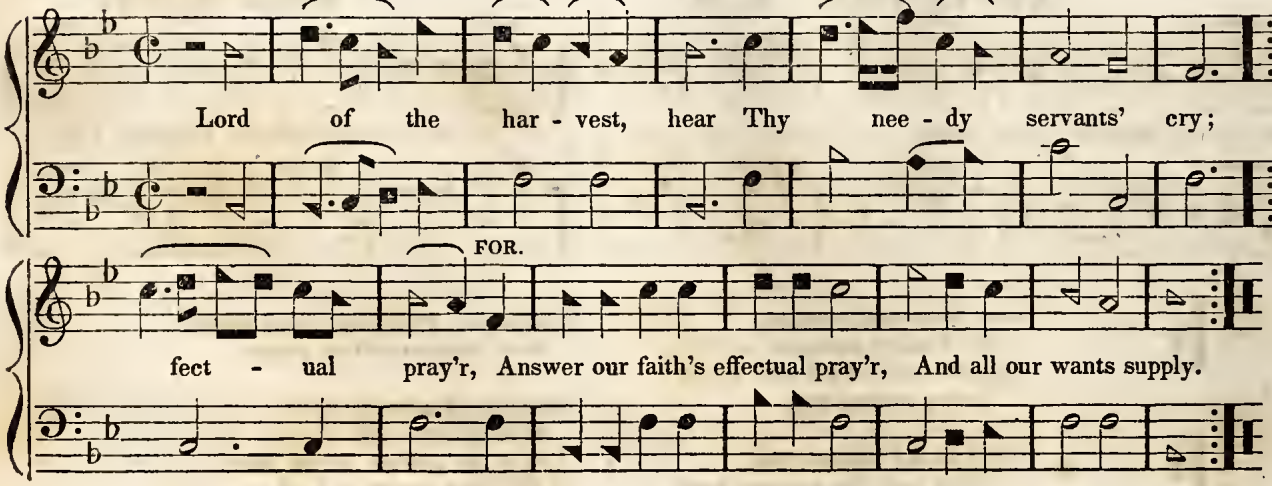
Swift to my rescue come,
Thine own this moment seize
Gather my wand'ring spirit home,
And keep in perfect peace:

Suffer'd no more to rove
O'er all the earth abroad,
Arrest the pris'ner of thy love
And shut me up in God.

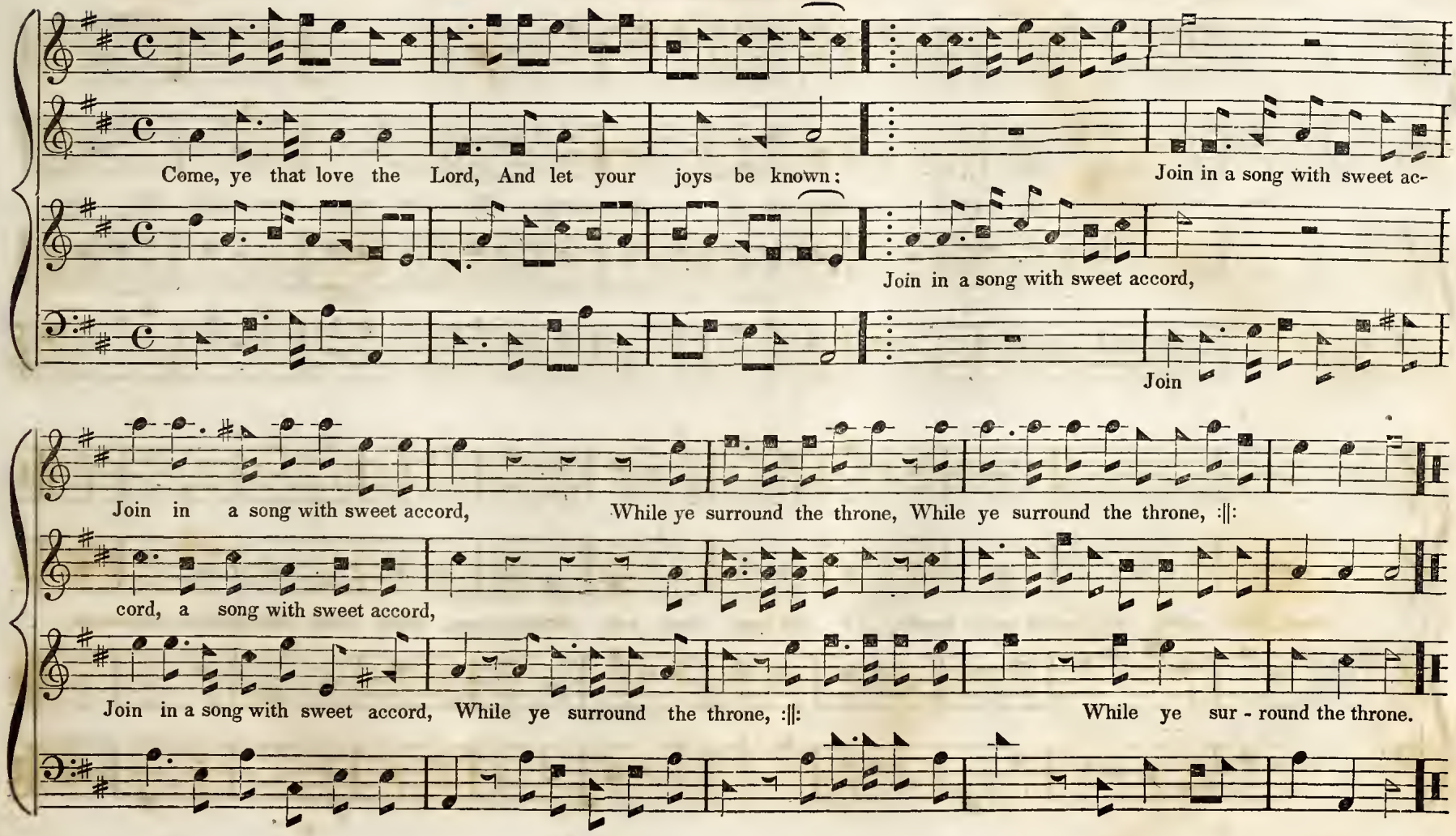
Hymn 503. MARGATE. S. M. Clark.

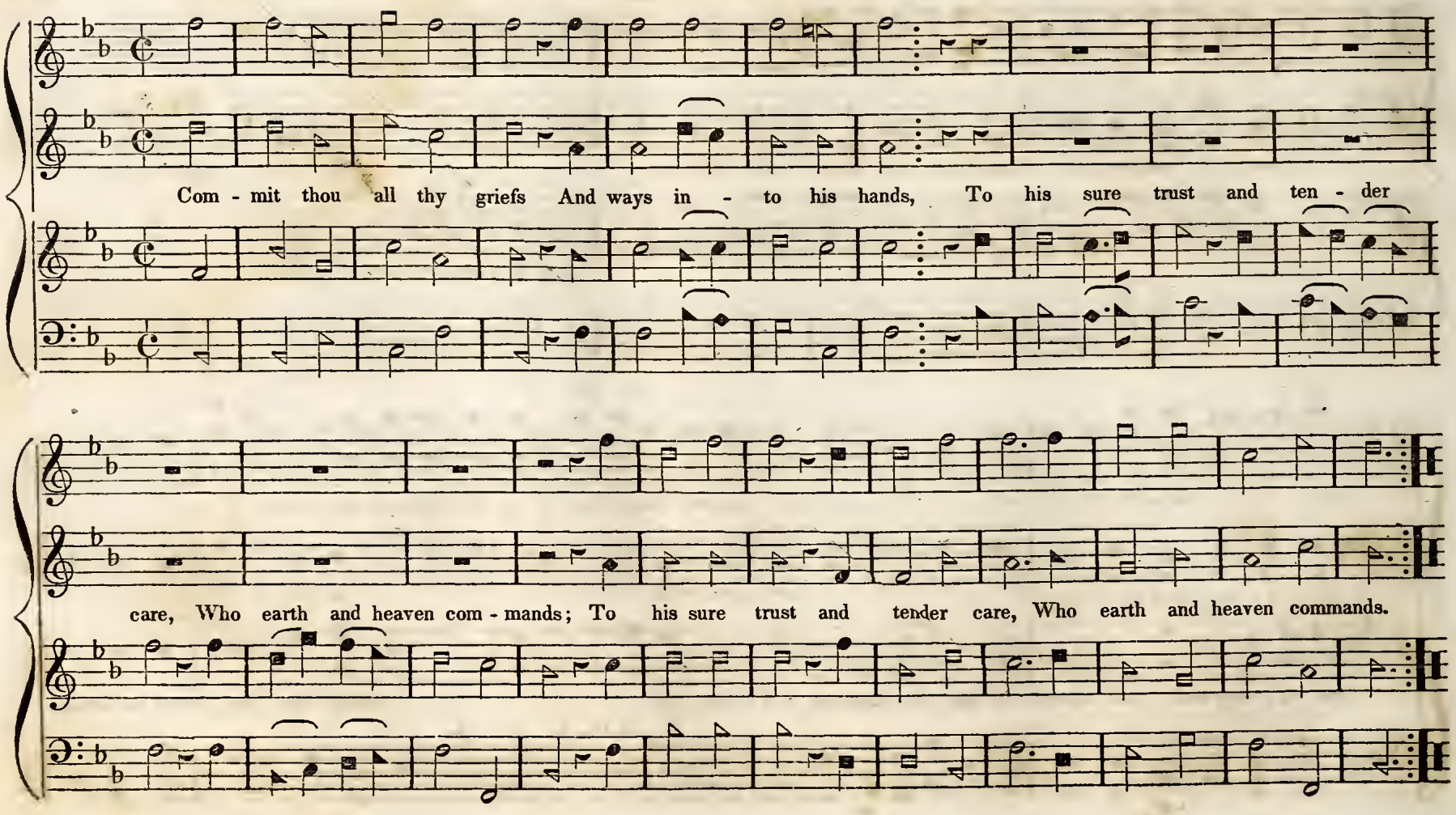


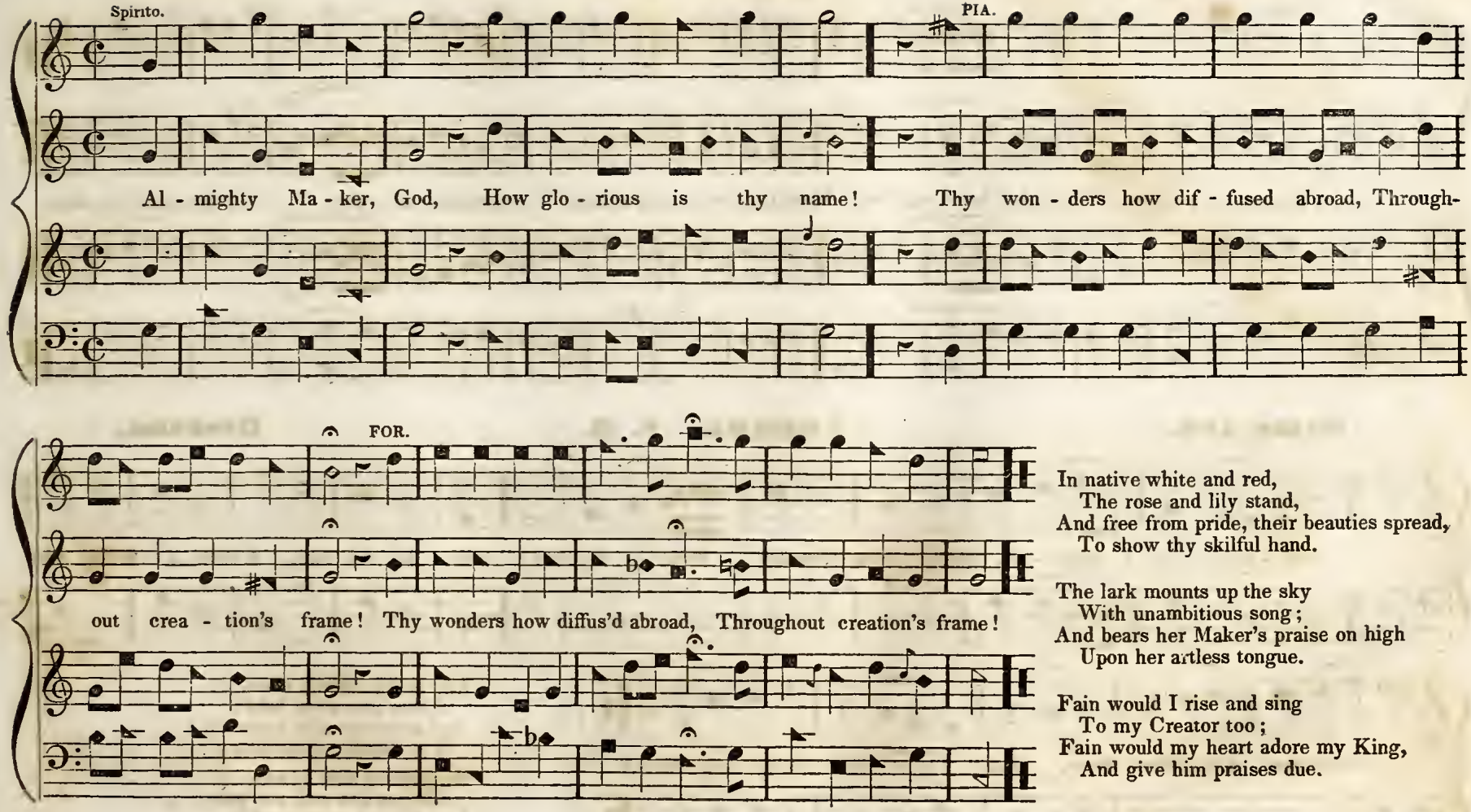
Hymn 455. MARYLAND. S. M. Cole.


Lord of the har - vest, hear Thy nee - dy servants' cry; An - swer our faith's ef-
FOR.
fect - ual pray'r, Answer our faith's effectual pray'r, And all our wants supply.

On thee we humbly wait,
Our wants are in thy view;
The harvest, truly, Lord, is great,
The labourers are few.

Convert, and send forth more
Into thy church abroad,
And let them speak thy word of pow'r,
As workers with their God.

Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet ac-
Join in a song with sweet accord,
Join
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround the throne, While ye surround the throne, :‖:
cord, a song with sweet accord,
Join in a song with sweet accord, While ye surround the throne, :‖:
While ye sur - round the throne.


Com - mit thou all thy griefs And ways in - to his hands, To his sure trust and ten - der
care, Who earth and heaven com - mands; To his sure trust and tender care, Who earth and heaven commands.

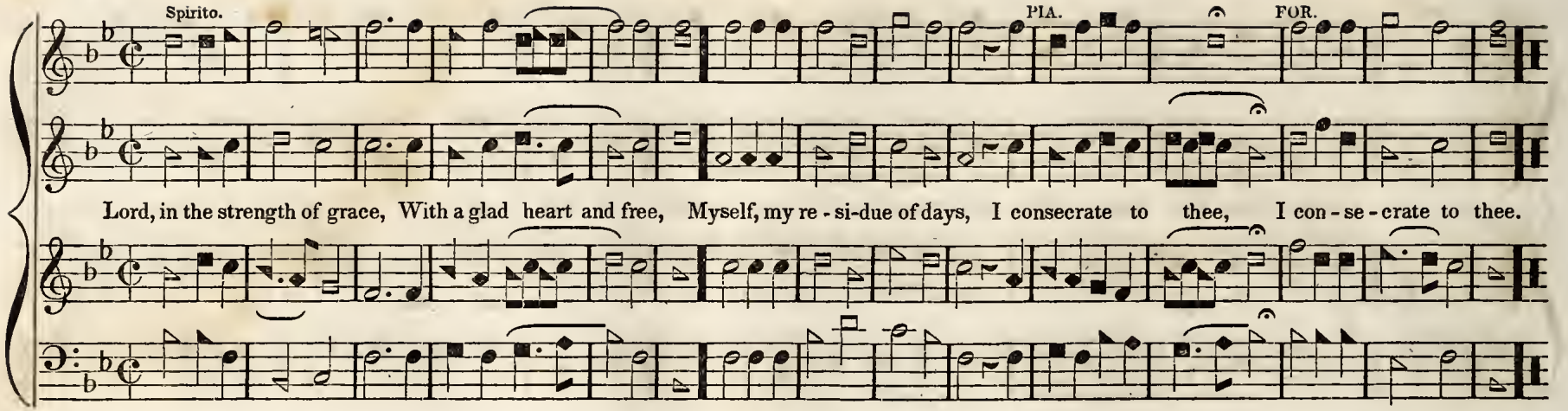

Spirito.
PIA.
Al - mighty Ma - ker, God, How glo - rious is thy name! Thy won - ders how dif - fused abroad, Through-
FOR.
out crea - tion's frame! Thy wonders how diffus'd abroad, Throughout creation's frame!

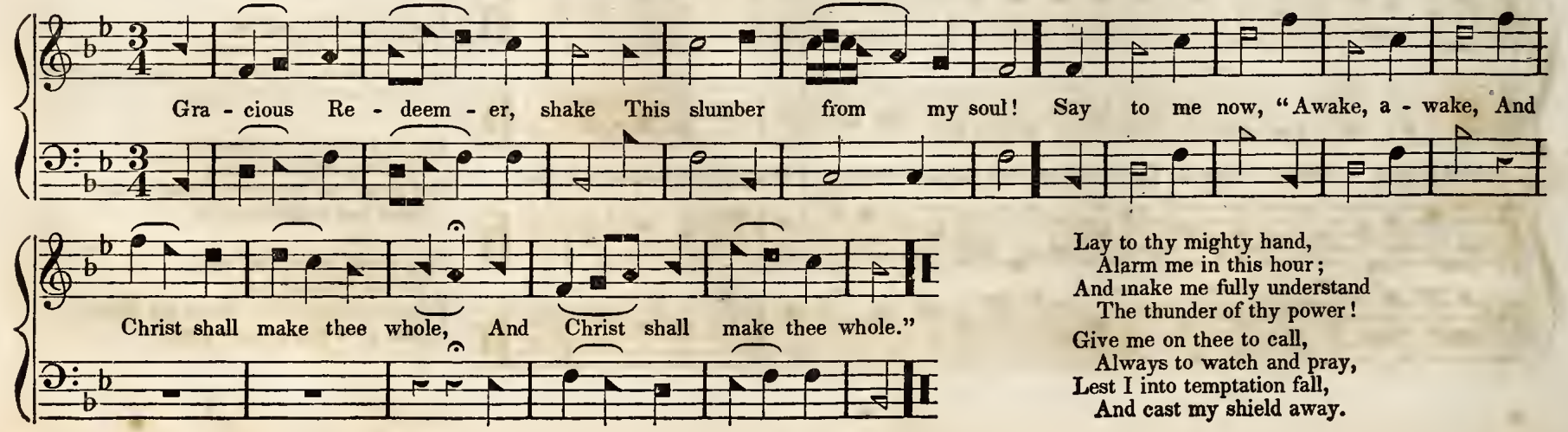
In native white and red,
The rose and lily stand,
And free from pride, their beauties spread,
To show thy skilful hand.

The lark mounts up the sky
With unambitious song;
And bears her Maker's praise on high
Upon her artless tongue.

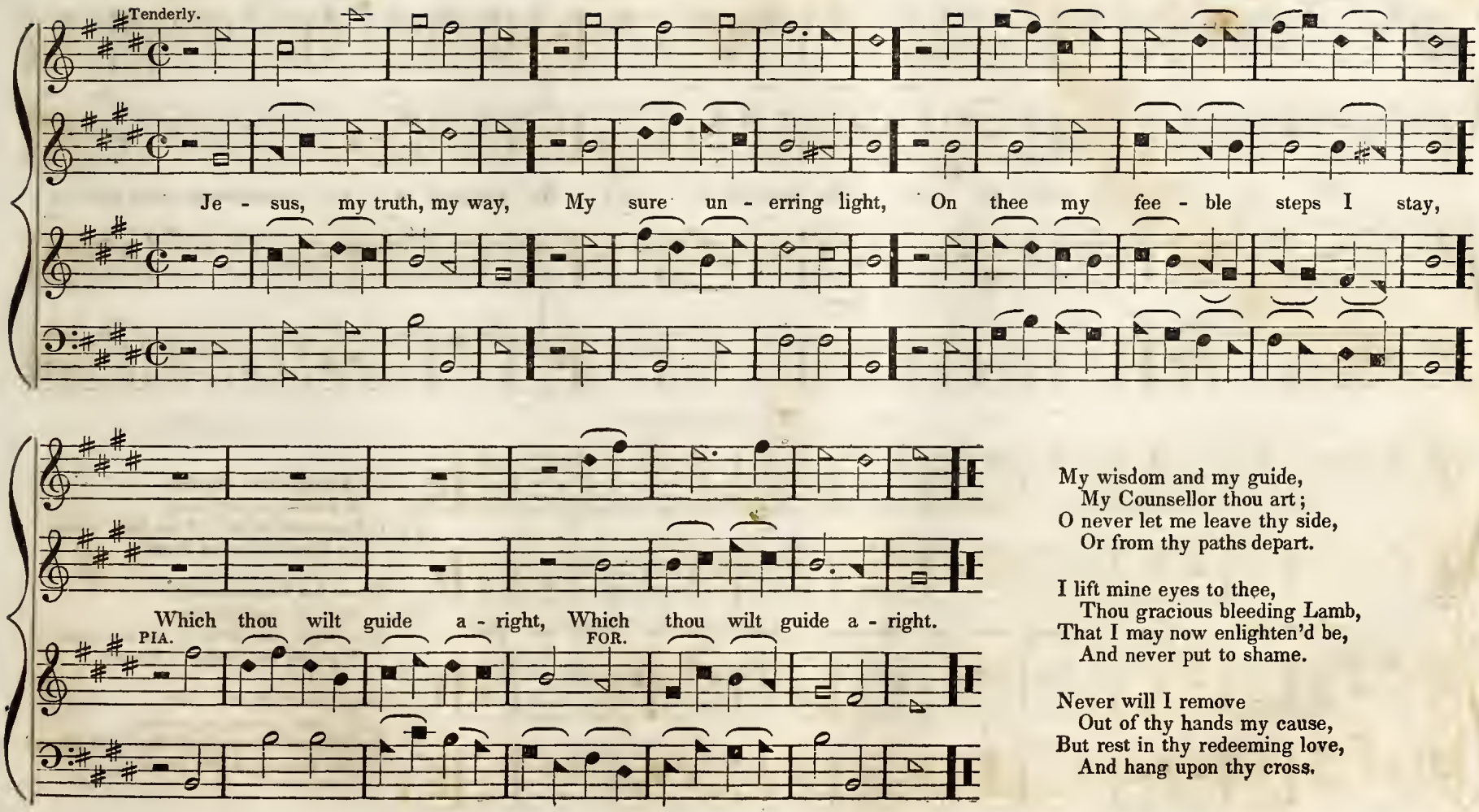
Fain would I rise and sing
To my Creator too;
Fain would my heart adore my King,
And give him praises due.

Hymn 372. HANTS. S. M.


Spirito.
PIA.
FOR.
Lord, in the strength of grace, With a glad heart and free, Myself, my re - si-due of days, I consecrate to thee, I con - se - crate to thee.

Hymn 166. FROOME. S. M. Husband.

Gra - cious Re - deem - er, shake This slumber from my soul! Say to me now, "Awake, a - wake, And
Christ shall make thee whole, And Christ shall make thee whole."

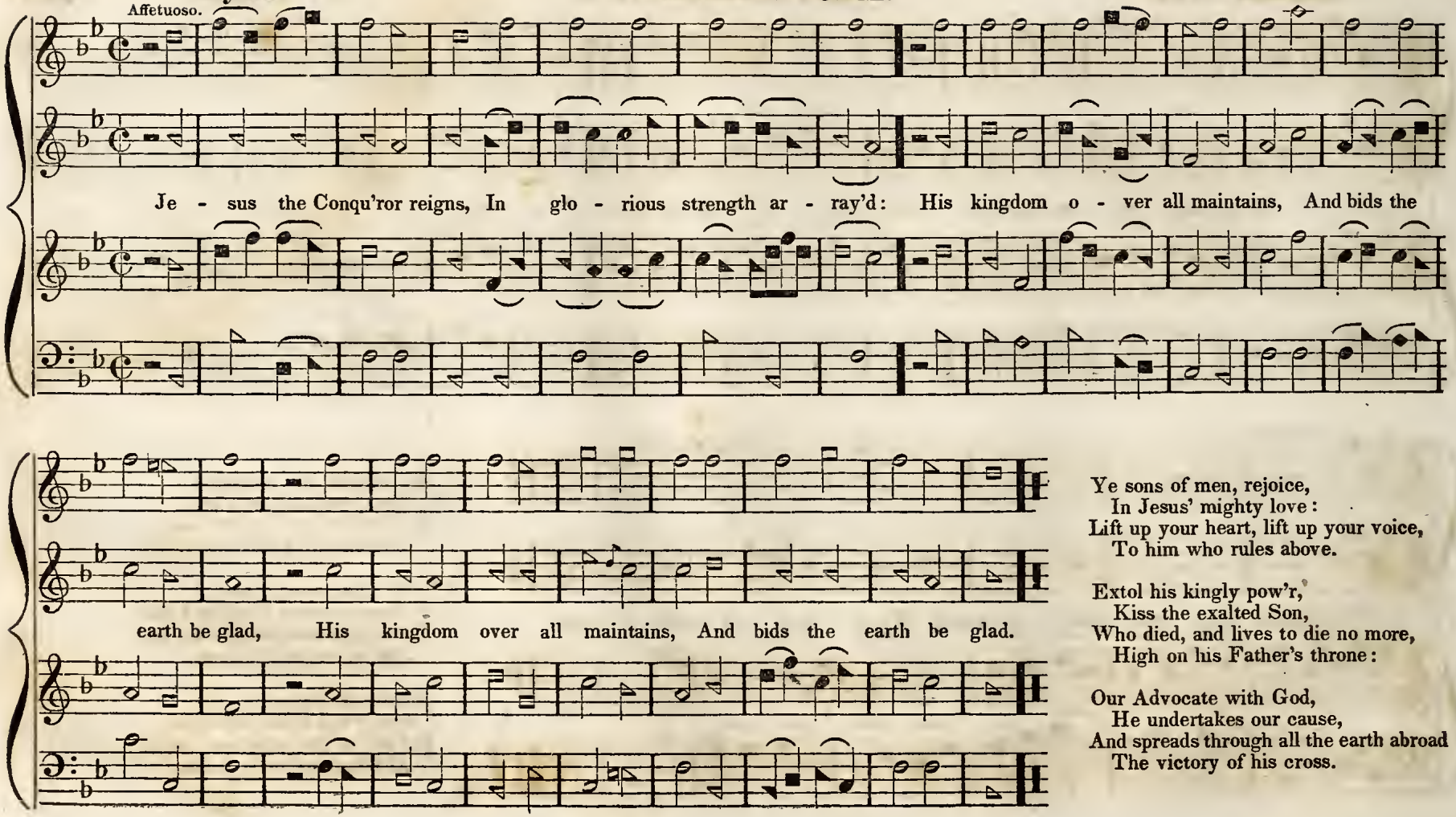
Lay to thy mighty hand,
Alarm me in this hour;
And make me fully understand
The thunder of thy power!
Give me on thee to call,
Always to watch and pray,
Lest I into temptation fall,
And cast my shield away.


Tenderly.
Je - sus, my truth, my way, My sure un - erring light, On thee my fee - ble steps I stay,
Which thou wilt guide a - right, Which thou wilt guide a - right.
PIA.
FOR.

My wisdom and my guide,
My Counsellor thou art;
O never let me leave thy side,
Or from thy paths depart.

I lift mine eyes to thee,
Thou gracious bleeding Lamb,
That I may now enlighten'd be,
And never put to shame.

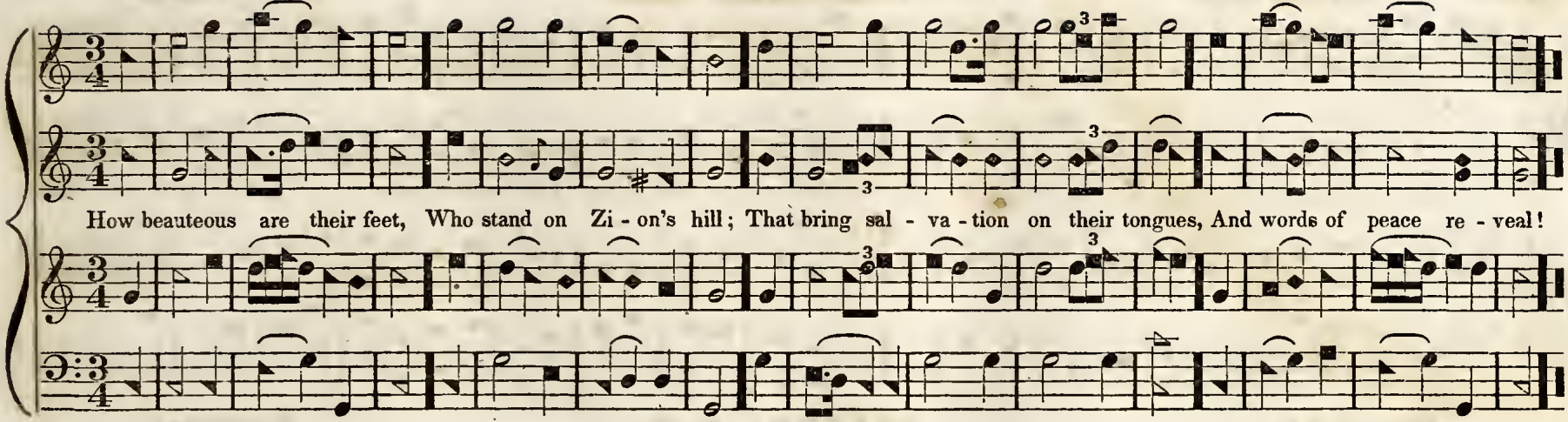
Never will I remove
Out of thy hands my cause,
But rest in thy redeeming love,
And hang upon thy cross.

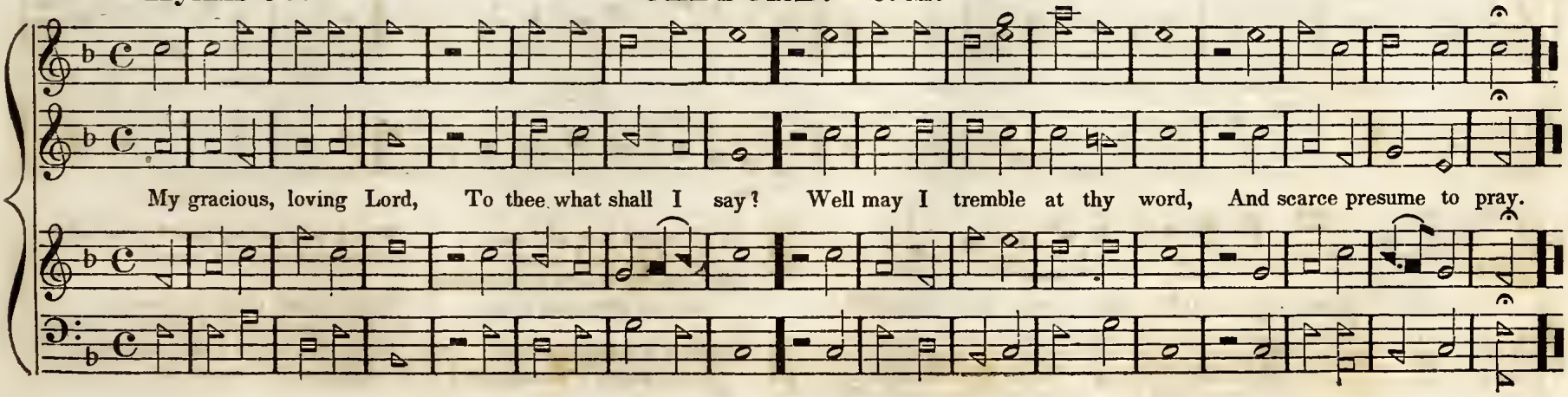

Affetuoso.
Je - sus the Conqu'ror reigns, In glo - rious strength ar - ray'd: His kingdom o - ver all maintains, And bids the
earth be glad, His kingdom over all maintains, And bids the earth be glad.

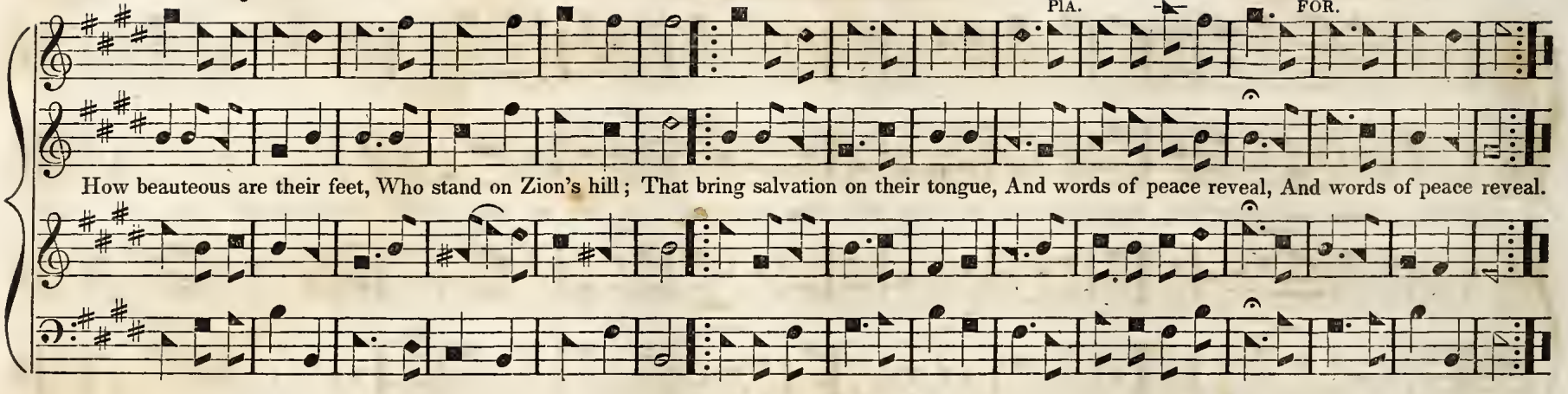
Ye sons of men, rejoice,
In Jesus' mighty love:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
To him who rules above.

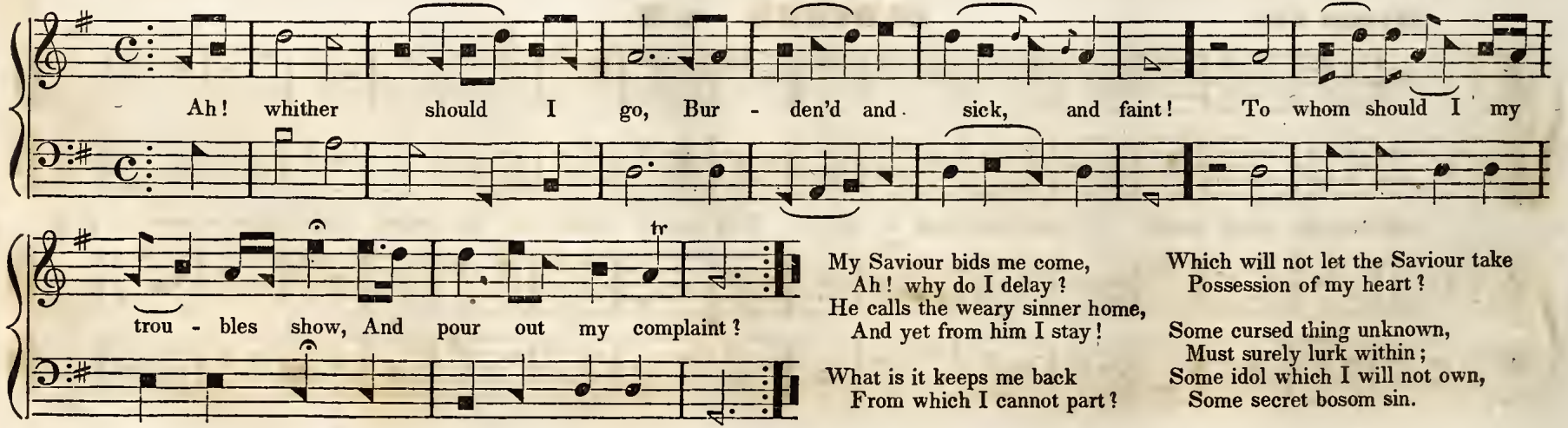
Extol his kingly pow'r,
Kiss the exalted Son,
Who died, and lives to die no more,
High on his Father's throne:

Our Advocate with God,
He undertakes our cause,
And spreads through all the earth abroad
The victory of his cross.



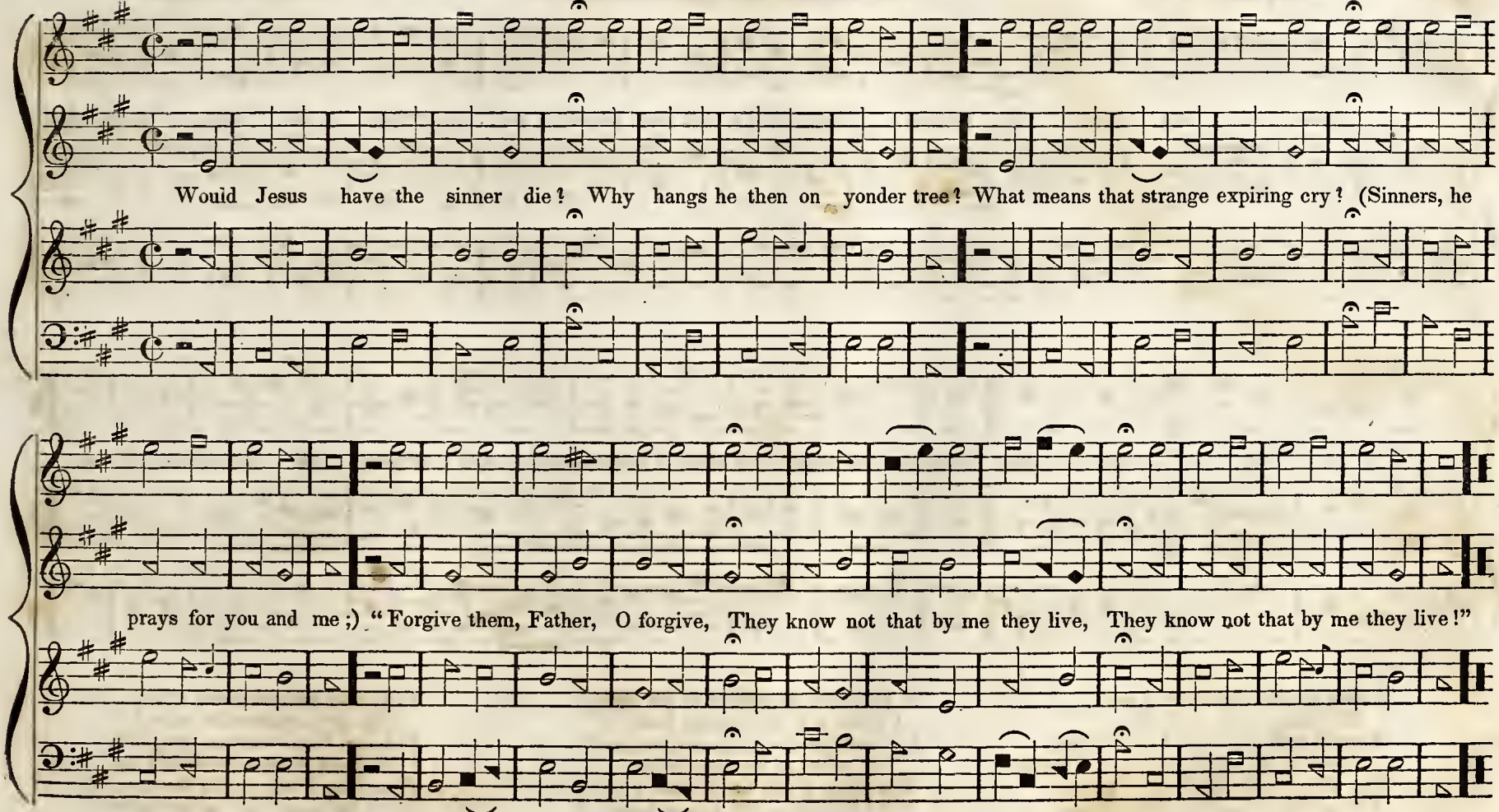
Hymn 80. OLDFORD. S. M.

Hymn 456. ASHFORD. S. M. Clark.

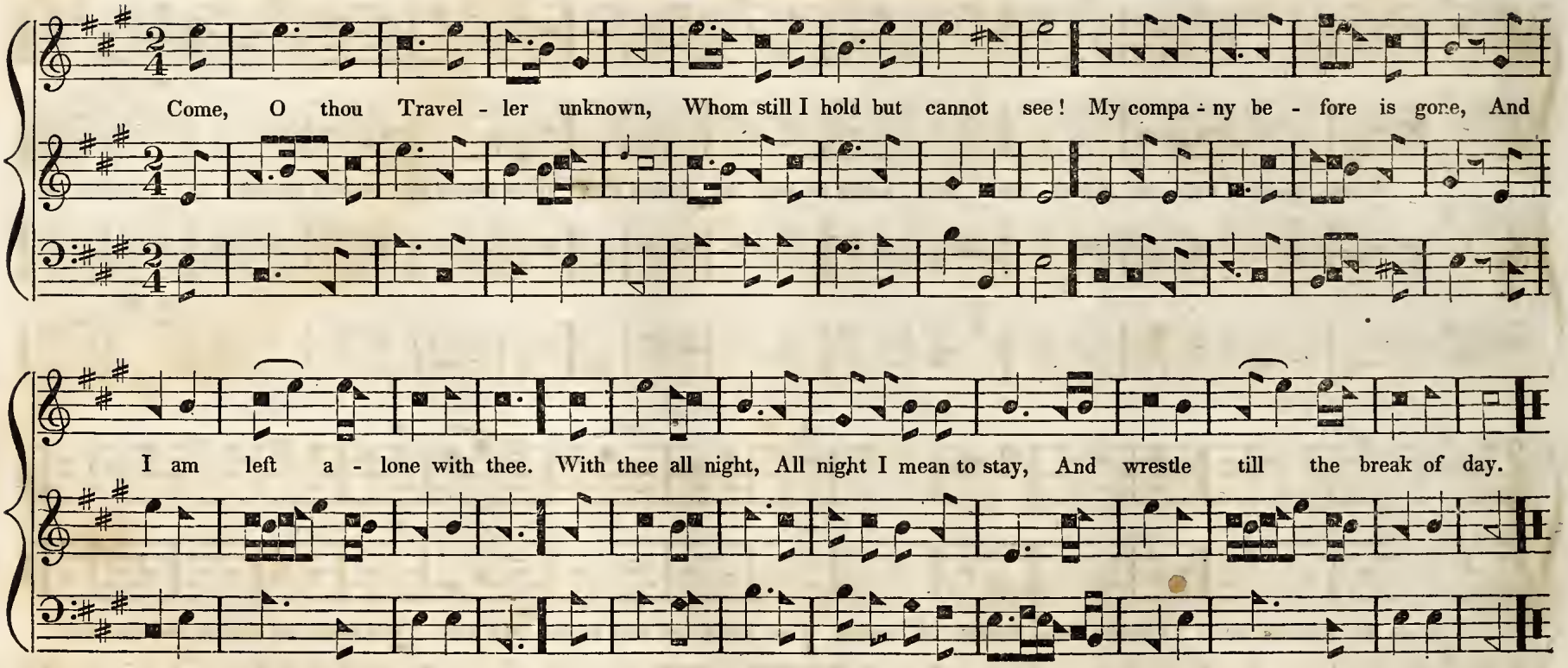

PIA.
FOR.
How beauteous are their feet, Who stand on Zion's hill; That bring salvation on their tongue, And words of peace reveal, And words of peace reveal.

Hymn 37. BELPER. S. M. Tymperly.

My Saviour bids me come,
Ah! why do I delay?
He calls the weary sinner home,
And yet from him I stay!

What is it keeps me back
From which I cannot part?
Which will not let the Saviour take
Possession of my heart?

Some cursed thing unknown,
Must surely lurk within;
Some idol which I will not own,
Some secret bosom sin.

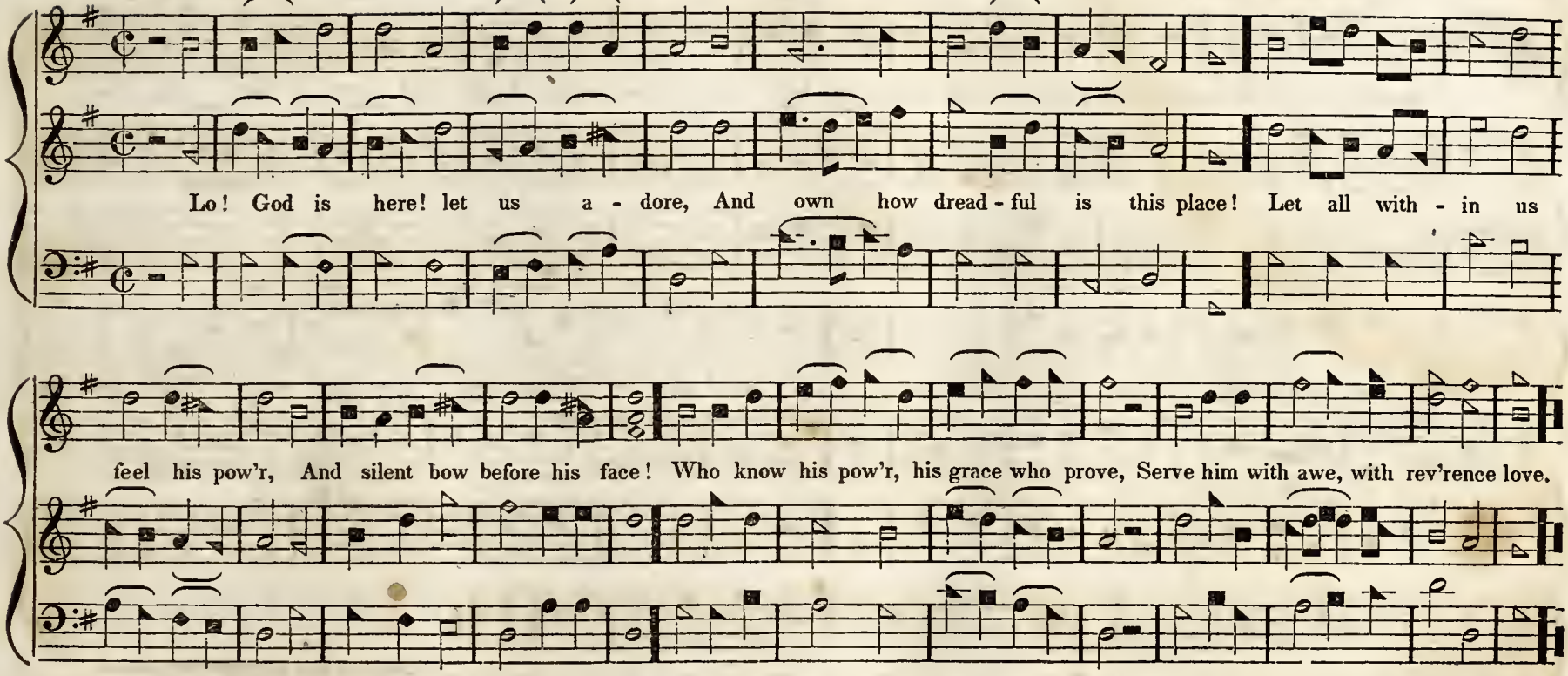

Would Jesus have the sinner die? Why hangs he then on yonder tree? What means that strange expiring cry? (Sinners, he
prays for you and me;) "Forgive them, Father, O forgive, They know not that by me they live, They know not that by me they live!"


Come, O thou Travel - ler unknown, Whom still I hold but cannot see! My compa - ny be - fore is gone, And
I am left a - lone with thee. With thee all night, All night I mean to stay, And wrestle till the break of day.

I need not tell thee who I am;
My misery and sin declare;
Thyself hast call'd me by my name,
Look on thy hands, and read it there:
But who, I ask thee, who art thou?
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

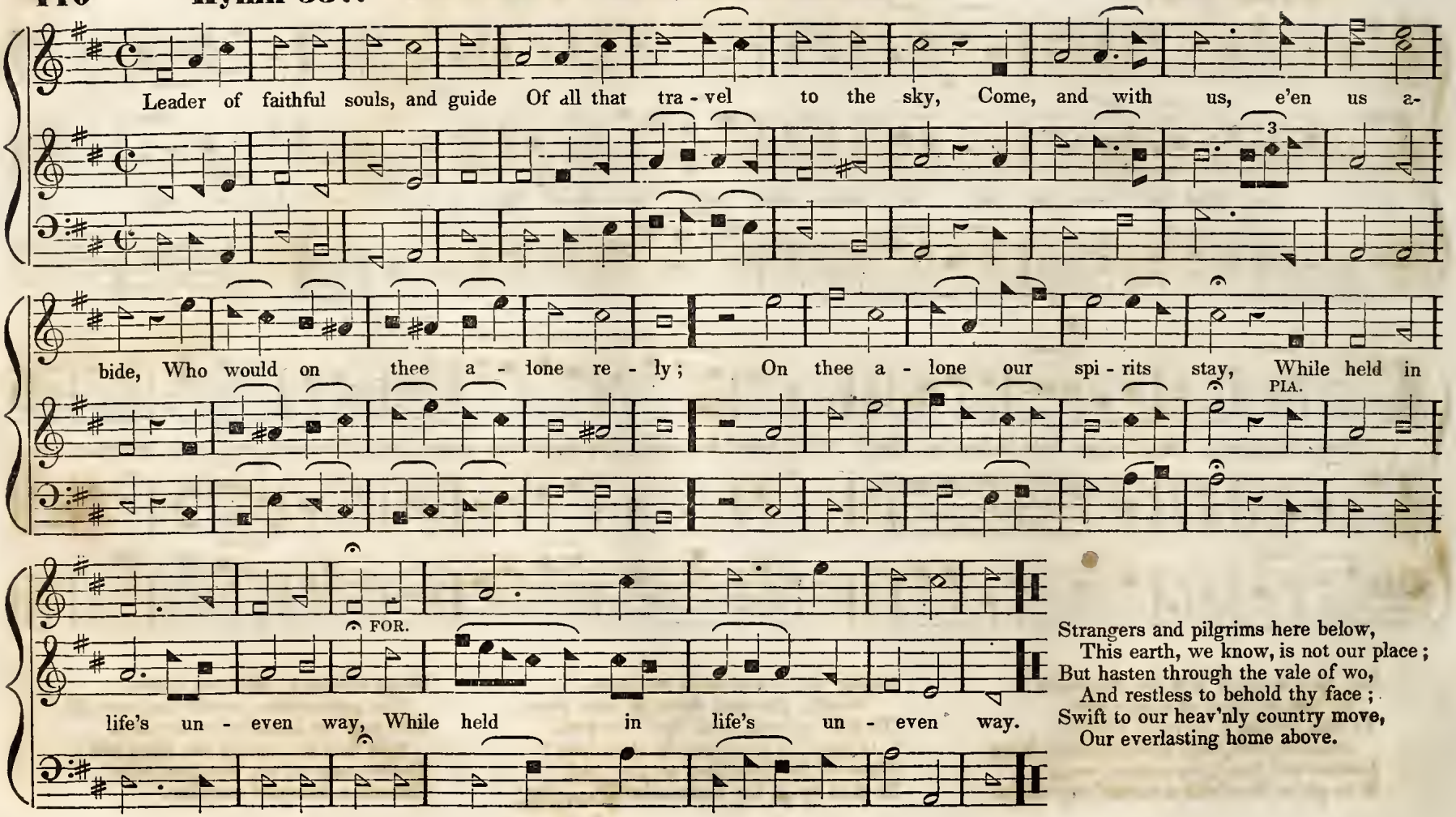
In vain thou strugglest to get free,
I never will unloose my hold;
Art thou the man that died for me?
The secret of thy love unfold:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

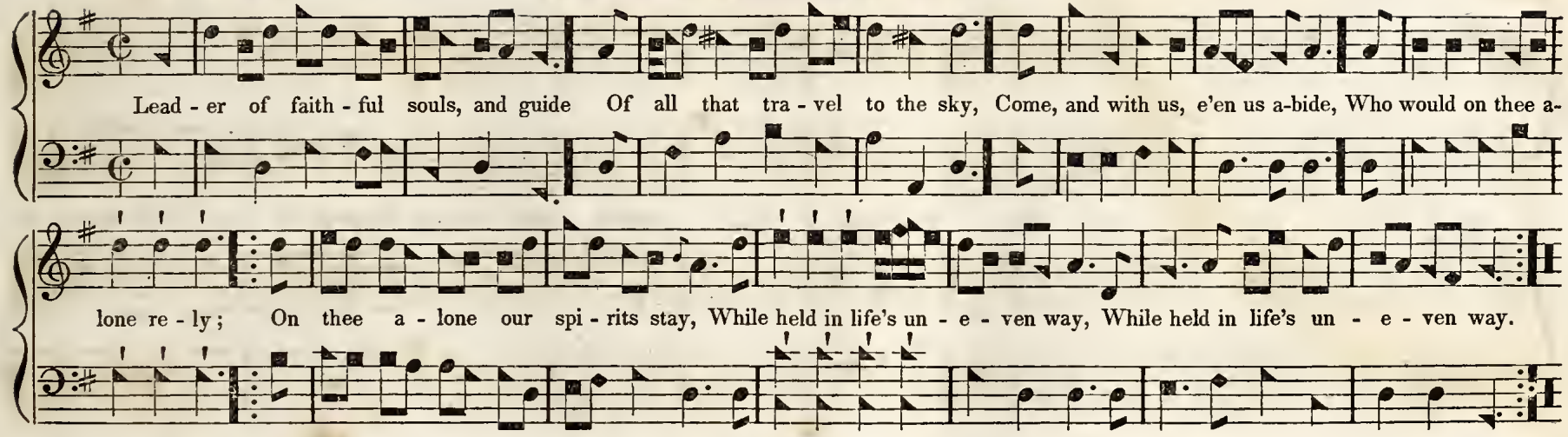
Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable name?
Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell;
To know it now resolved I am:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.


Lo! God is here! let us a - dore, And own how dread - ful is this place! Let all with - in us
feel his pow'r, And silent bow before his face! Who know his pow'r, his grace who prove, Serve him with awe, with rev'rence love.

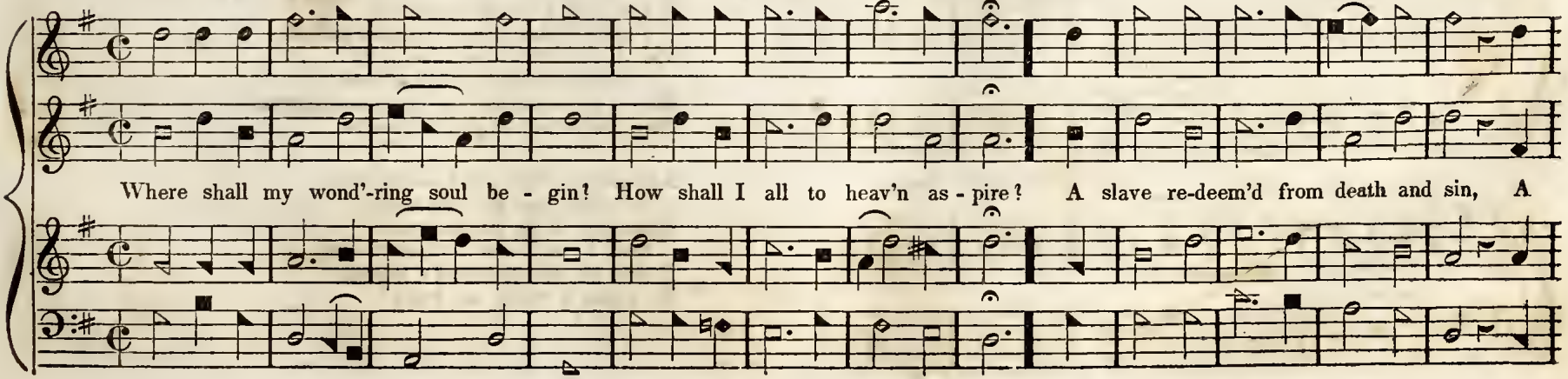
Lo! God is here! him day and night
Th' united choirs of angels sing:
To him enthron'd above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest praises bring:
Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,
Who praise thee with a stamm'ring tongue.

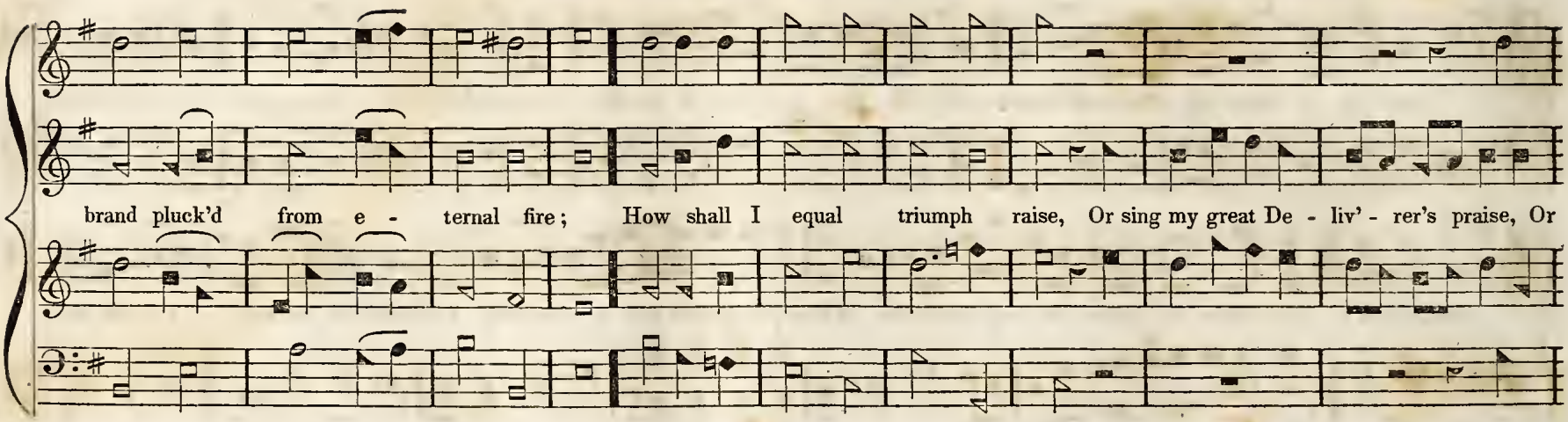
Gladly the toys of earth we leave,
Wealth, pleasure, fame, for thee alone,
To thee our will, soul, flesh, we give,
O take! O seal them for thine own!
Thou art the God, thou art the Lord:
Be thou by all thy works ador'd.

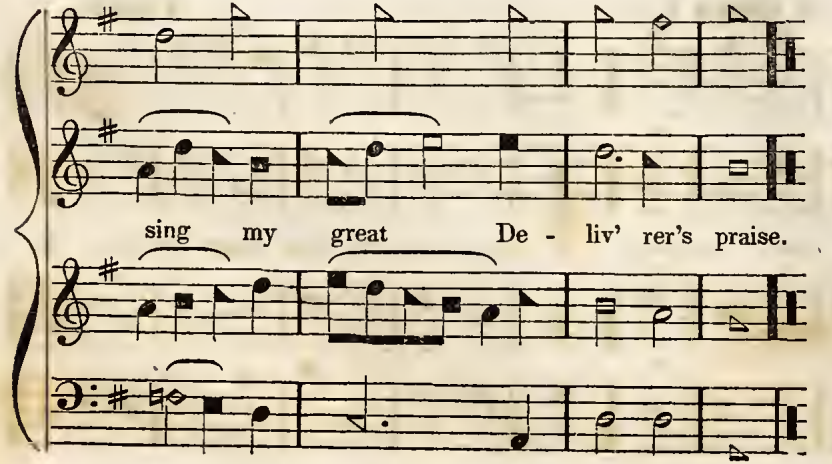
Being of beings! may our praise,
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill:
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sov'reign will;
To thee may all our thoughts arise,
Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice.

Leader of faithful souls, and guide Of all that tra - vel to the sky, Come, and with us, e'en us a-
3
bide, Who would on thee a - lone re - ly; On thee a - lone our spi - rits stay, While held in
PIA.
FOR.
life's un - even way, While held in life's un - even way.

Strangers and pilgrims here below,
This earth, we know, is not our place;
But hasten through the vale of wo,
And restless to behold thy face;
Swift to our heav'nly country move,
Our everlasting home above.

Lead - er of faith - ful souls, and guide Of all that tra - vel to the sky, Come, and with us, e'en us a-bide, Who would on thee a-
lone re - ly; On thee a - lone our spi - rits stay, While held in life's un - e - ven way, While held in life's un - e - ven way.

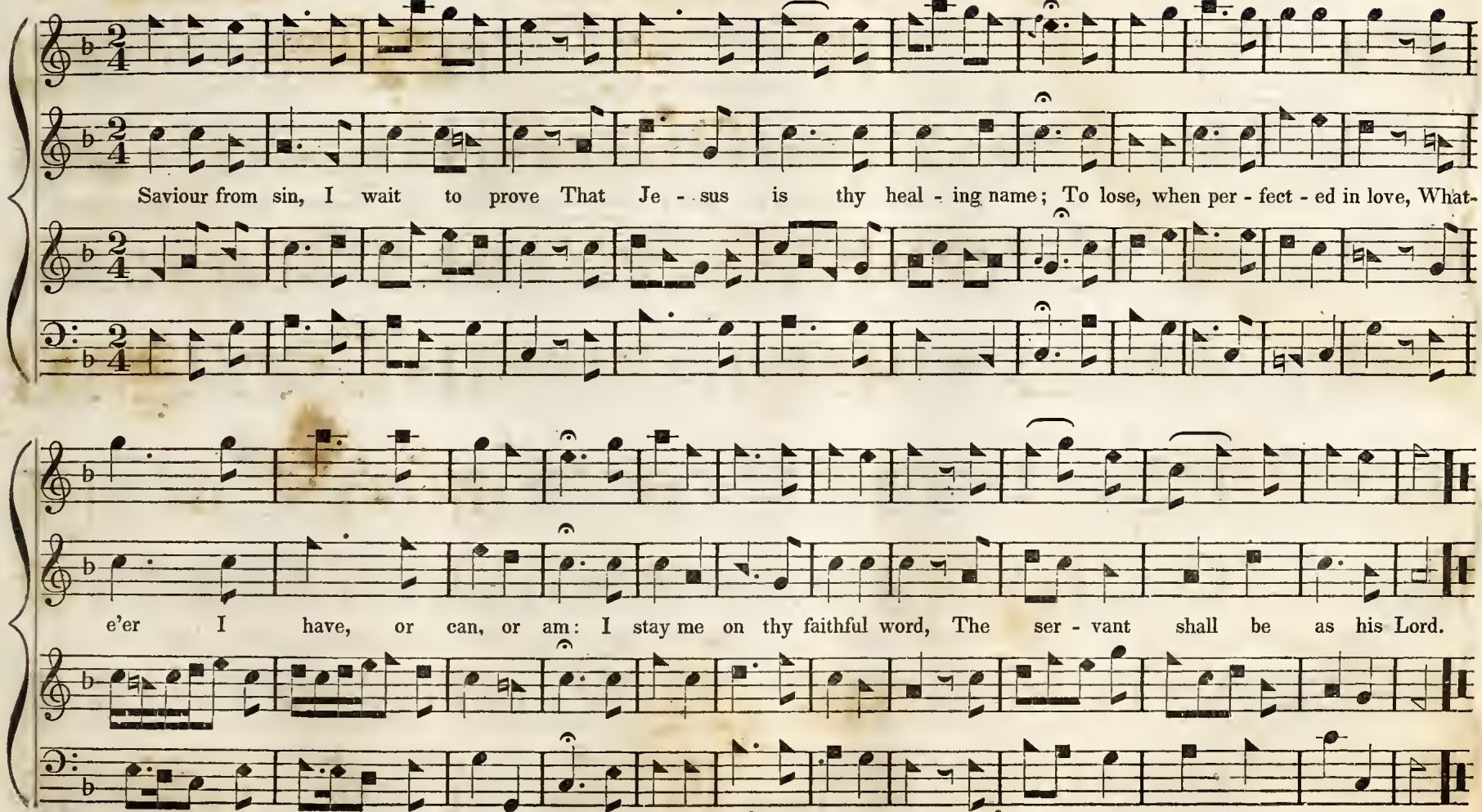
Hymn 197. **WEXFORD. 6 lines 8's.** **Clark.**

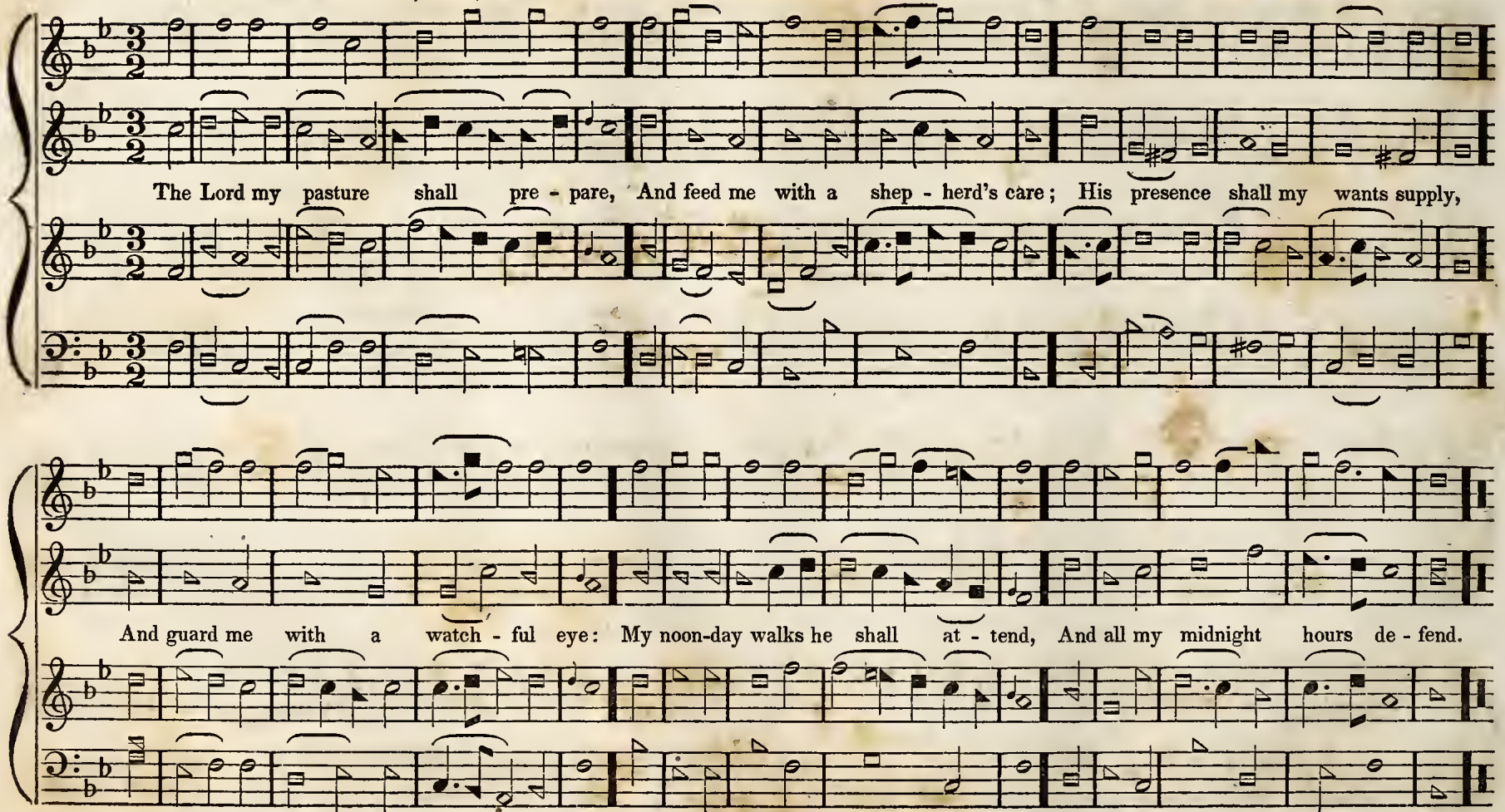


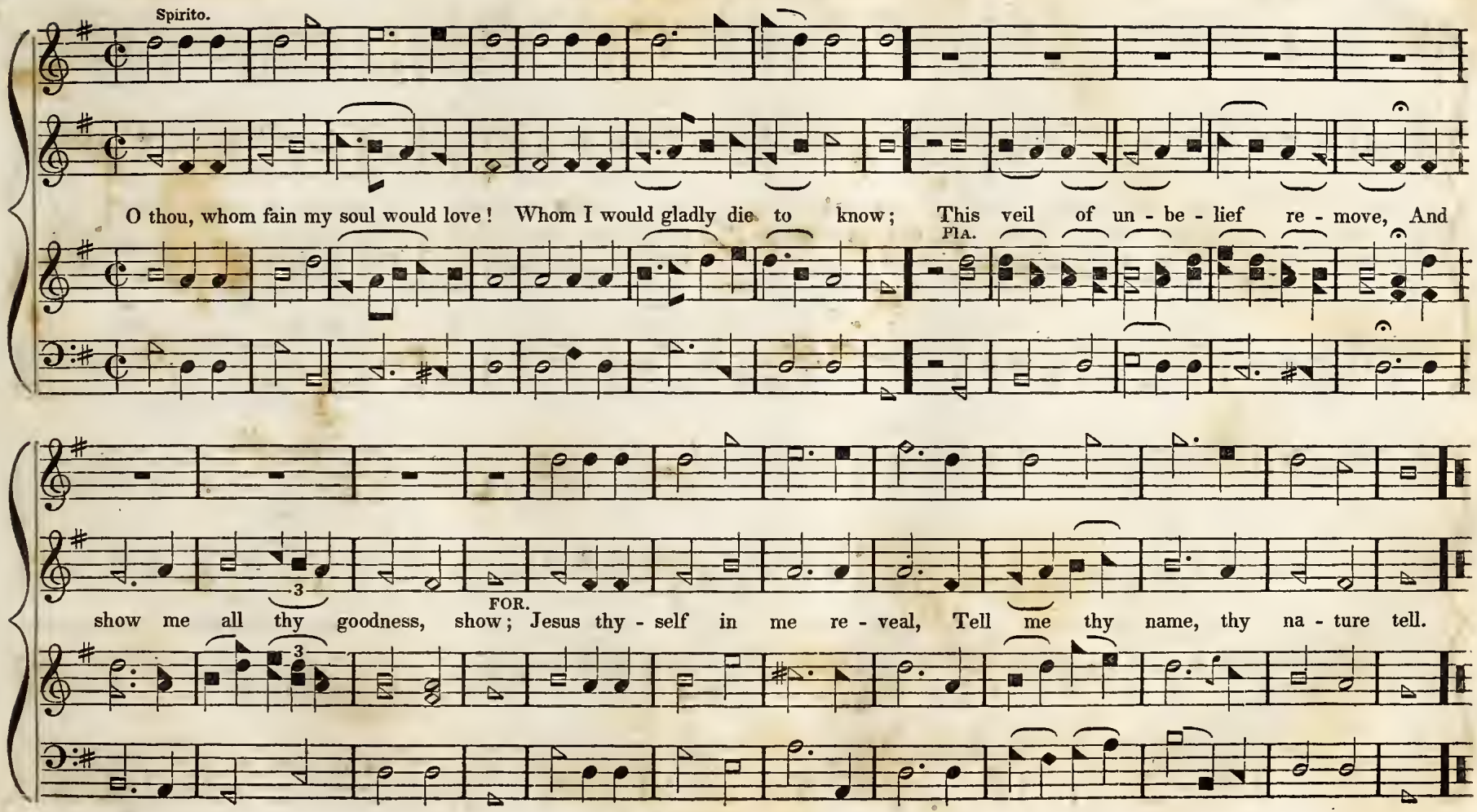


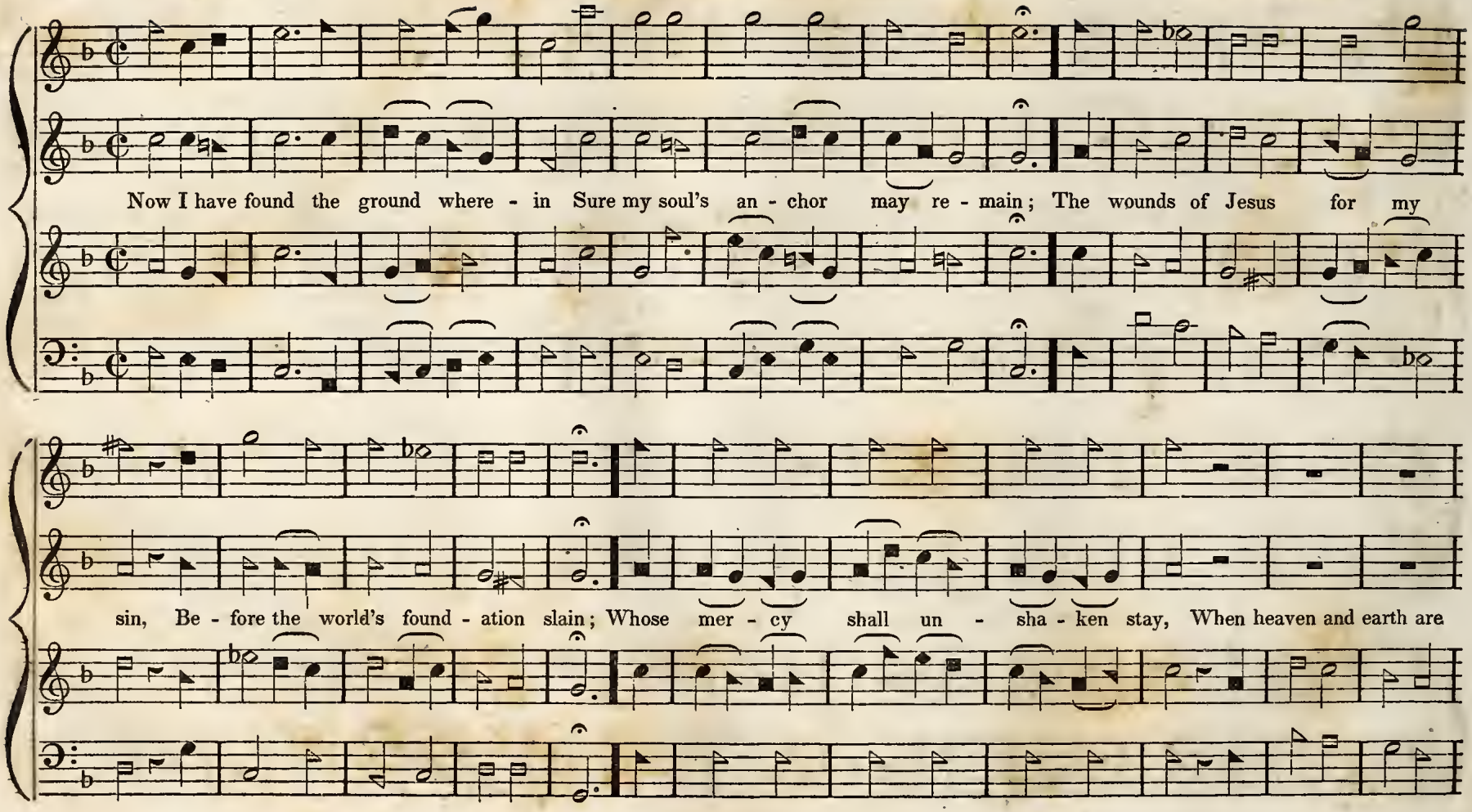
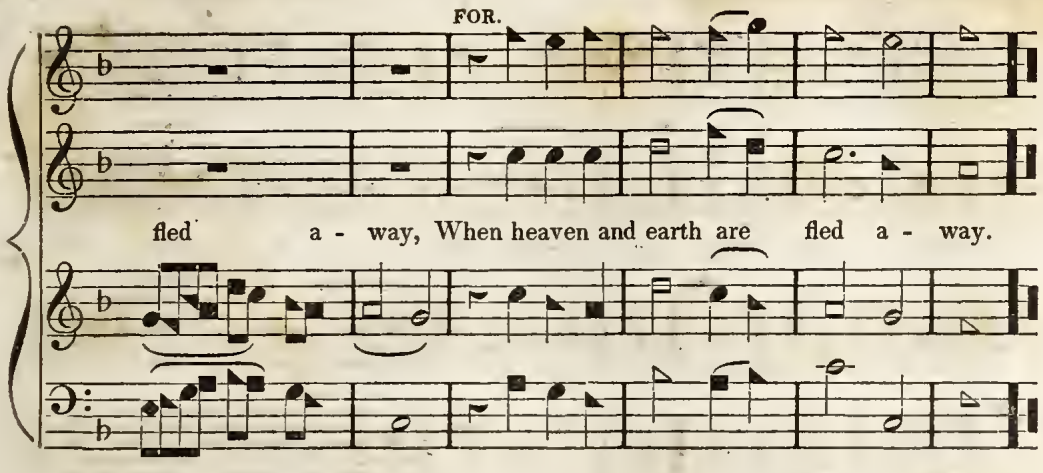


O how shall I thy goodness tell,
Father, which thou to me hast show'd,
That I, a child of wrath and hell,
I should be call'd a child of God;
Should know, should feel my sins forgiven,
Blest with this antepast of heaven.

And shall I slight my Father's love,
Or basely fear his gifts to own?
Unmindful of his favours prove?
Shall I, the hallow'd cross to shun
Refuse his righteousness t' impart,
By hiding it within my heart?

Saviour from sin, I wait to prove That Je - sus is thy heal - ing name; To lose, when per - fect - ed in love, What-
e'er I have, or can, or am: I stay me on thy faithful word, The ser - vant shall be as his Lord.

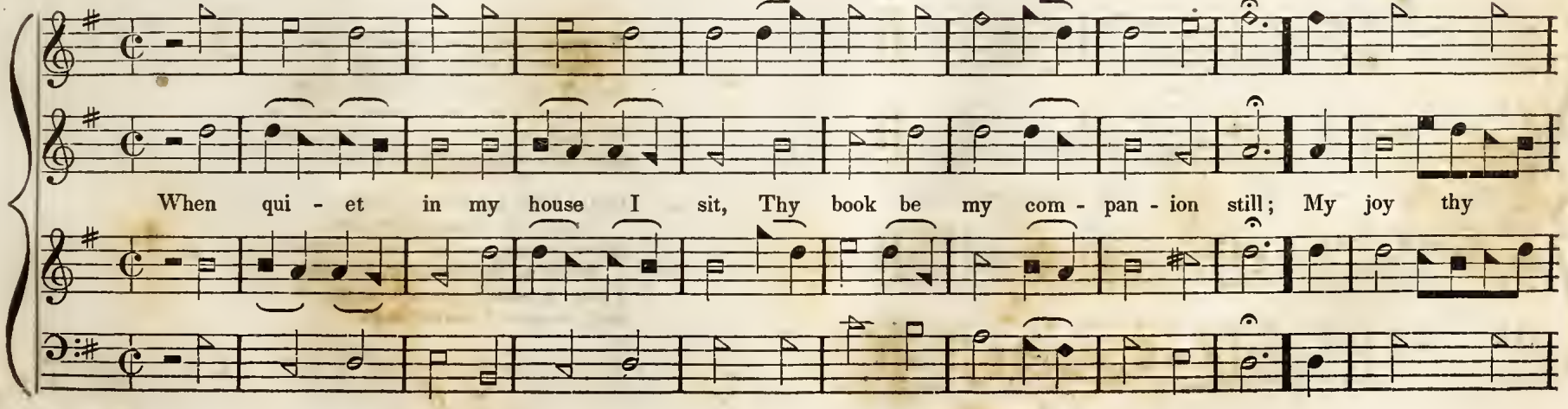
Hymn 388. PASTORAL HYMN. 6 lines 8's. Dr. Boyce.

The Lord my pasture shall pre - pare, And feed me with a shep - herd's care; His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watch - ful eye: My noon-day walks he shall at - tend, And all my midnight hours de - fend.

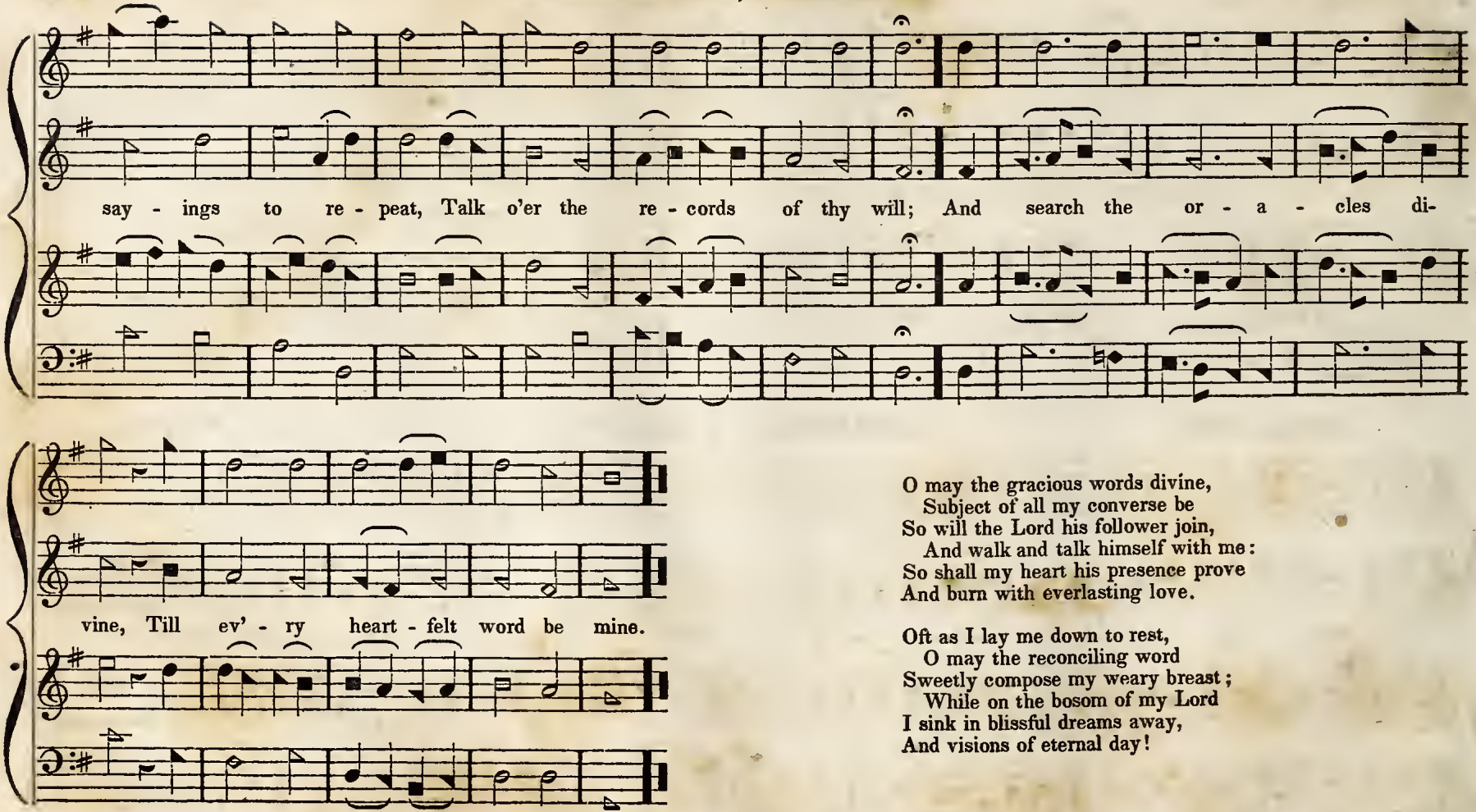

Spirito.
O thou, whom fain my soul would love! Whom I would gladly die to know; This veil of un - be - lief re - move, And
PIA.
3
FOR.
show me all thy goodness, show; Jesus thy - self in me re - veal, Tell me thy name, thy na - ture tell.
3


Now I have found the ground where - in Sure my soul's an - chor may re - main; The wounds of Jesus for my
sin, Be - fore the world's found - ation slain; Whose mer - cy shall un - sha - ken stay, When heaven and earth are

Father, thine everlasting grace
Our scanty thought surpasses far:
Thy heart still melts with tenderness:
Thy arms of love still open are,
Returning sinners to receive,
That mercy they may taste, and live.

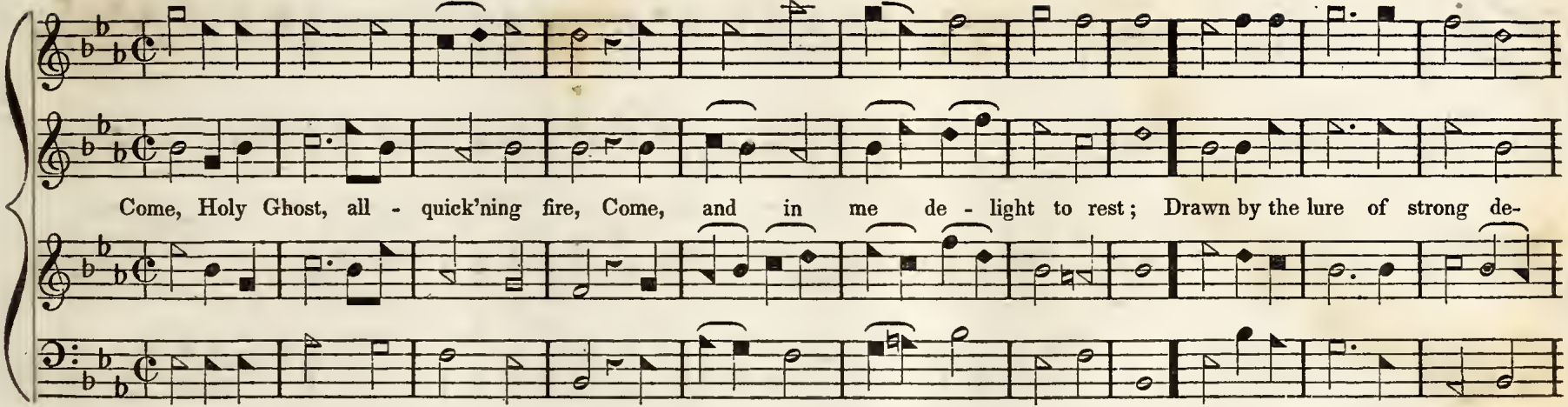
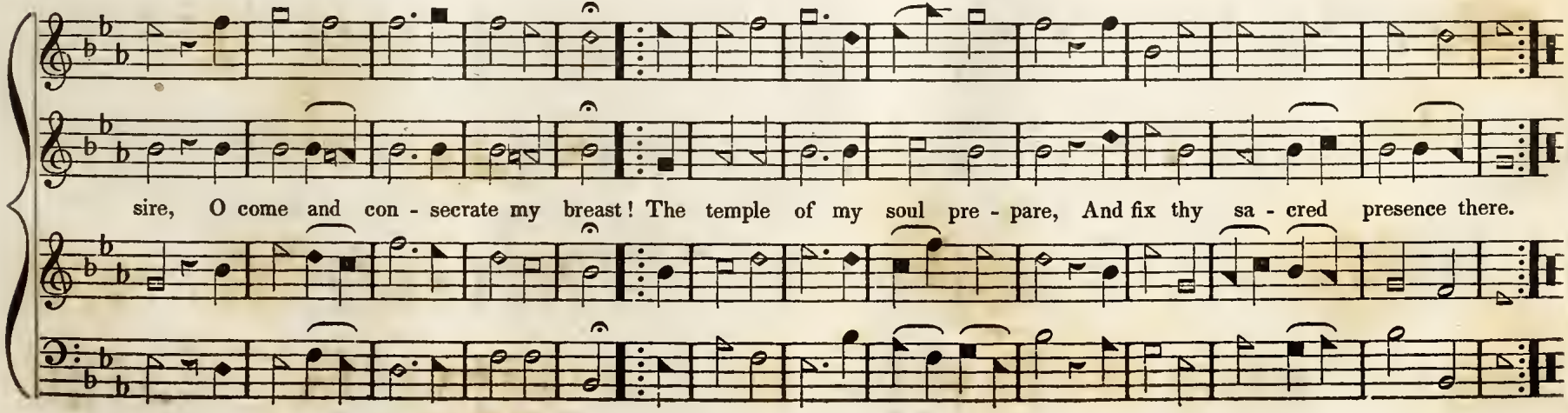
O Love, thou bottomless abyss!
My sins are swallow'd up in thee;
Cover'd is my unrighteousness;
Nor spot of guilt remains on me,
While Jesus' blood, through earth and skies,
Mercy, free, boundless mercy, cries!

Hymn 499. **LYMINGE. 6 lines 8's.** **Clark.**

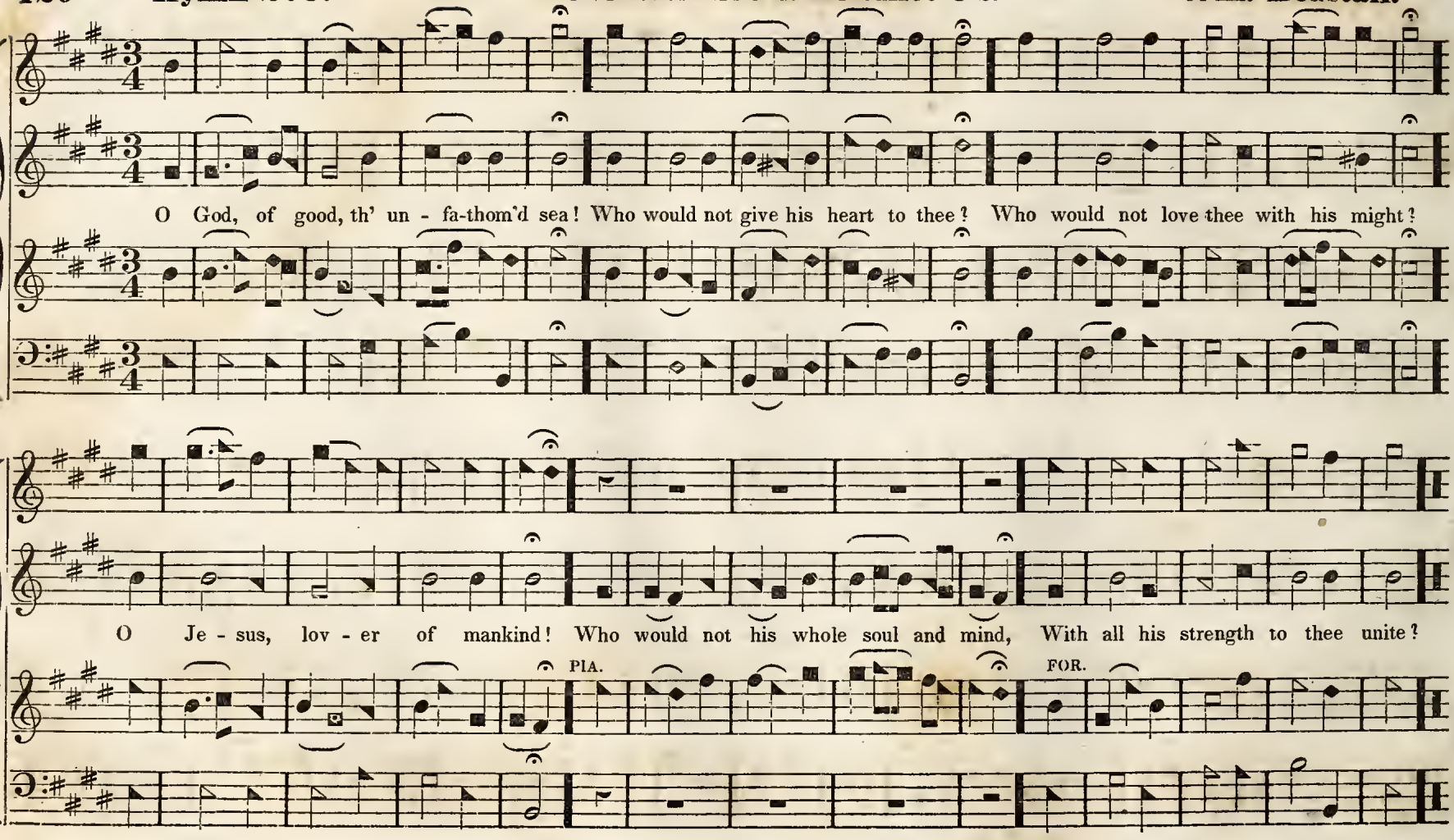
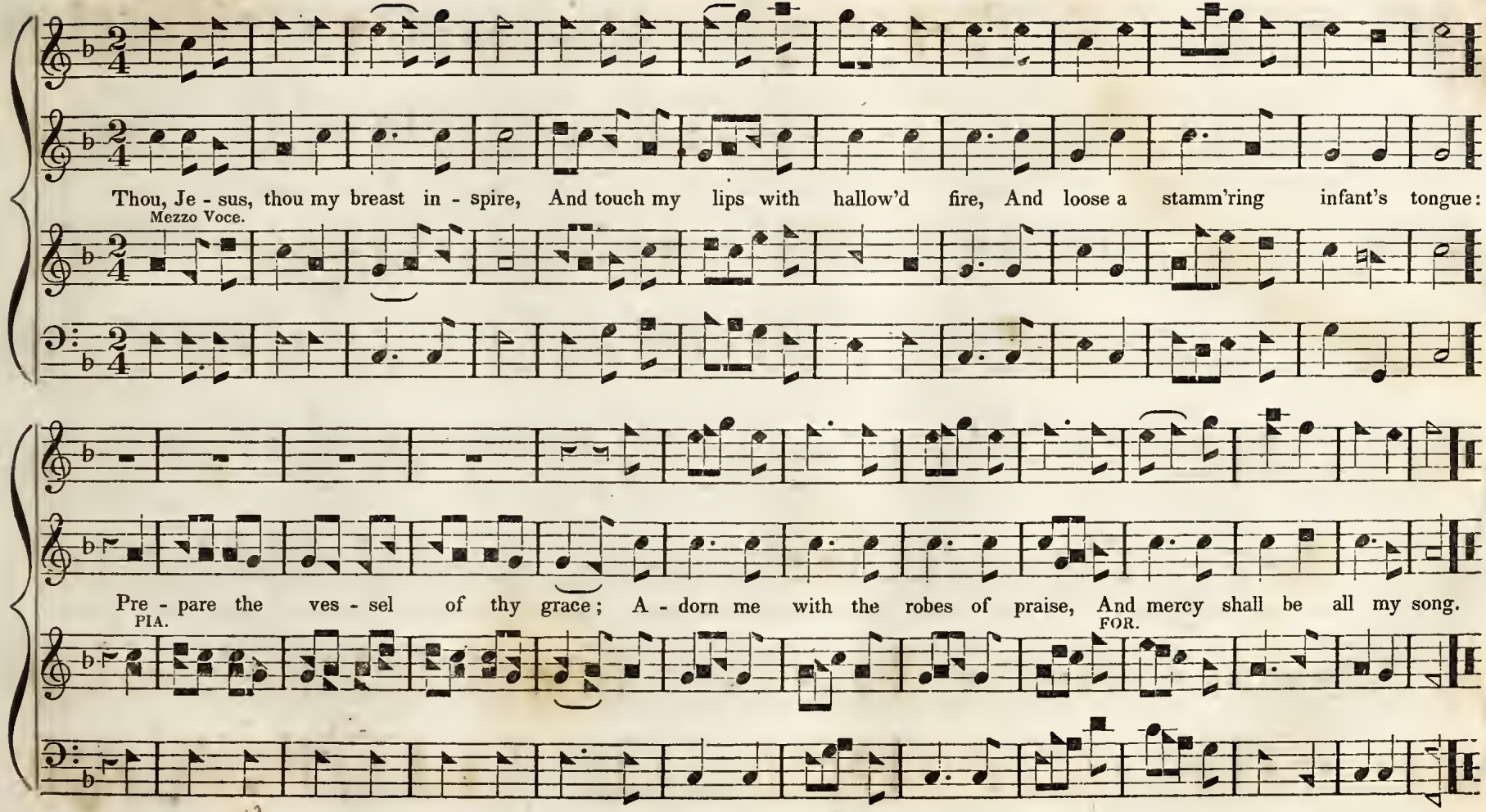
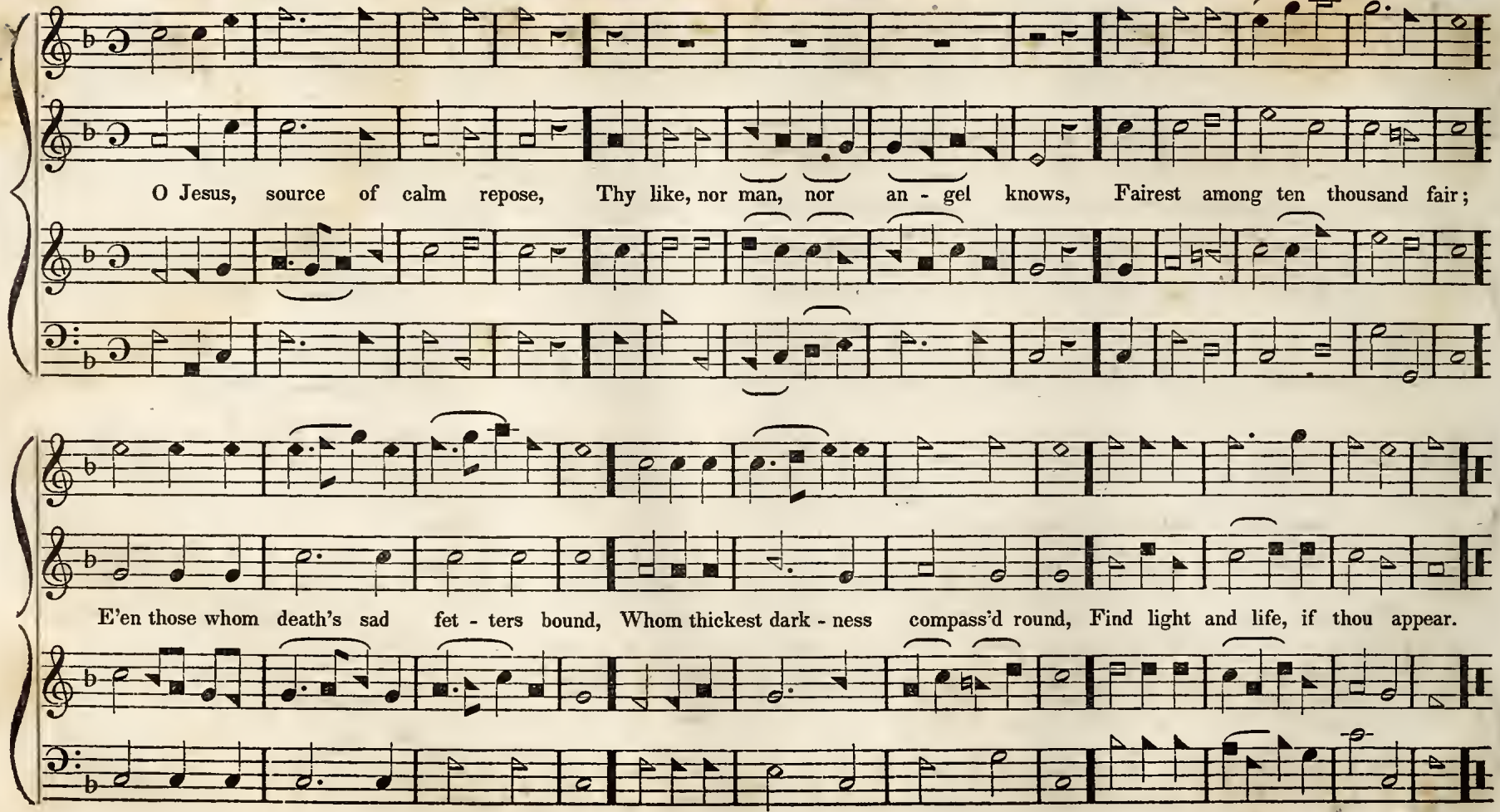


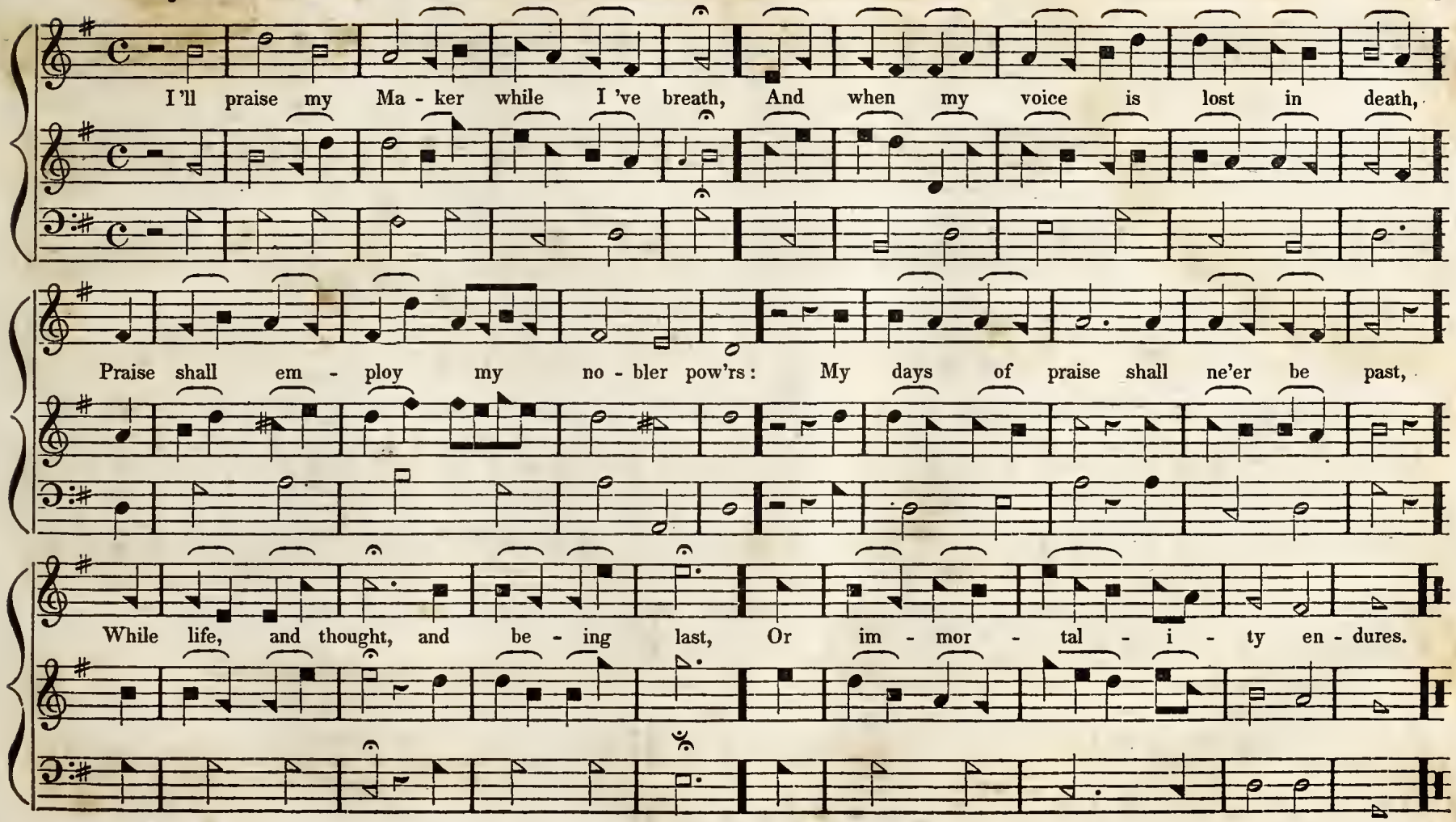
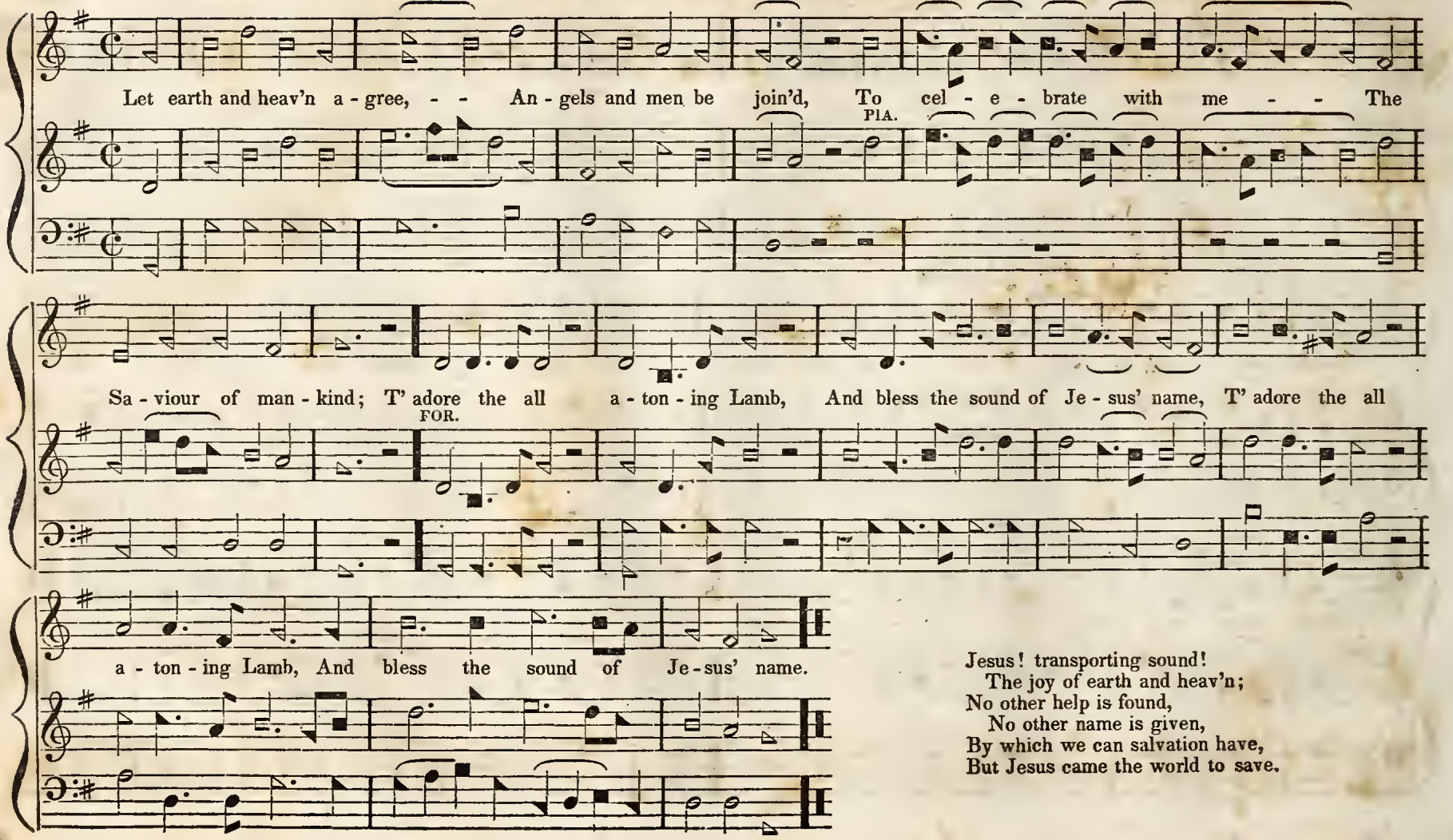


O may the gracious words divine,
Subject of all my converse be
So will the Lord his follower join,
And walk and talk himself with me:
So shall my heart his presence prove
And burn with everlasting love.

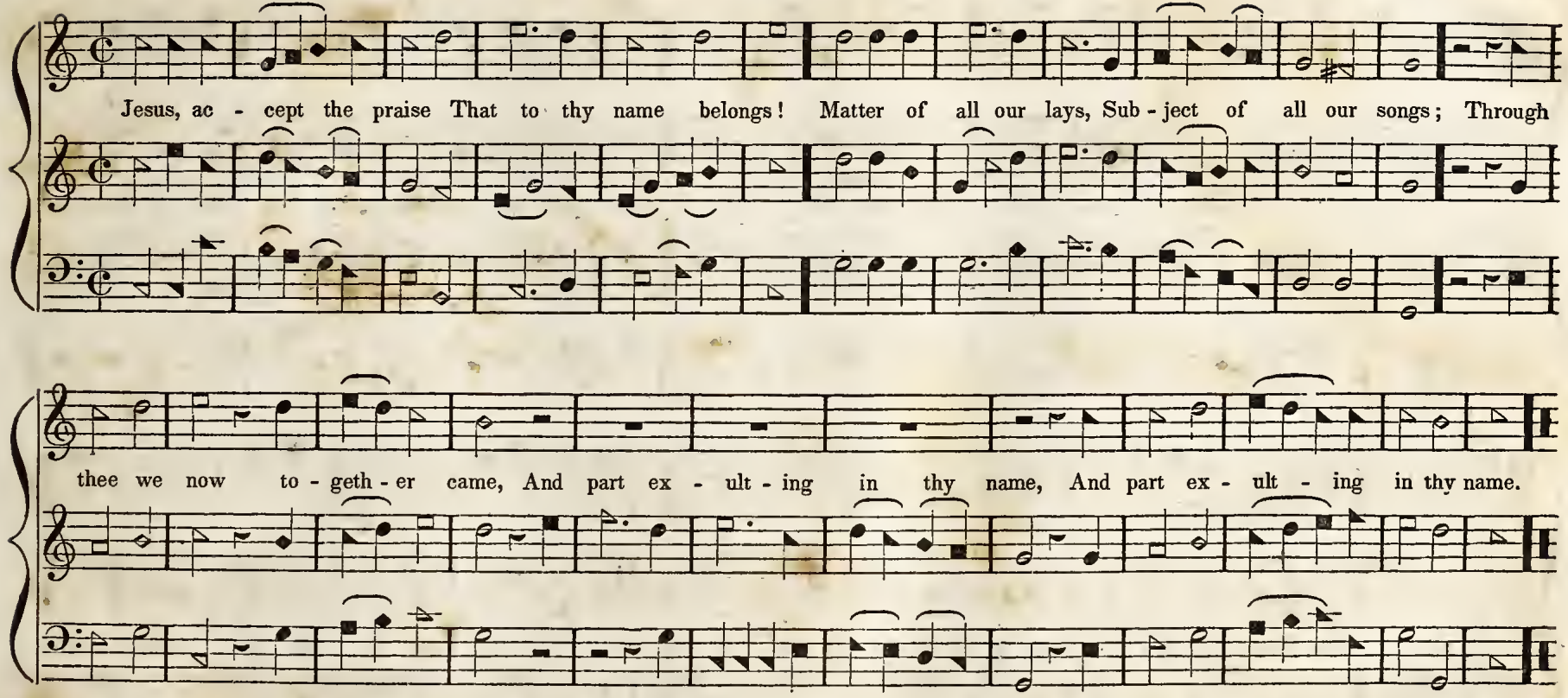
Oft as I lay me down to rest,
O may the reconciling word
Sweetly compose my weary breast;
While on the bosom of my Lord
I sink in blissful dreams away,
And visions of eternal day!

Come, Holy Ghost, all - quick'ning fire, Come, and in me de - light to rest; Drawn by the lure of strong de-

sire, O come and con - secrate my breast! The temple of my soul pre - pare, And fix thy sa - cred presence there.

Hymn 205. CONFIDENCE. 6 lines 8's. Wm. Beastall.


O God, of good, th' un - fa-thom'd sea! Who would not give his heart to thee? Who would not love thee with his might?
O Je - sus, lov - er of mankind! Who would not his whole soul and mind, With all his strength to thee unite?
PIA.
FOR.

Thou, Je - sus, thou my breast in - spire, And touch my lips with hallow'd fire, And loose a stamm'ring infant's tongue:
Mezzo Voce.
Pre - pare the ves - sel of thy grace; A - dorn me with the robes of praise, And mercy shall be all my song.
PIA.
FOR.

O Jesus, source of calm repose, Thy like, nor man, nor an - gel knows, Fairest among ten thousand fair;
E'en those whom death's sad fet - ters bound, Whom thickest dark - ness compass'd round, Find light and life, if thou appear.


I'll praise my Ma - ker while I 've breath, And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall em - ploy my no - bler pow'rs: My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and be - ing last, Or im - mor - tal - i - ty en - dures.

Let earth and heav'n a - gree, - - An - gels and men be join'd, To cel - e - brate with me - - The
PIA.
Sa - viour of man - kind; T' adore the all a - ton - ing Lamb, And bless the sound of Je - sus' name, T' adore the all
FOR.
a - ton - ing Lamb, And bless the sound of Je - sus' name.

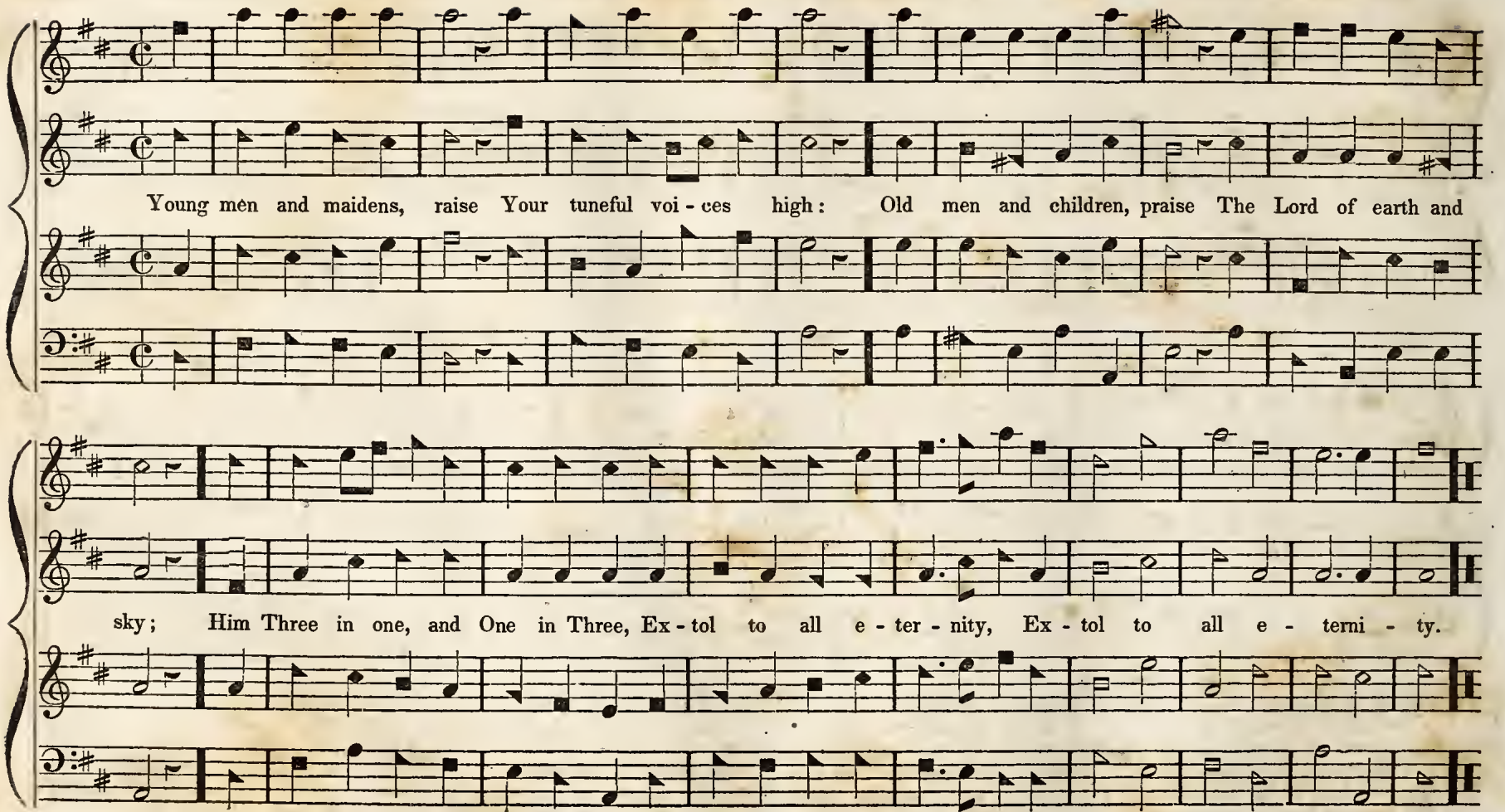
Jesus! transporting sound!
The joy of earth and heav'n;
No other help is found,
No other name is given,
By which we can salvation have,
But Jesus came the world to save.

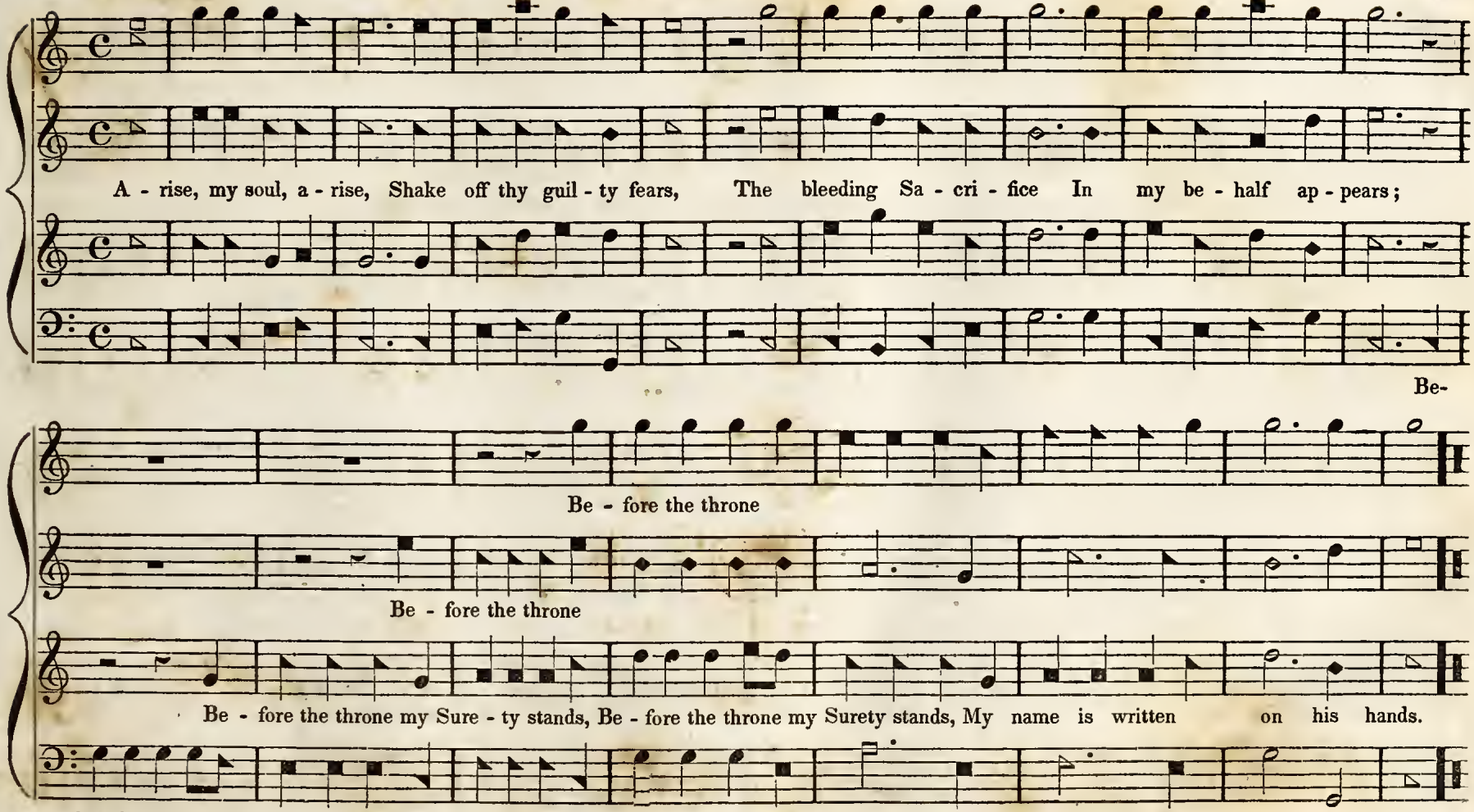
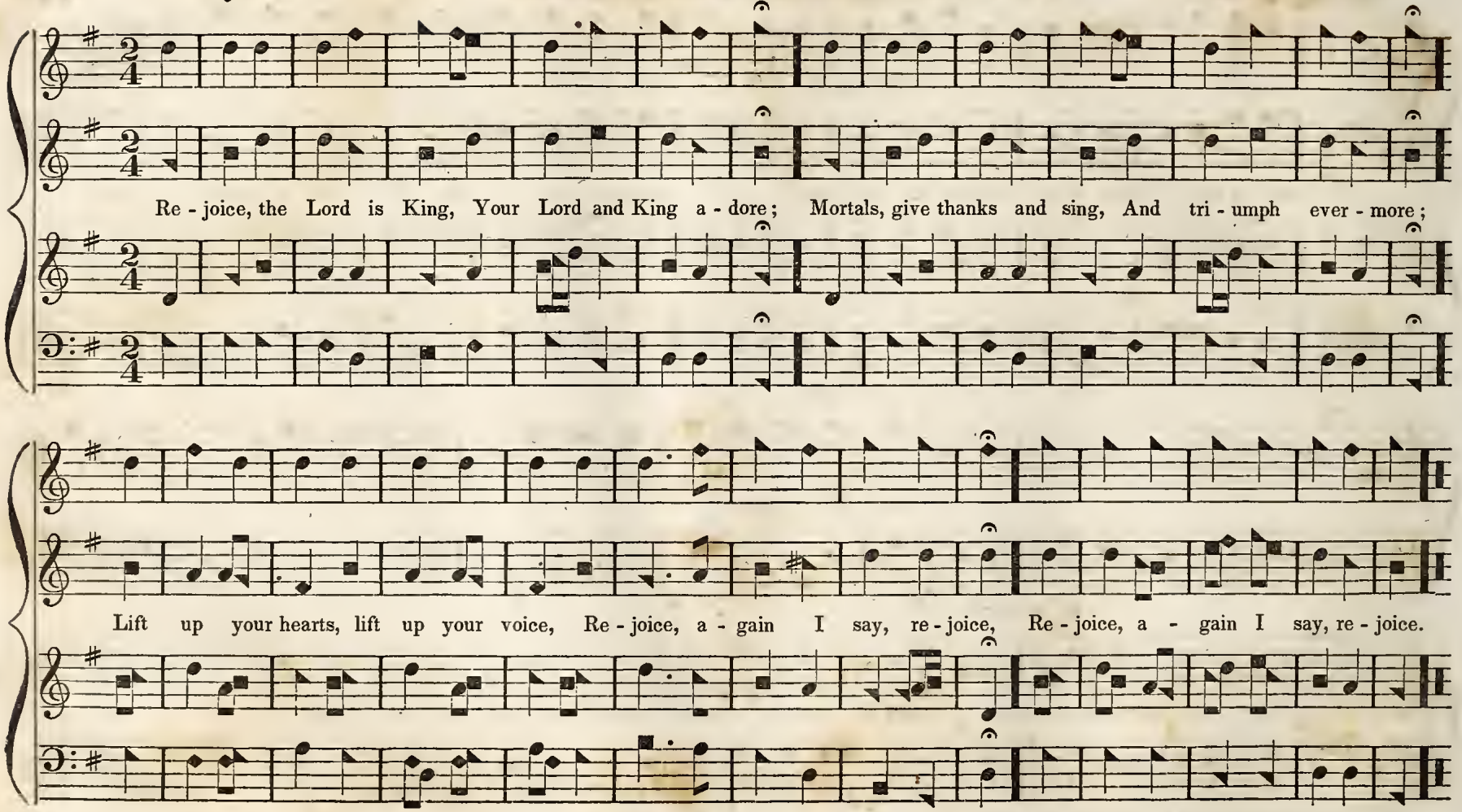
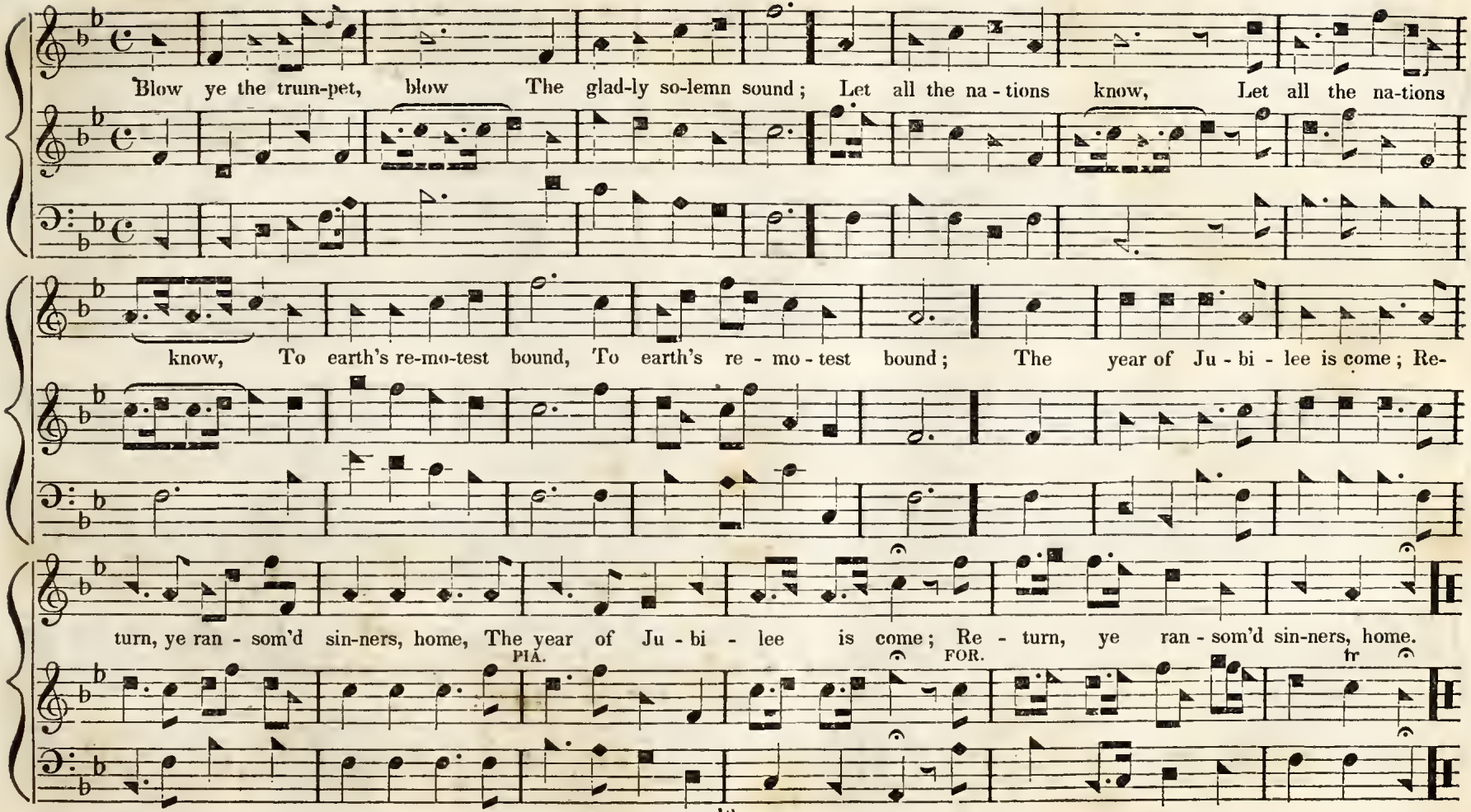
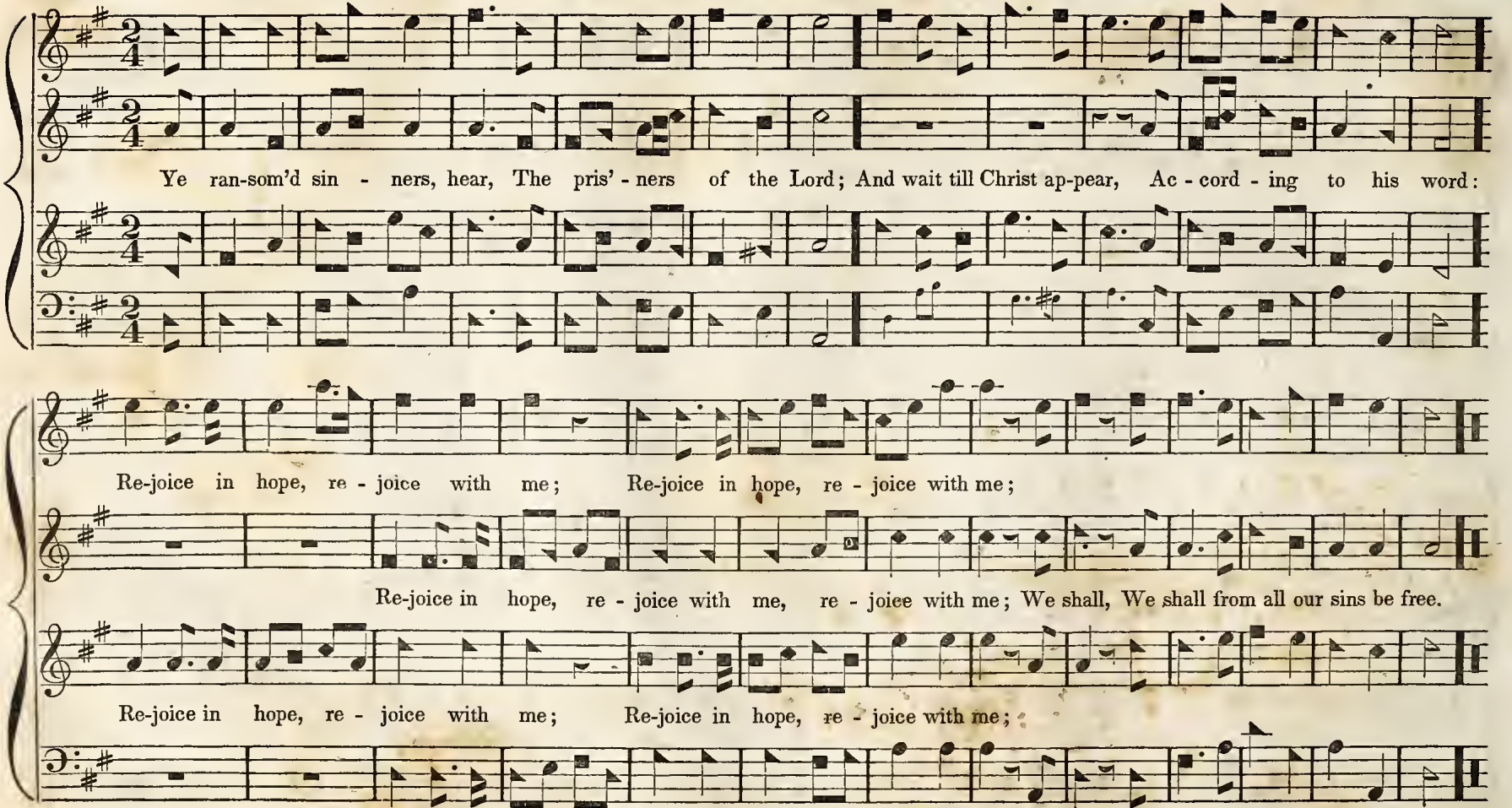

Jesus, ac - cept the praise That to thy name belongs! Matter of all our lays, Sub - ject of all our songs; Through
thee we now to - geth - er came, And part ex - ult - ing in thy name, And part ex - ult - ing in thy name.

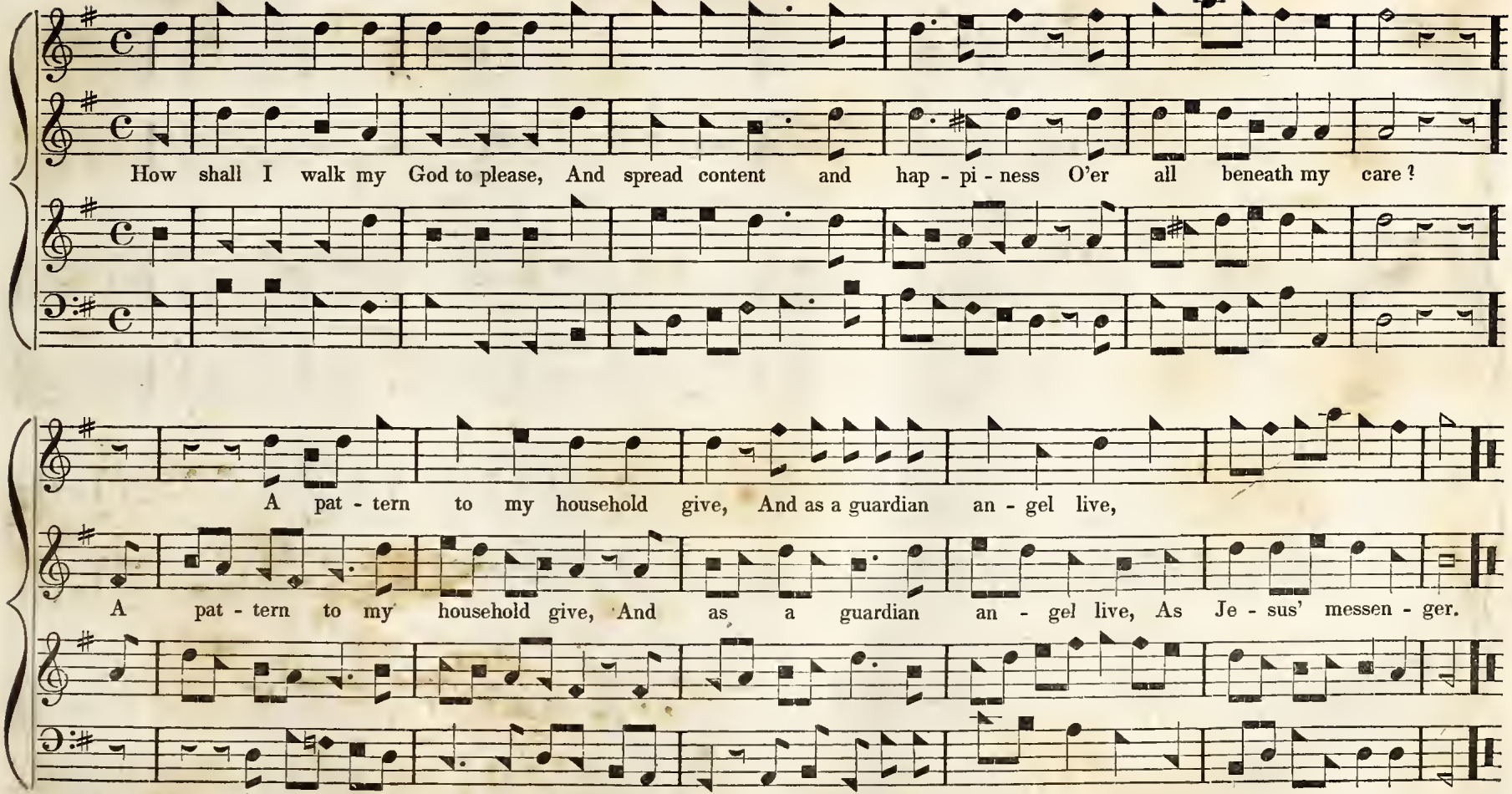
In flesh we part awhile,
But still in spirit join'd
T' embrace the happy toil,
Thou hast to each assign'd;
And while we do thy blessed will,
We bear our heav'n about us still.

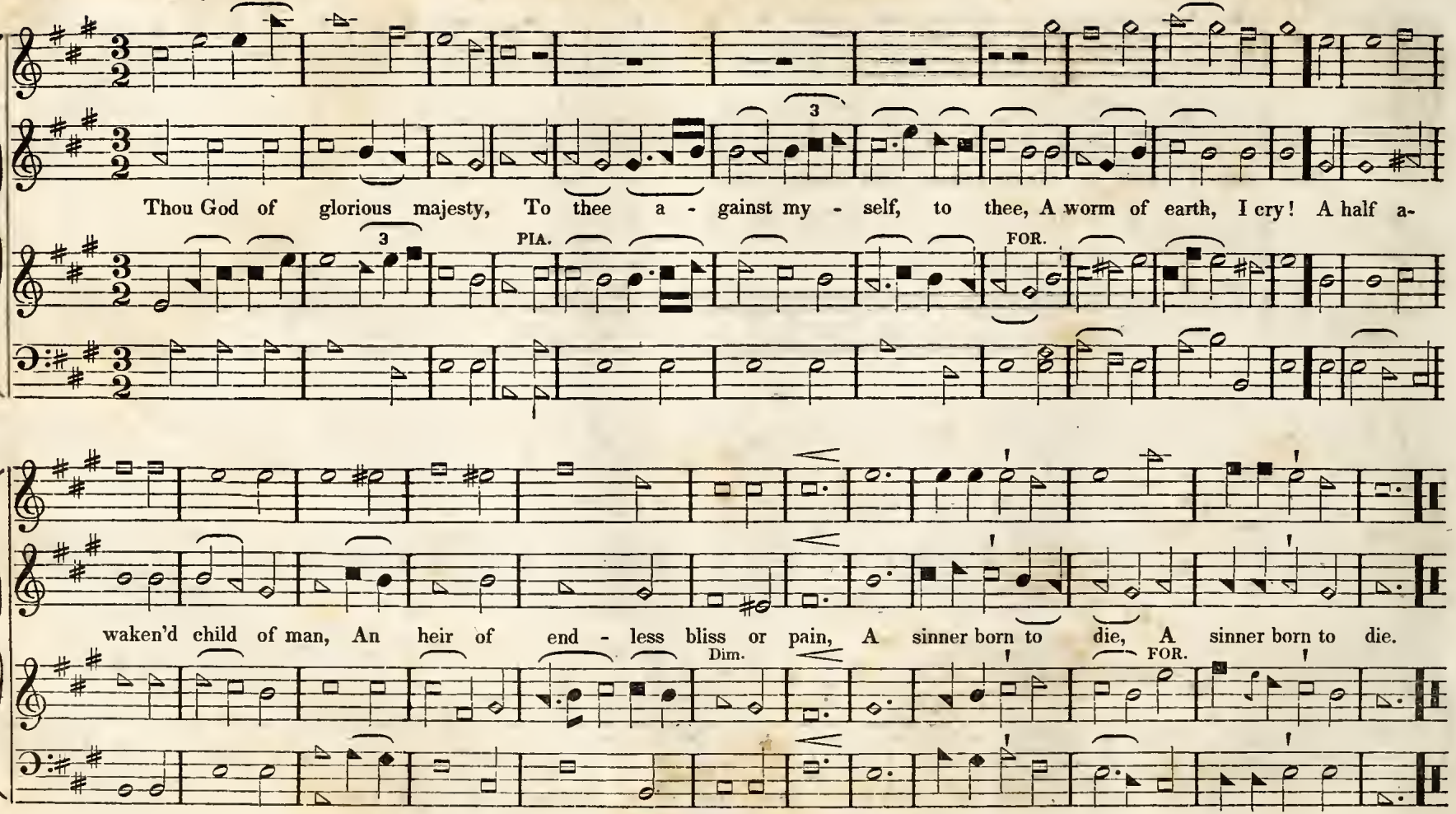
O let us thus go on
In all thy pleasant ways,
And, arm'd with patience, run
With joy th' appointed race!
Keep us and every seeking soul
Till all attain the heav'nly goal

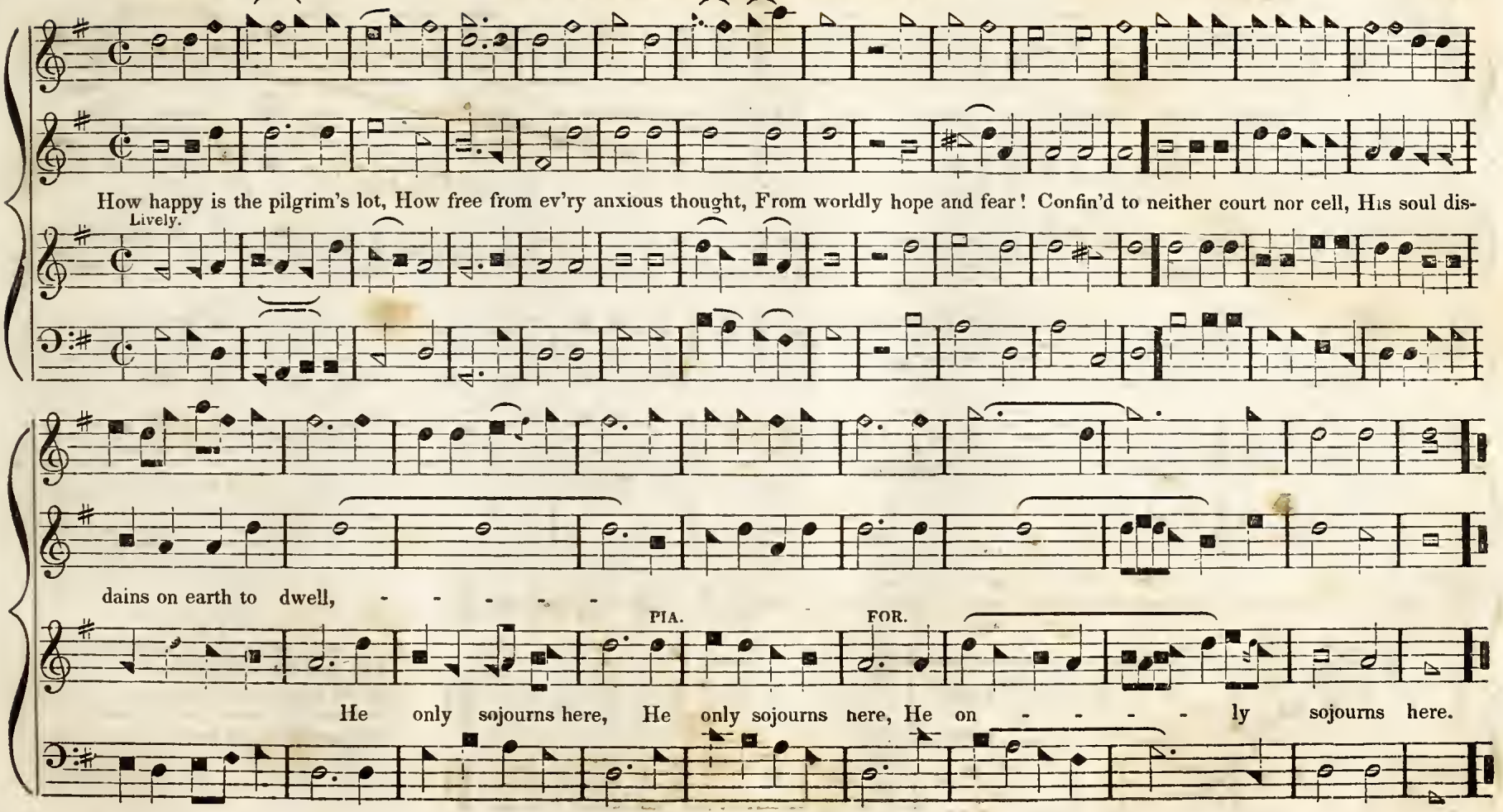
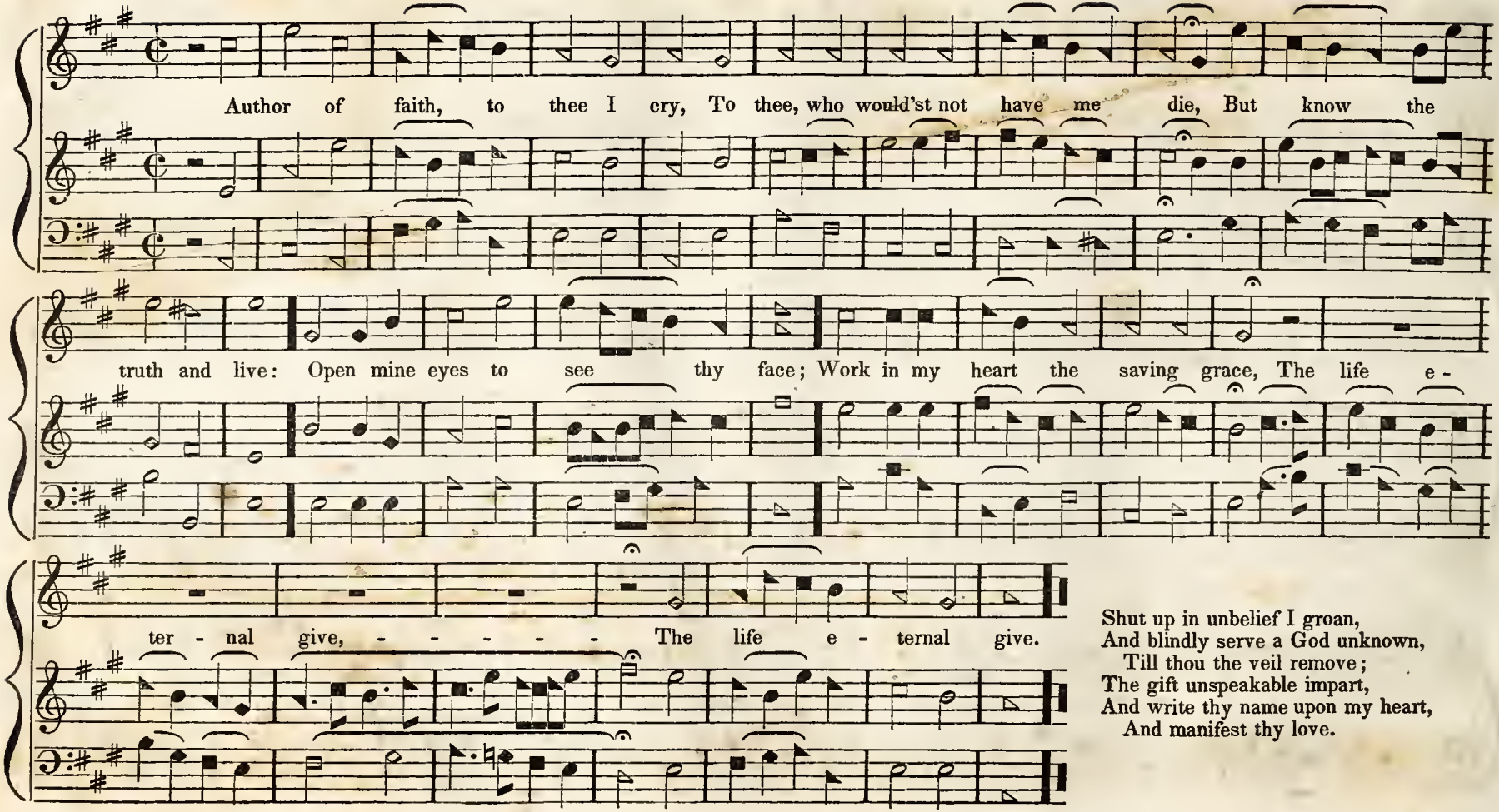
There we shall meet again,
When all our toils are o'er,
And death, and grief, and pain,
And parting are no more:
We shall with all our brethren rise,
And grasp thee in the flaming skies

O happy, happy day,
That calls thy exiles home!
The heav'ns shall pass away,
The earth receive its doom:
Earth we shall view, and heav'n destroy'd
And shout above the fiery void.

Young men and maidens, raise Your tuneful voi - ces high: Old men and children, praise The Lord of earth and
sky; Him Three in one, and One in Three, Ex - tol to all e - ter - nity, Ex - tol to all e - terni - ty.

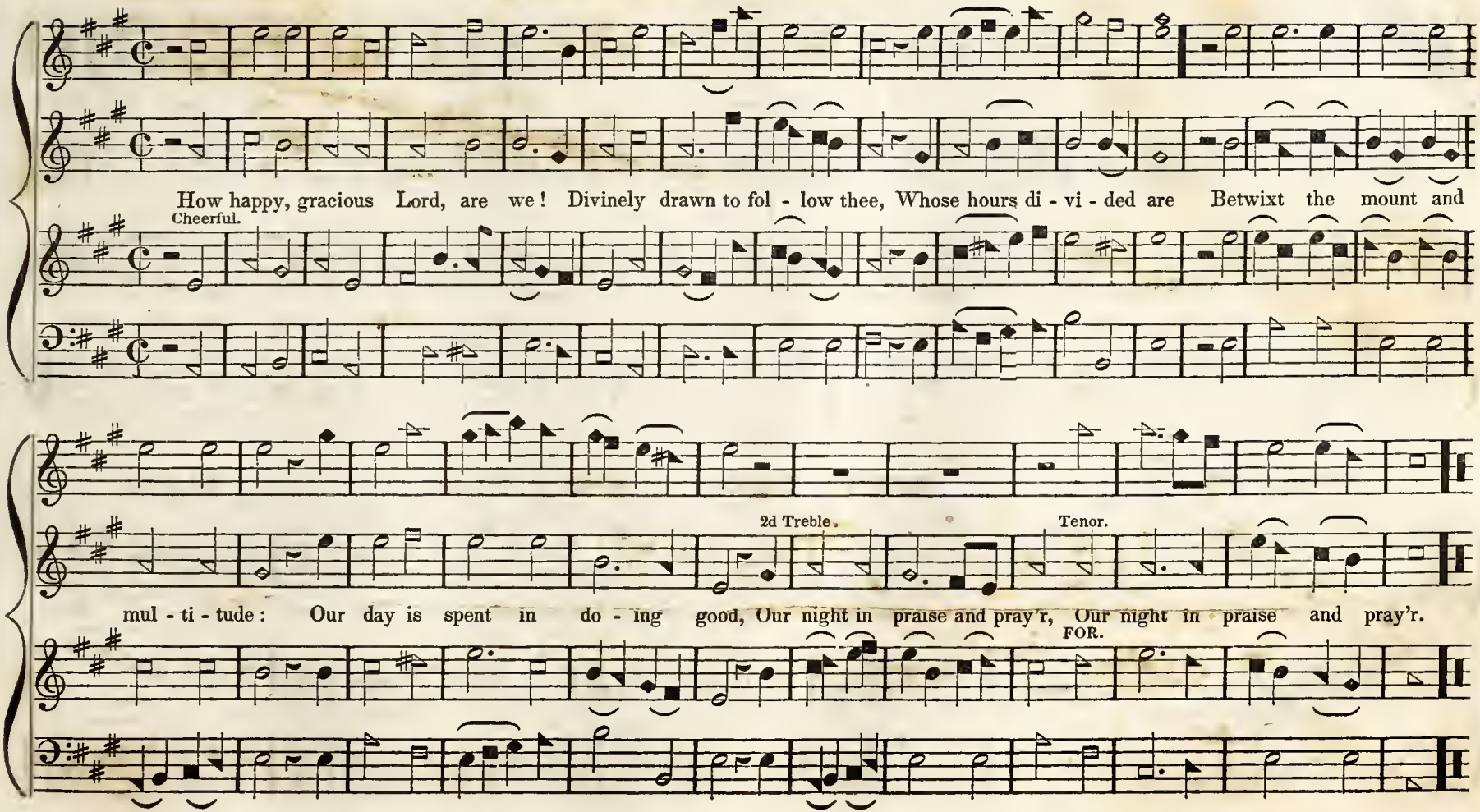

A - rise, my soul, a - rise, Shake off thy guil - ty fears, The bleeding Sa - cri - fice In my be - half ap - pears;
Be-
Be - fore the throne
Be - fore the throne
Be - fore the throne my Sure - ty stands, Be - fore the throne my Surety stands, My name is written on his hands.
fore the throne my Sure - ty stands, Be - fore

Re - joice, the Lord is King, Your Lord and King a - dore; Mortals, give thanks and sing, And tri - umph ever - more;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice, Re - joice, a - gain I say, re - joice, Re - joice, a - gain I say, re - joice.

Blow ye the trum-pet, blow The glad-ly so-lemn sound; Let all the na - tions know, Let all the na-tions
know, To earth's re-mo-test bound, To earth's re - mo - test bound; The year of Ju - bi - lee is come; Re-
turn, ye ran - som'd sin-ners, home, The year of Ju - bi - lee is come; Re - turn, ye ran - som'd sin-ners, home.
PIA.
FOR.
tr

Ye ran-som'd sin - ners, hear, The pris' - ners of the Lord; And wait till Christ ap-pear, Ac - cord - ing to his word:
Re-joice in hope, re - joice with me; Re-joice in hope, re - joice with me;
Re-joice in hope, re - joice with me, re - joice with me; We shall, We shall from all our sins be free.
Re-joice in hope, re - joice with me; Re-joice in hope, re - joice with me;
Re-joice in hope, re - joice with me, re - joice with me,

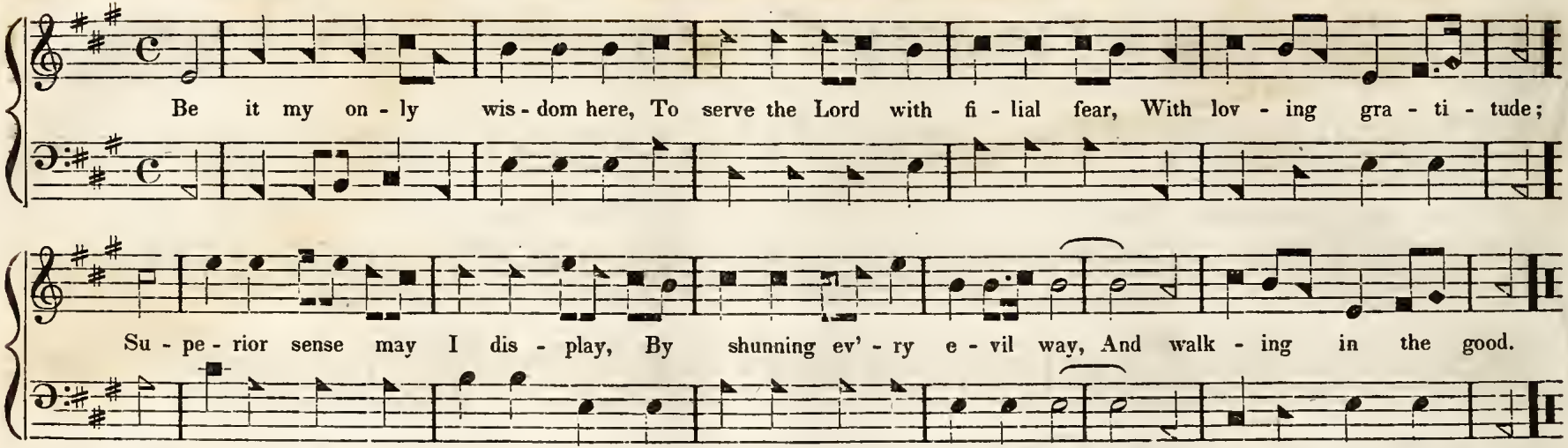

How shall I walk my God to please, And spread content and hap - pi - ness O'er all beneath my care ?
A pat - tern to my household give, And as a guardian an - gel live,
A pat - tern to my household give, And as a guardian an - gel live, As Je - sus' messen - ger.
A pat - tern to my household give, And as a guardian an - gel live,

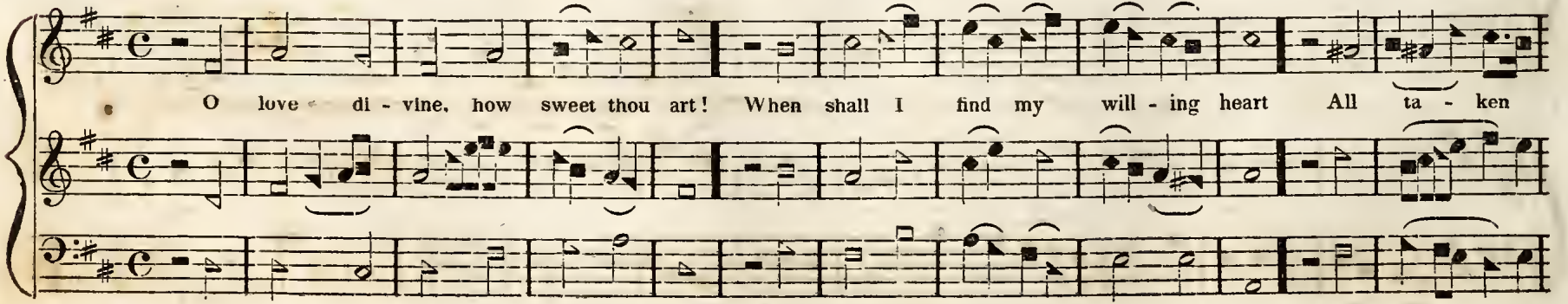
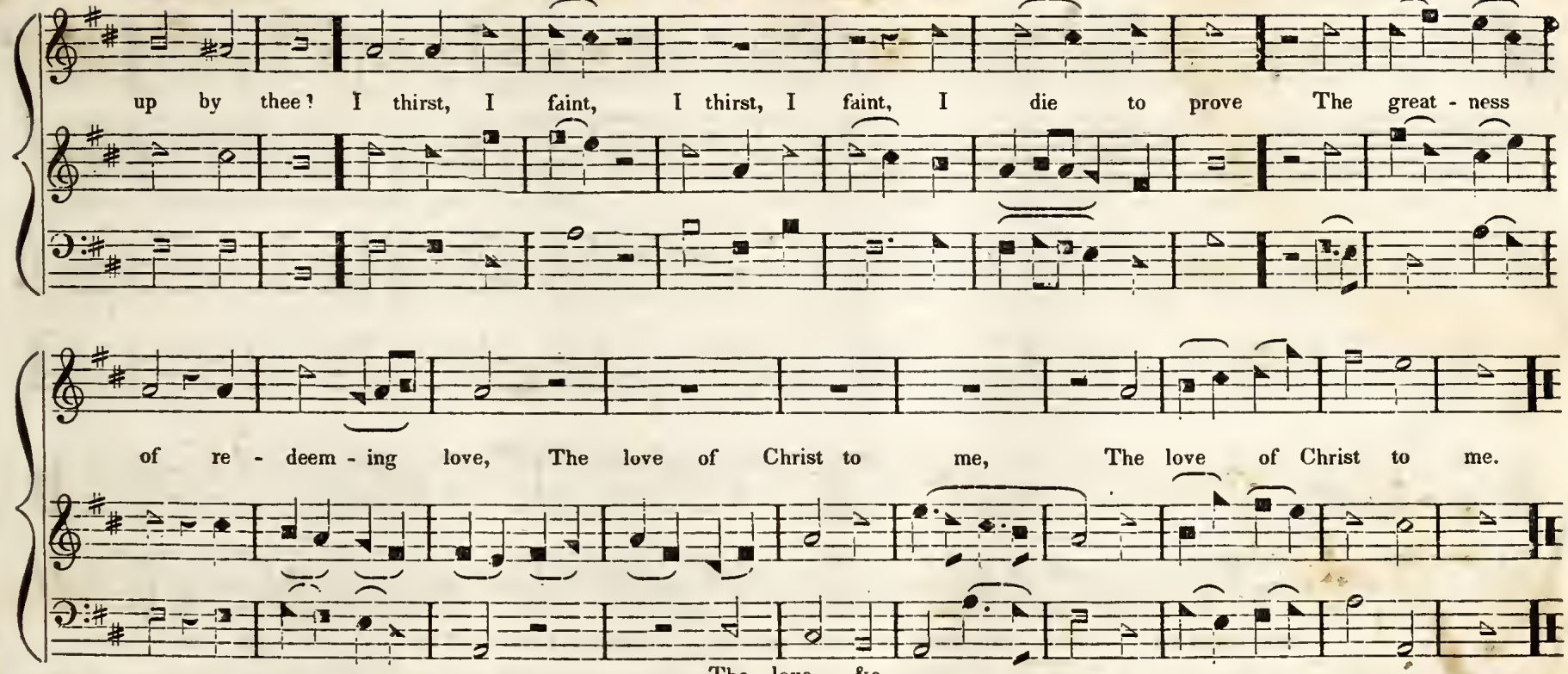
Hymn 575. HINTON. 8. 8. 6. 8. 8. 6. Walker.

Thou God of glorious majesty, To thee a - gainst my - self, to thee, A worm of earth, I cry! A half a-
PIA.
FOR.
waken'd child of man, An heir of end - less bliss or pain, A sinner born to die, A sinner born to die.
Dim.
FOR.


How happy is the pilgrim's lot, How free from ev'ry anxious thought, From worldly hope and fear! Confin'd to neither court nor cell, His soul dis-
Lively.
dains on earth to dwell,
PIA.
FOR.
He only sojourns here, He only sojourns here, He on - - - - ly sojourns here.

Author of faith, to thee I cry, To thee, who would'st not have me die, But know the
truth and live: Open mine eyes to see thy face; Work in my heart the saving grace, The life e-
ter - nal give, - - - - - The life e - ternal give.

Shut up in unbelief I groan,
And blindly serve a God unknown,
Till thou the veil remove;
The gift unspeakable impart,
And write thy name upon my heart,
And manifest thy love.


How happy, gracious Lord, are we! Divinely drawn to fol - low thee, Whose hours di - vi - ded are Betwixt the mount and
Cheerful.
2d Treble.
Tenor.
mul - ti - tude: Our day is spent in do - ing good, Our night in praise and pray'r, Our night in praise and pray'r.
FOR.

Hymn 160. WILLOWBY. 8. 8. 6. 8. 8. 6.

Be it my on - ly wis - dom here, To serve the Lord with fi - lial fear, With lov - ing gra - ti - tude;
Su - pe - rior sense may I dis - play, By shunning ev' - ry e - vil way, And walk - ing in the good.

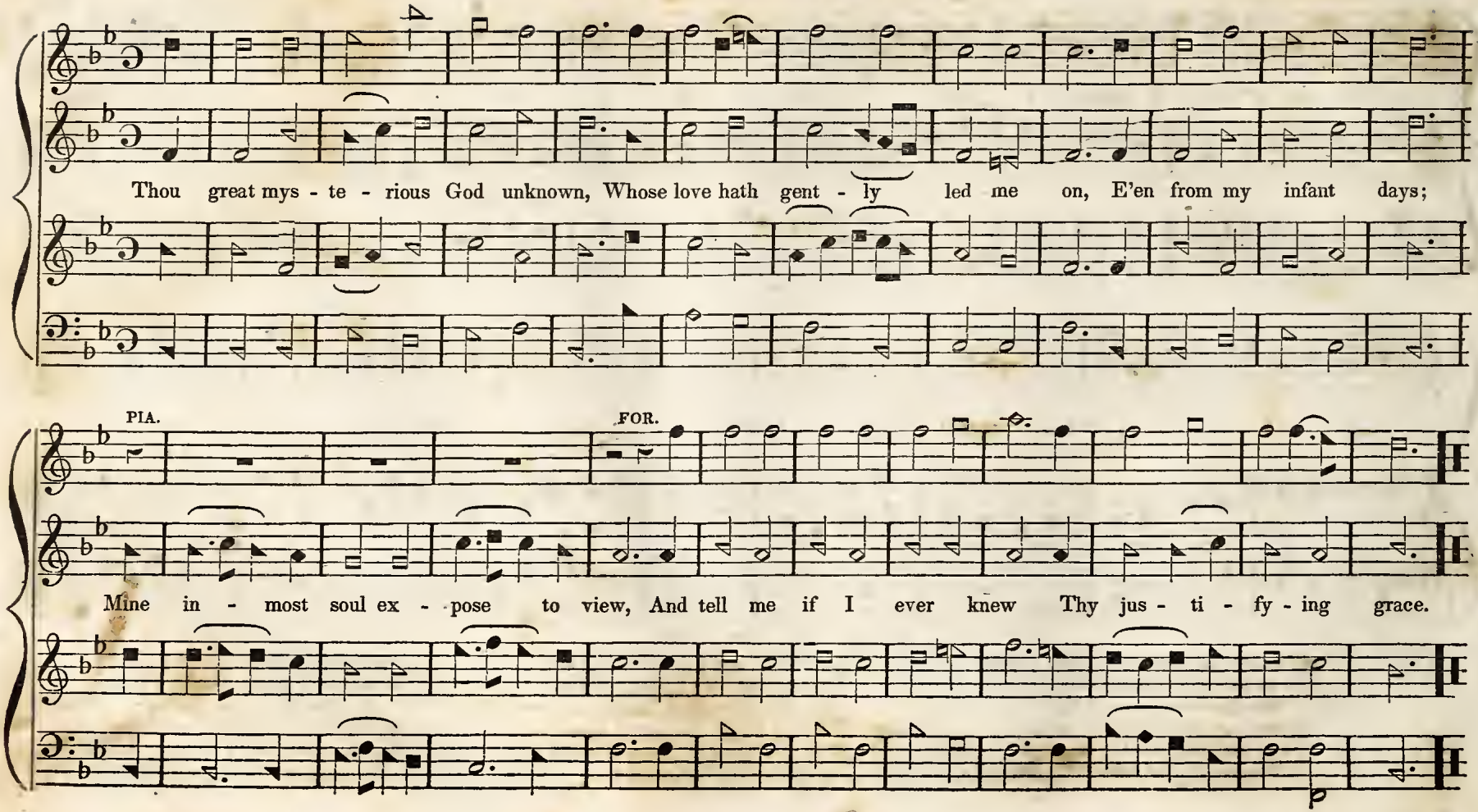
Hymn 36. MOUNT ZION. 8. 8. 6. 8. 8. 6. Leach.


up by thee! I thirst, I faint, I thirst, I faint, I die to prove The great - ness
of re - deem - ing love, The love of Christ to me, The love of Christ to me.

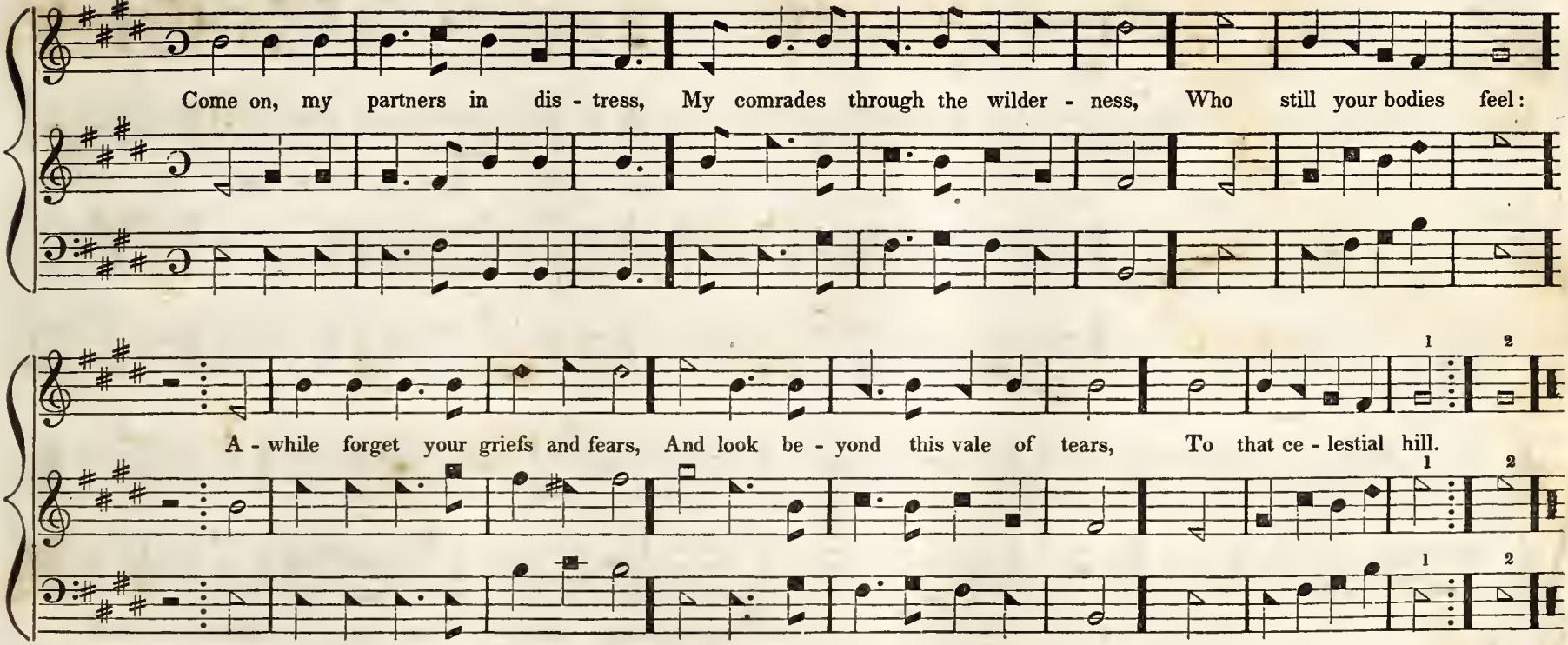
The love, &c.

Stronger his love than death or hell,
Its riches are unsearchable;
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, the breadth, and height.

God only knows the love of God;
O that it were now shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine!
Be mine this better part!

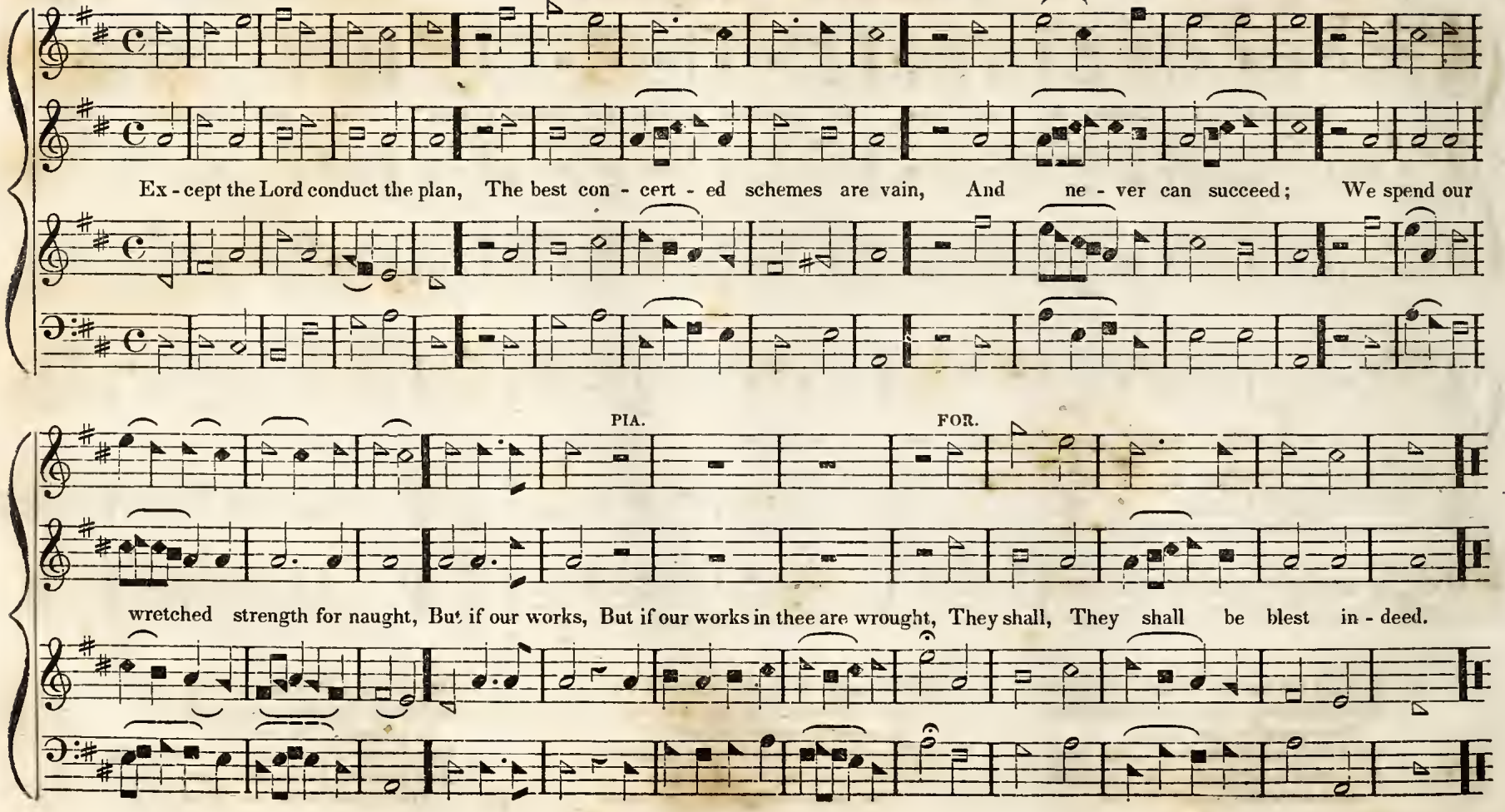
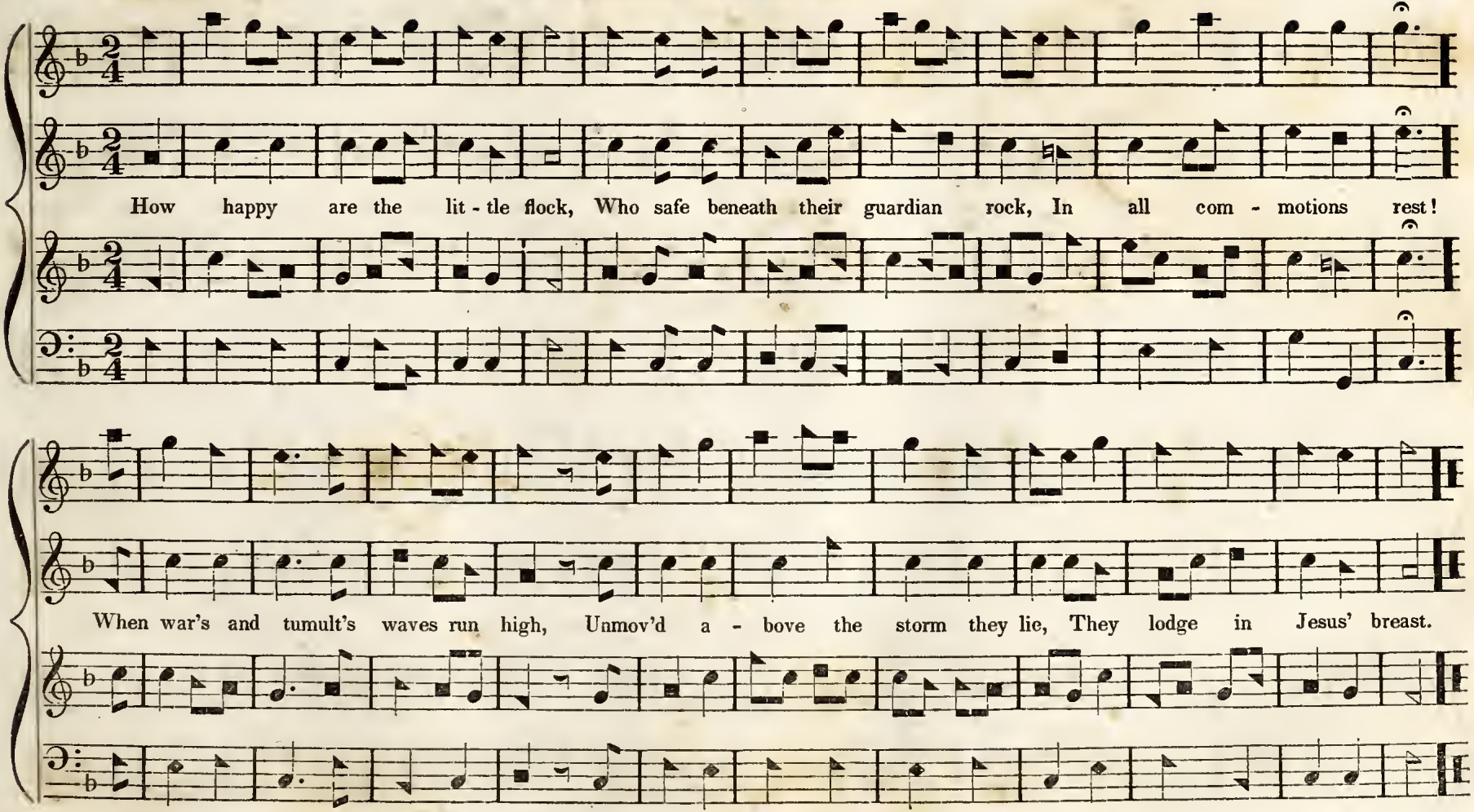
O that I could for ever sit,
With Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice;
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice!

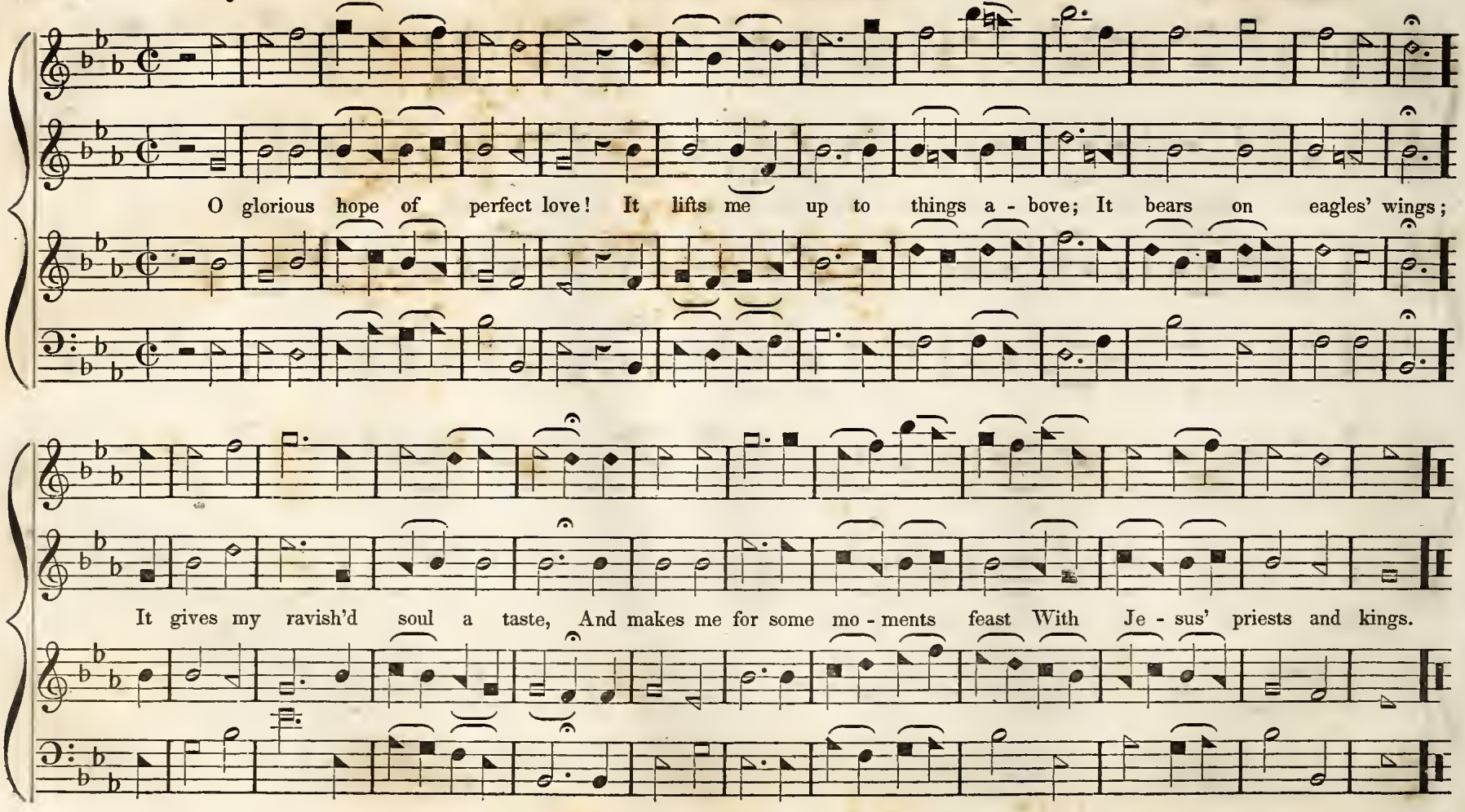

Thou great mys - te - rious God unknown, Whose love hath gent - ly led me on, E'en from my infant days;
PIA.
FOR.
Mine in - most soul ex - pose to view, And tell me if I ever knew Thy jus - ti - fy - ing grace.

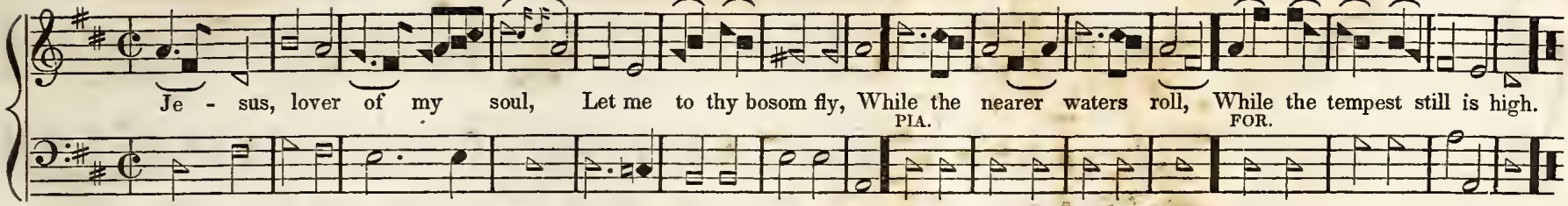

Come on, my partners in dis - tress, My comrades through the wilder - ness, Who still your bodies feel:
A - while forget your griefs and fears, And look be - yond this vale of tears, To that ce - lestial hill.
1
2

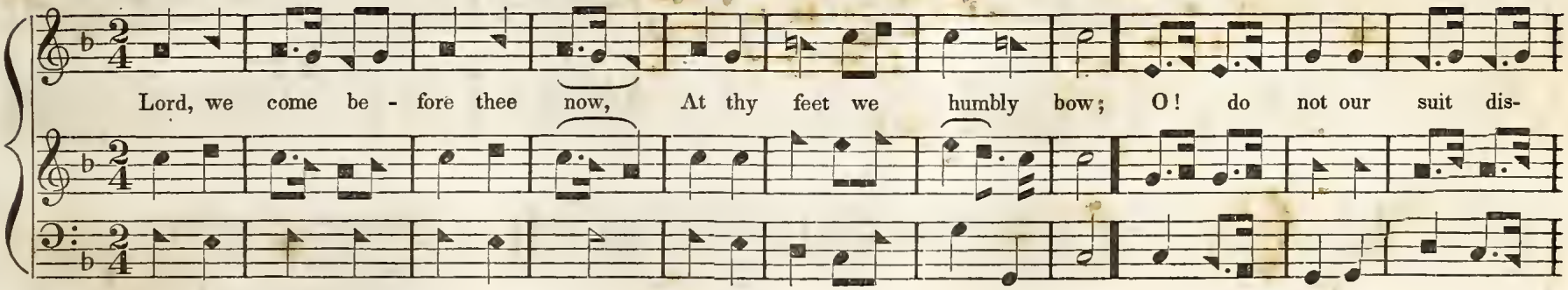
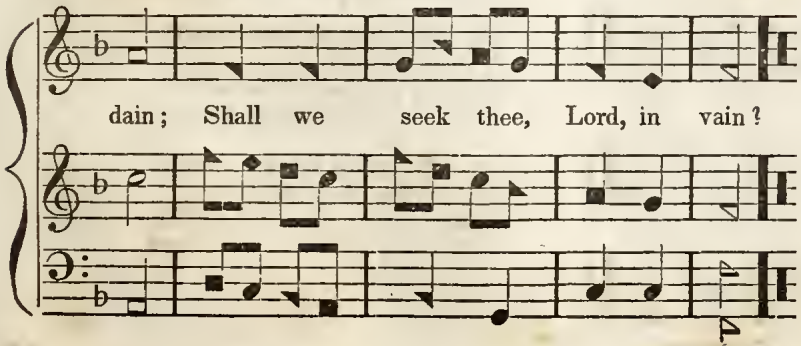
Beyond the bounds of time and space,
Look forward to that heav'nly place,
The saints' secure abode;
On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.

Who suffer with our Master here,
We shall before his face appear,
And by his side sit down:
To patient faith the prize is sure;
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.

Thrice blessed bliss-inspiring hope,
It lifts the fainting spirits up;
It brings to life the dead!
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
And you and I ascend at last,
Triumphant with our Head.

Ex - cept the Lord conduct the plan, The best con - cert - ed schemes are vain, And ne - ver can succeed; We spend our
PIA.
FOR.
wretched strength for naught, But if our works, But if our works in thee are wrought, They shall, They shall be blest in - deed.

How happy are the lit - tle flock, Who safe beneath their guardian rock, In all com - motions rest!
When war's and tumult's waves run high, Unmov'd a - bove the storm they lie, They lodge in Jesus' breast.

Hymn 331. ZUARA. 8. 8. 6. 8. 8. 6. Clark.

O glorious hope of perfect love! It lifts me up to things a - bove; It bears on eagles' wings;
It gives my ravish'd soul a taste, And makes me for some mo - ments feast With Je - sus' priests and kings.



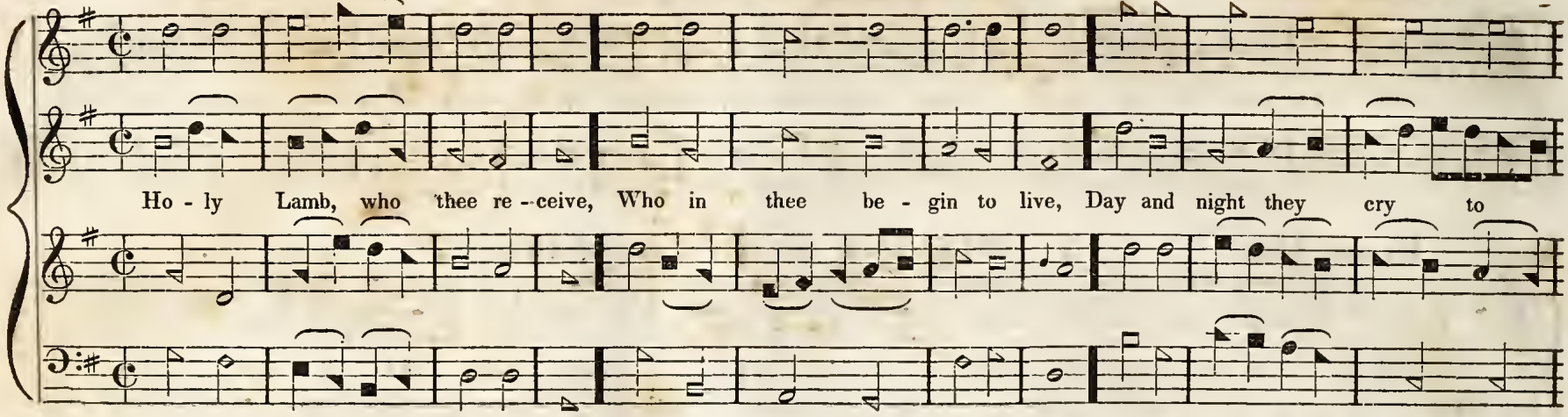
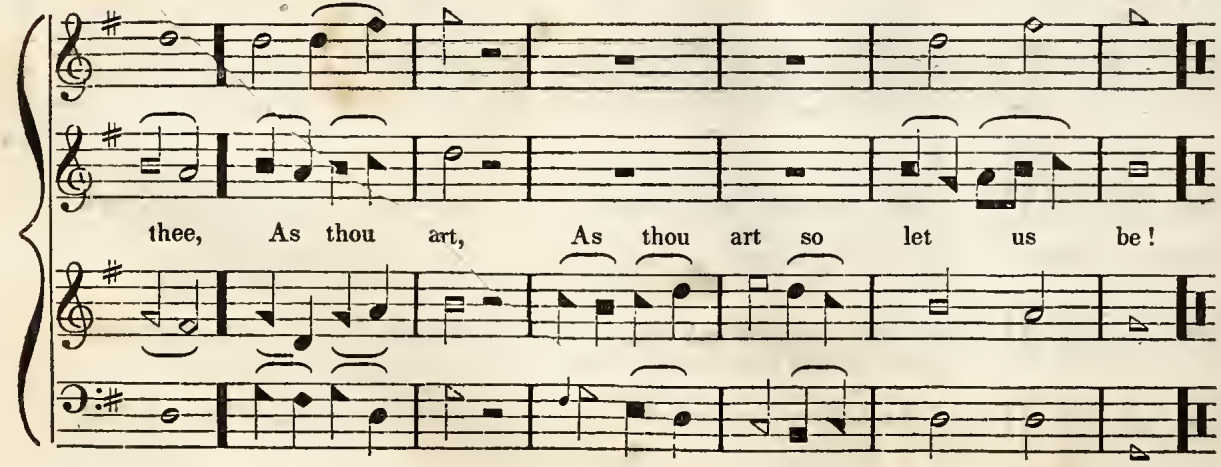
Hymn 122. SICILIAN HYMN. 4 lines 7's.



Lord, on thee our souls depend,
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee, here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.

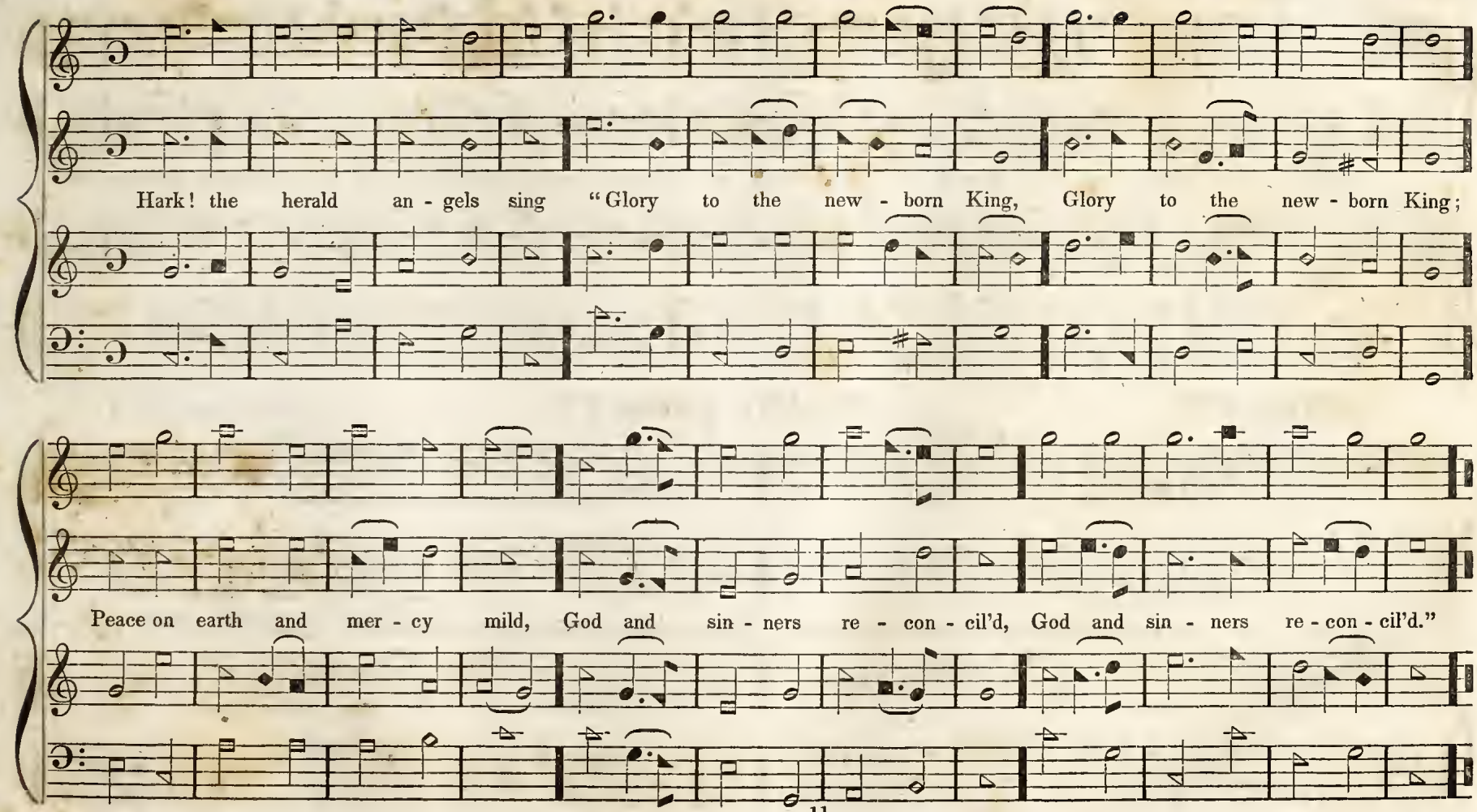
Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return;
Those that are cast down lift up;
Make them strong in faith and hope.

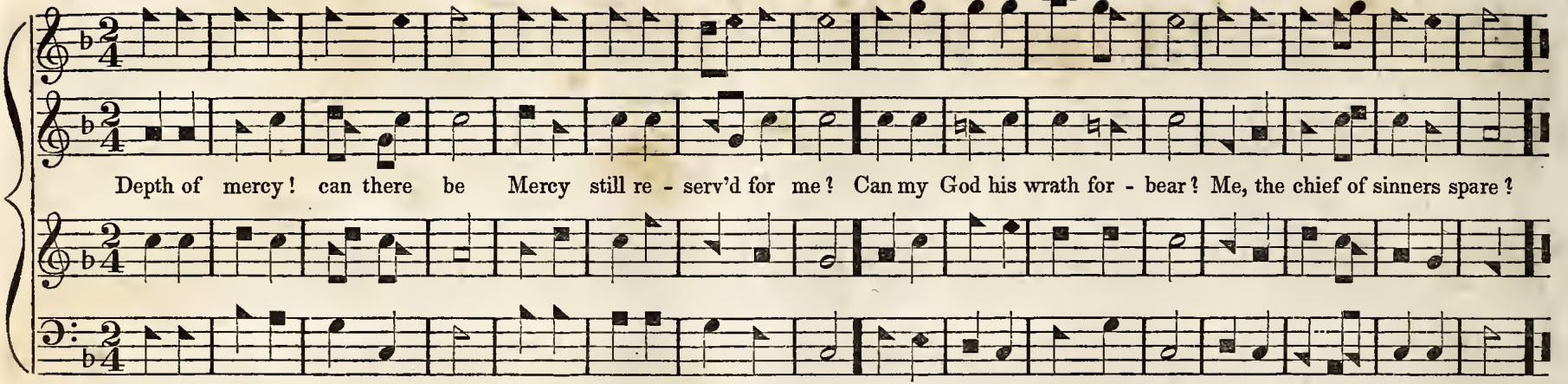


Jesus, see my panting breast!
See, I pant in thee to rest!
Gladly would I now be clean;
Cleanse me now from ev'ry sin.

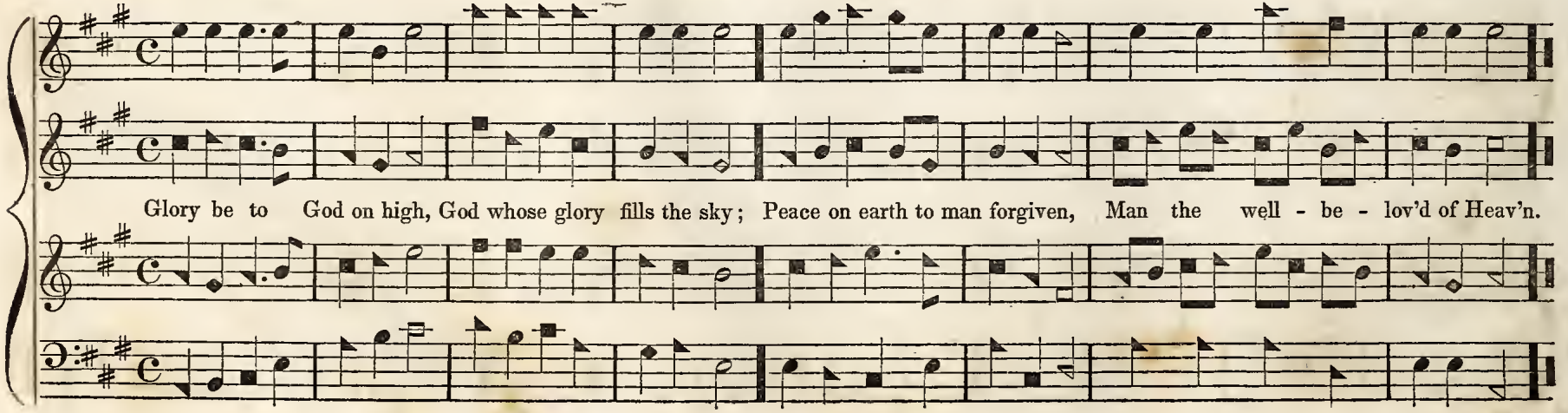
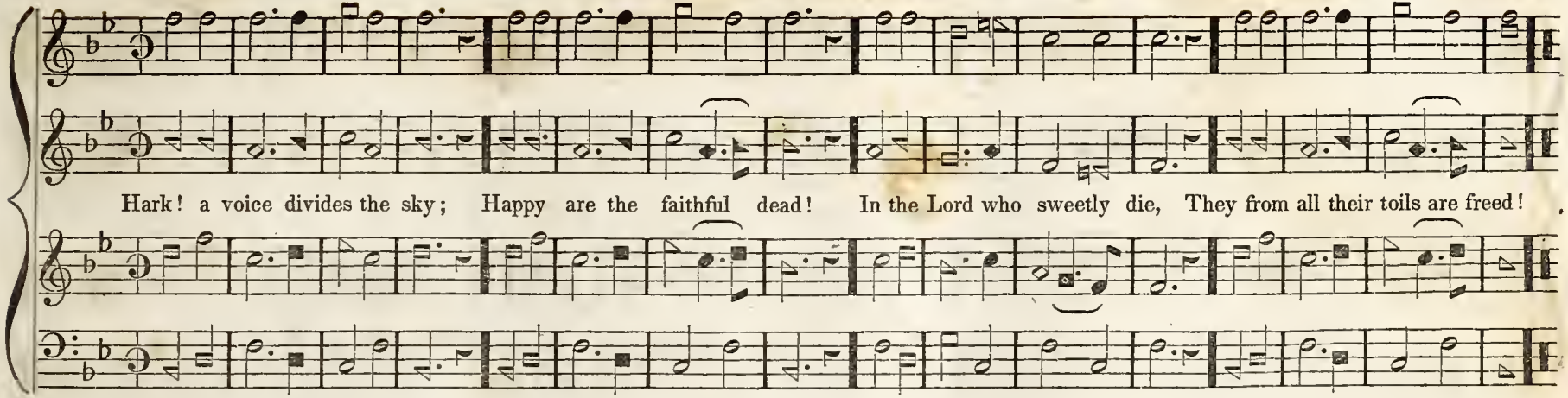
Fix, O fix my wav'ring mind!
To thy cross my spirit bind:
Earthly passions far remove
Swallow up my soul in love.

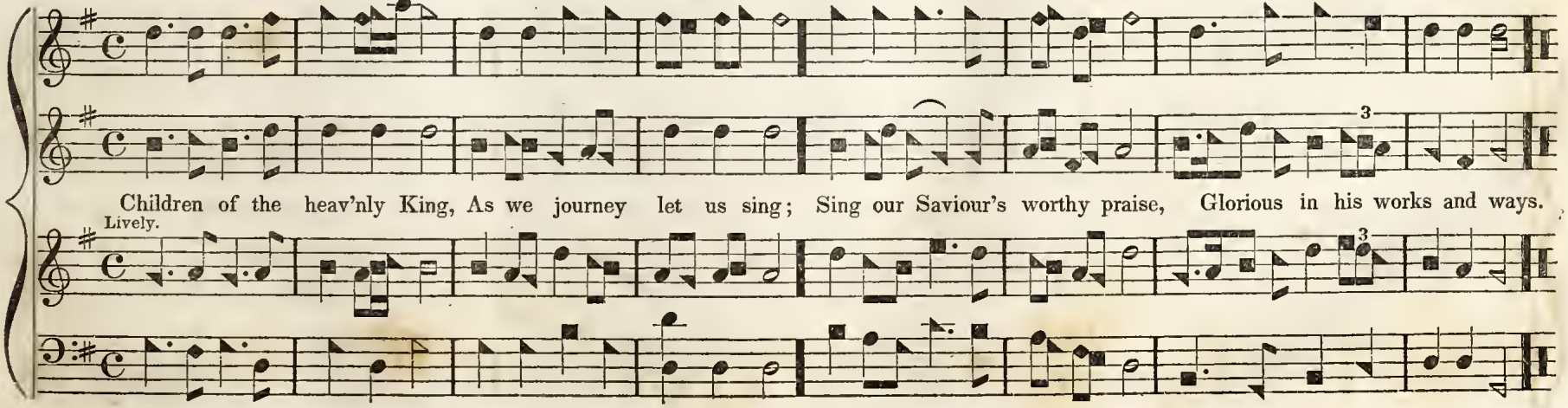
Dust and ashes though we be,
Full of sin and misery,
Thine we are, thou Son of God;
Take the purchase of thy blood.

Hark! the herald an - gels sing "Glory to the new - born King, Glory to the new - born King;
Peace on earth and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners re - con - cil'd, God and sin - ners re - con - cil'd."

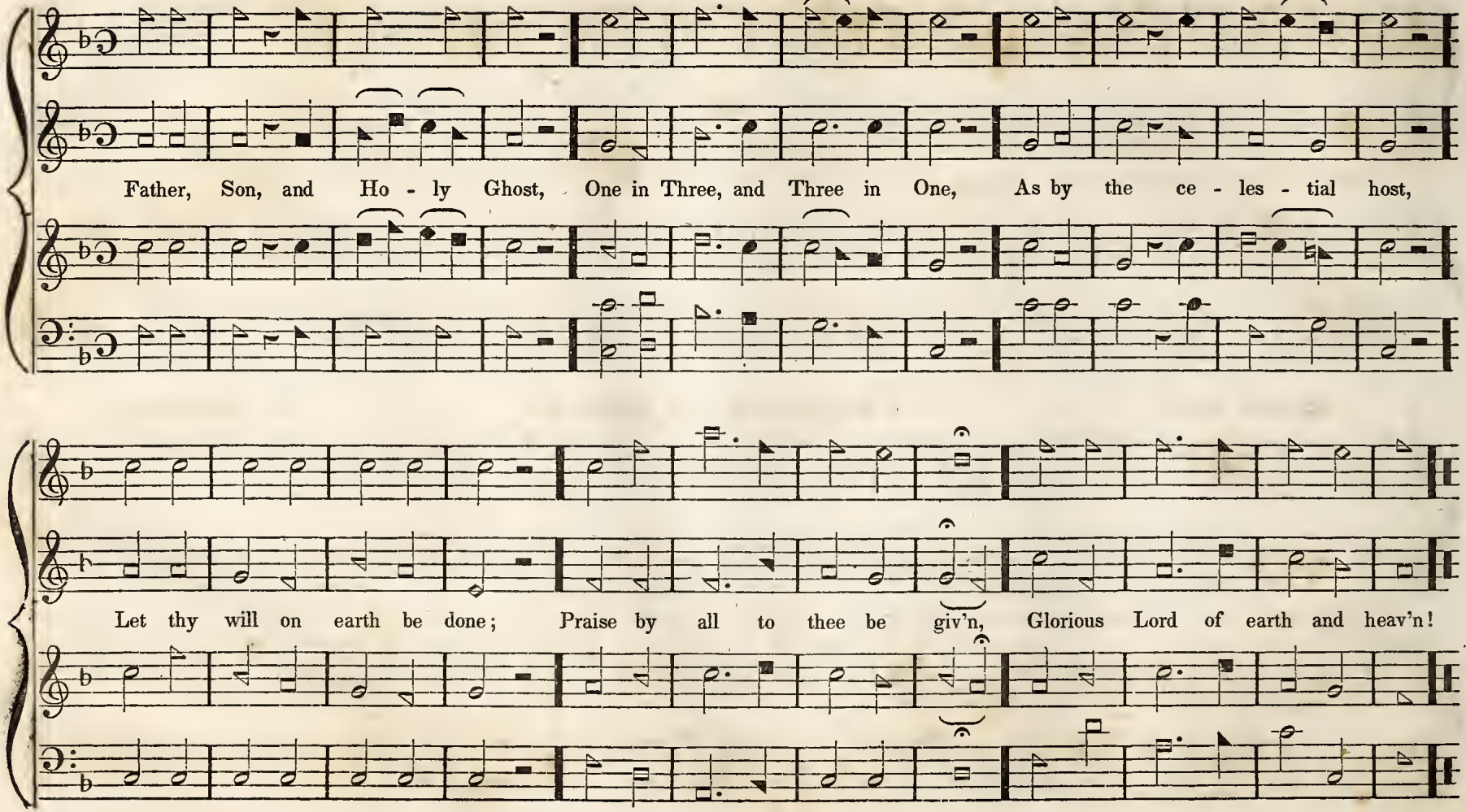
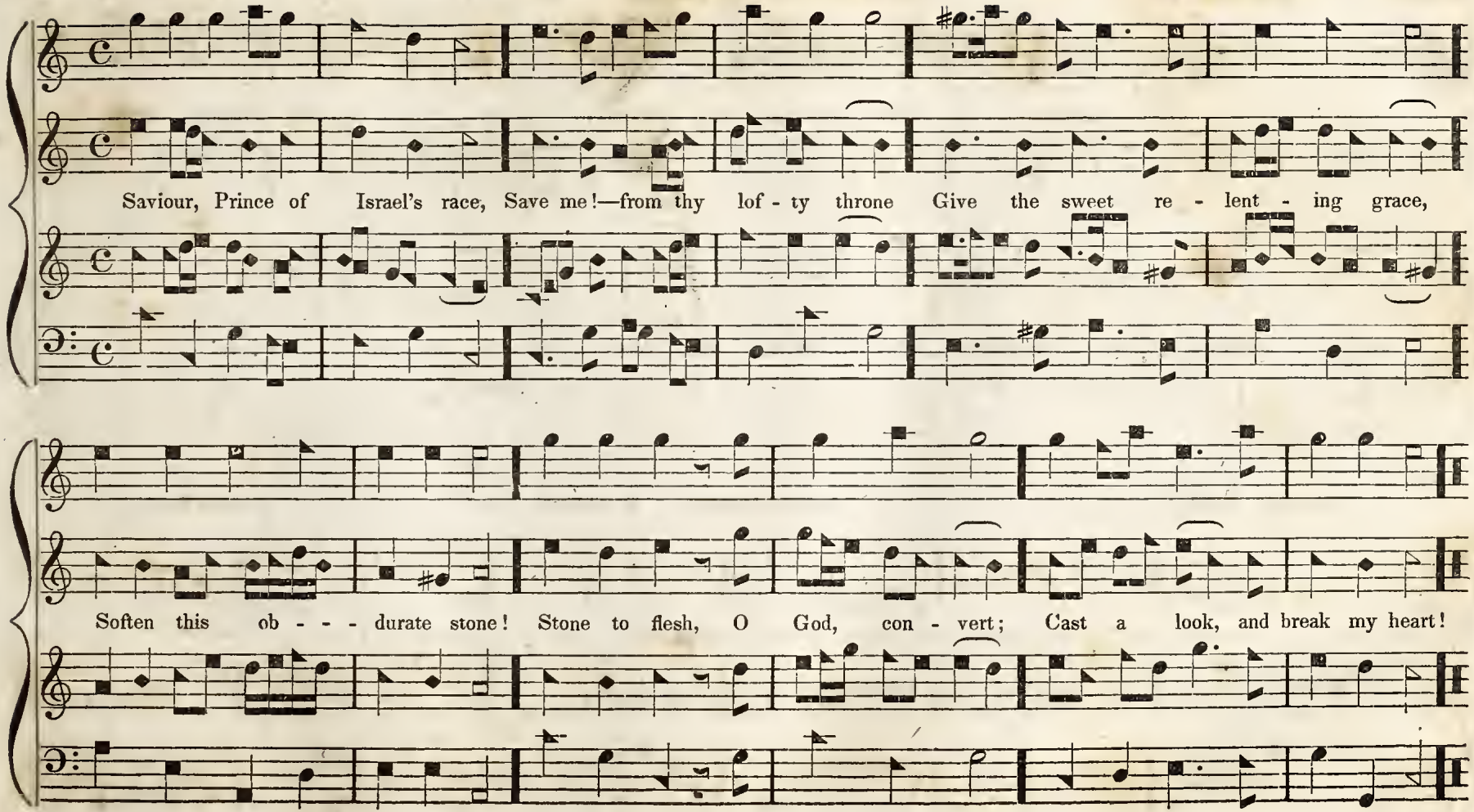
Hymn 92. SAVONA. 4 lines 7's. Clark.



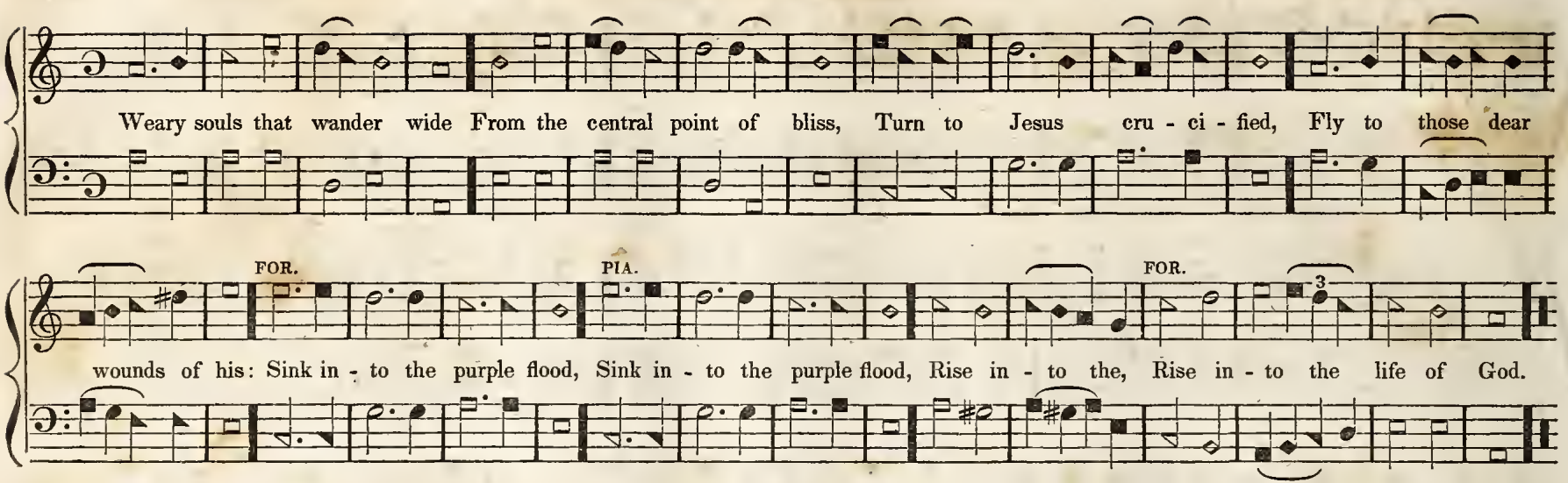
Hymn 265. OTLEY. 4 lines 7's.



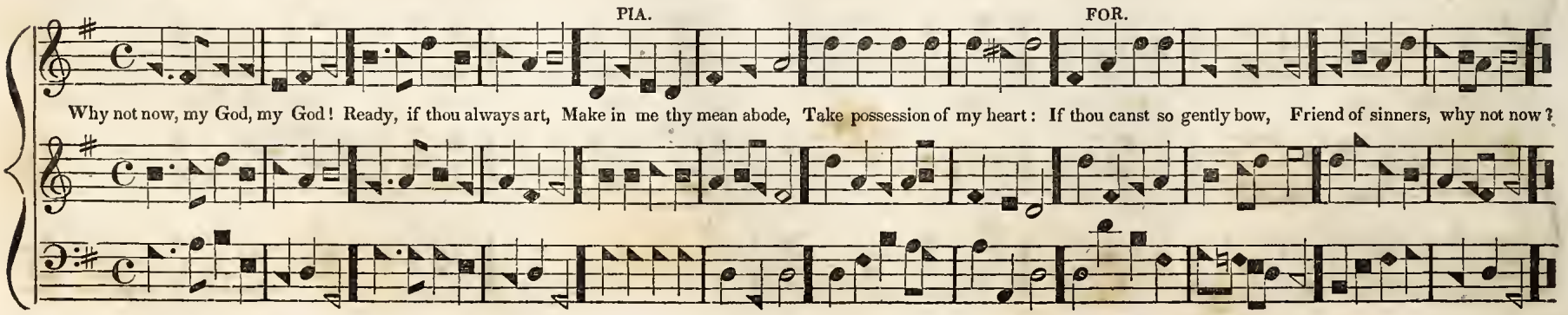
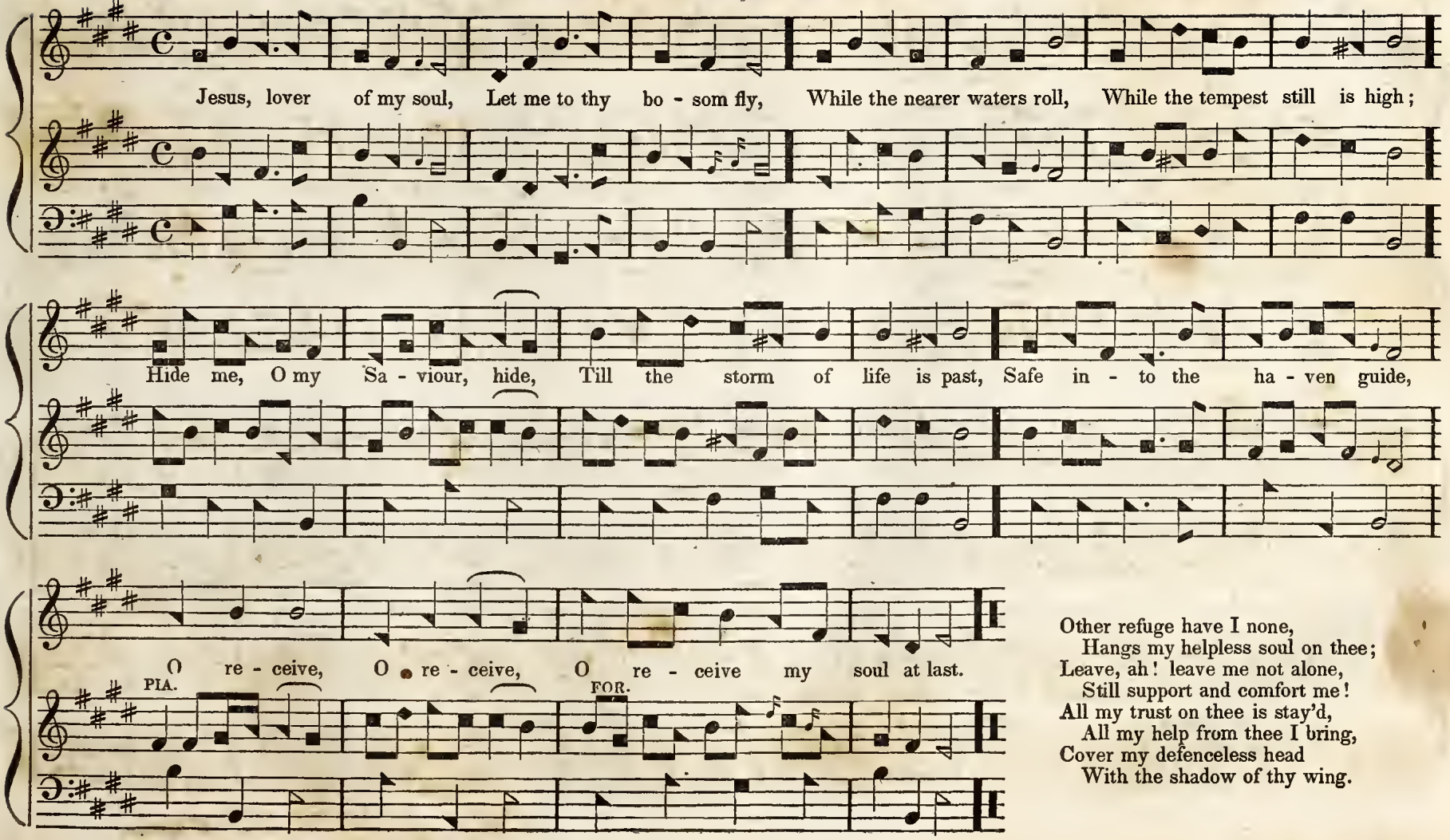
Hymn 382. COOKHAM. 4 lines 7's. Rippon.

Children of the heav'nly King, As we journey let us sing; Sing our Saviour's worthy praise, Glorious in his works and ways.
Lively.


Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, One in Three, and Three in One, As by the ce - les - tial host,
Let thy will on earth be done; Praise by all to thee be giv'n, Glorious Lord of earth and heav'n!

Saviour, Prince of Israel's race, Save me!—from thy lof - ty throne Give the sweet re - lent - ing grace,
Soften this ob - - - durate stone! Stone to flesh, O God, con - vert; Cast a look, and break my heart!

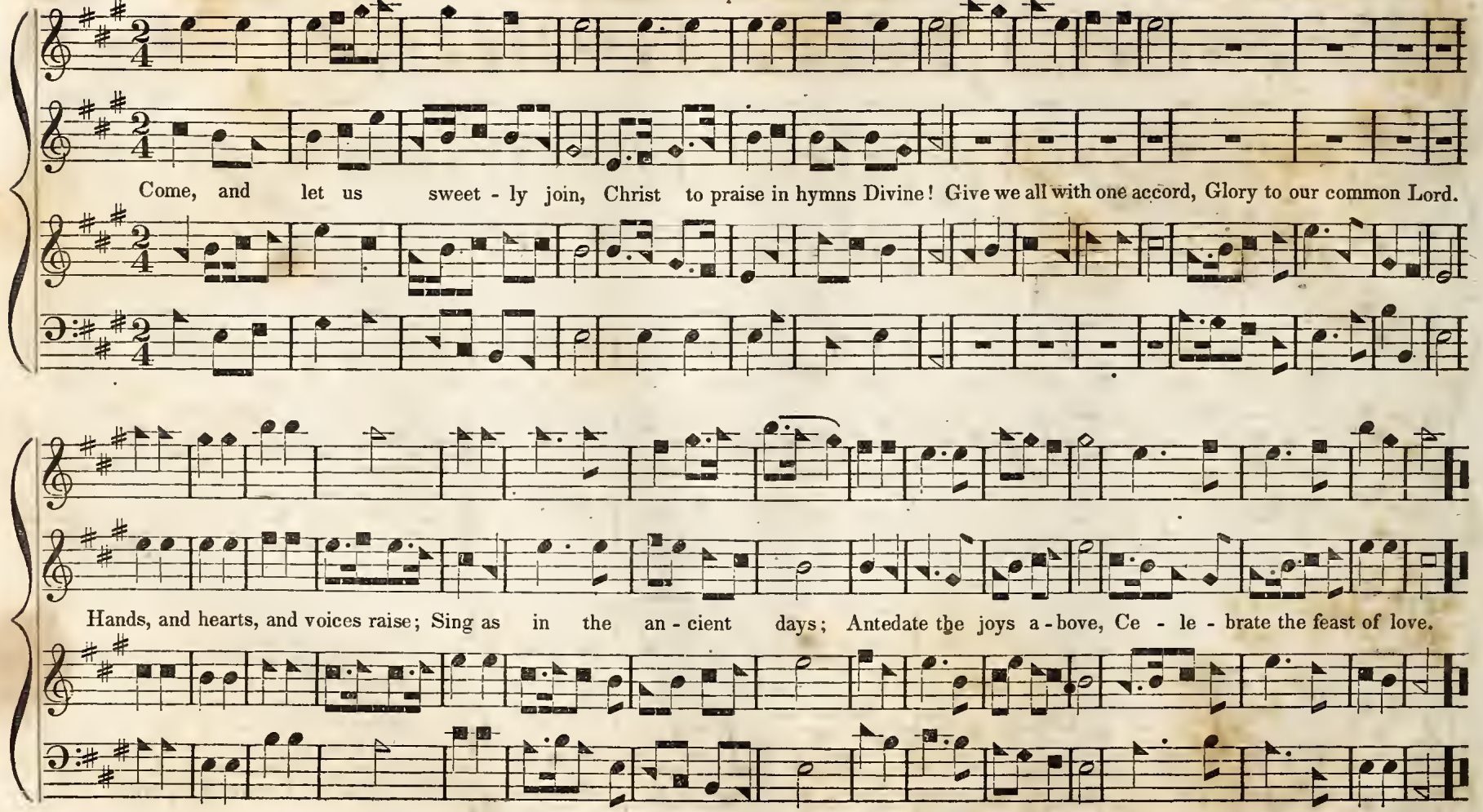
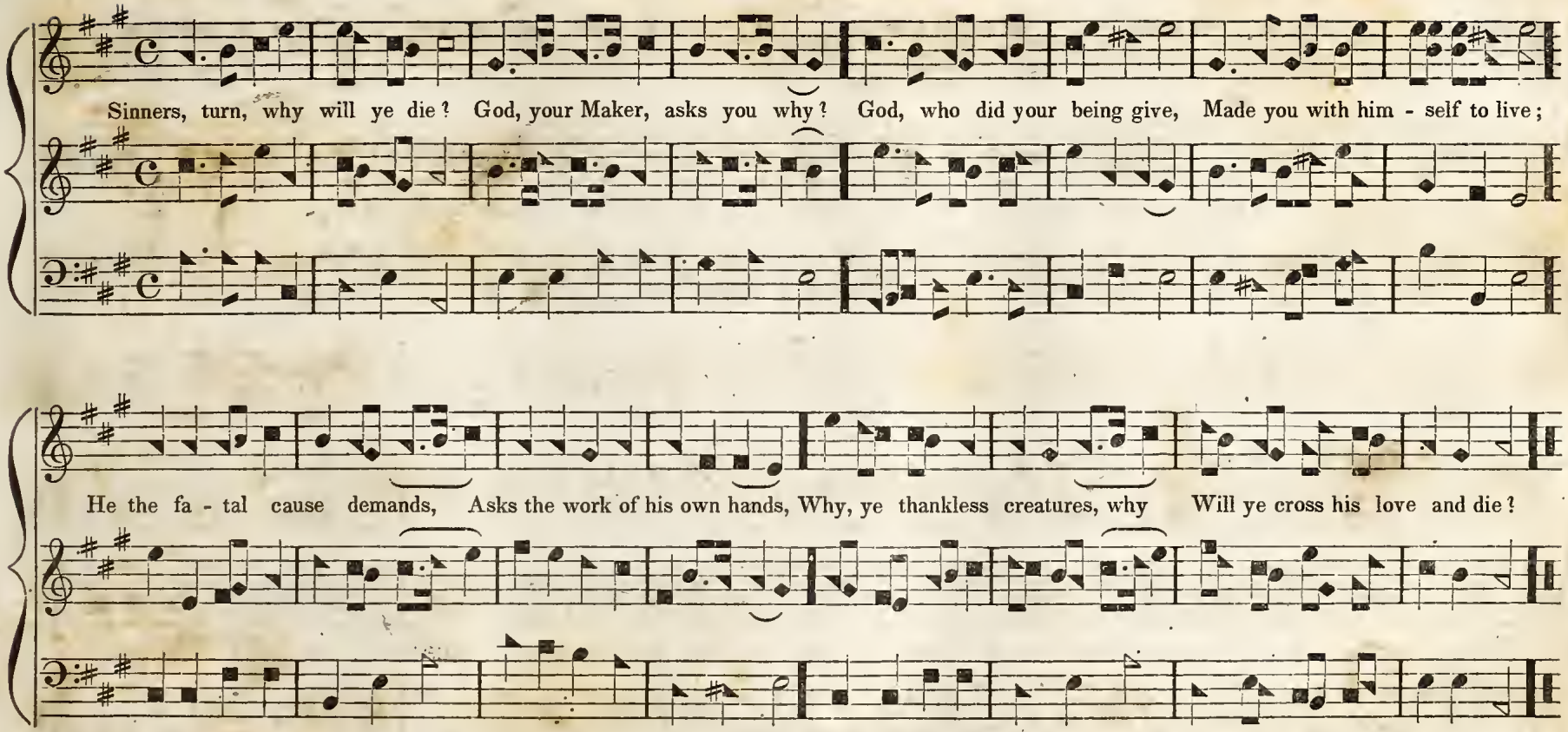
Hymn 9. PETERSFIELD. 6 lines 7's.


Weary souls that wander wide From the central point of bliss, Turn to Jesus cru - ci - fied, Fly to those dear
FOR.
PIA.
FOR.
3
wounds of his: Sink in - to the purple flood, Sink in - to the purple flood, Rise in - to the, Rise in - to the life of God.

Hymn 135. FINEDON. 6 lines 7's. Lockhart.


PIA.
FOR.
Why not now, my God, my God! Ready, if thou always art, Make in me thy mean abode, Take possession of my heart: If thou canst so gently bow, Friend of sinners, why not now?

Jesus, lover of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly, While the nearer waters roll, While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Sa - viour, hide, Till the storm of life is past, Safe in - to the ha - ven guide,
O re - ceive, O re - ceive, O re - ceive my soul at last.
PIA.
FOR.

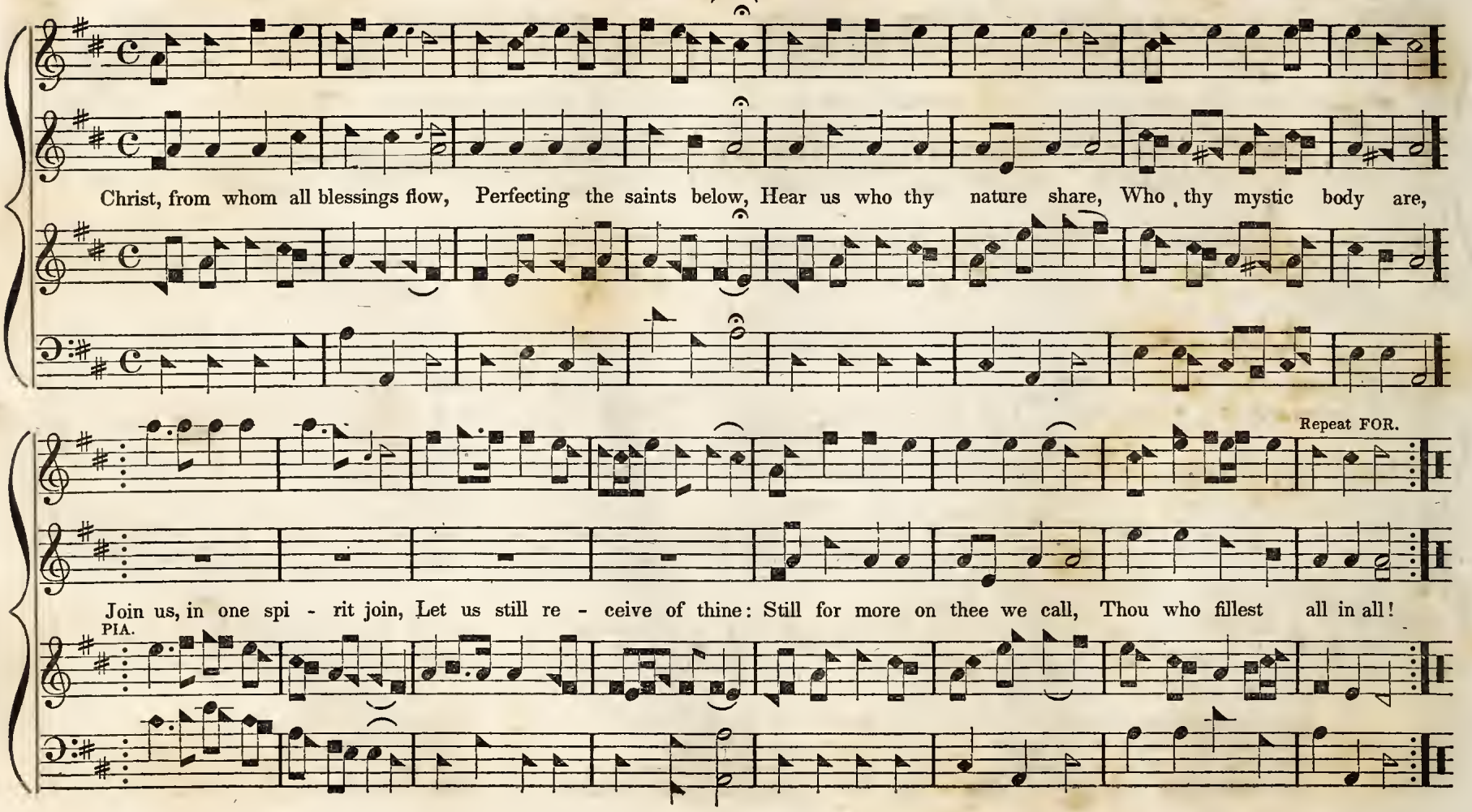
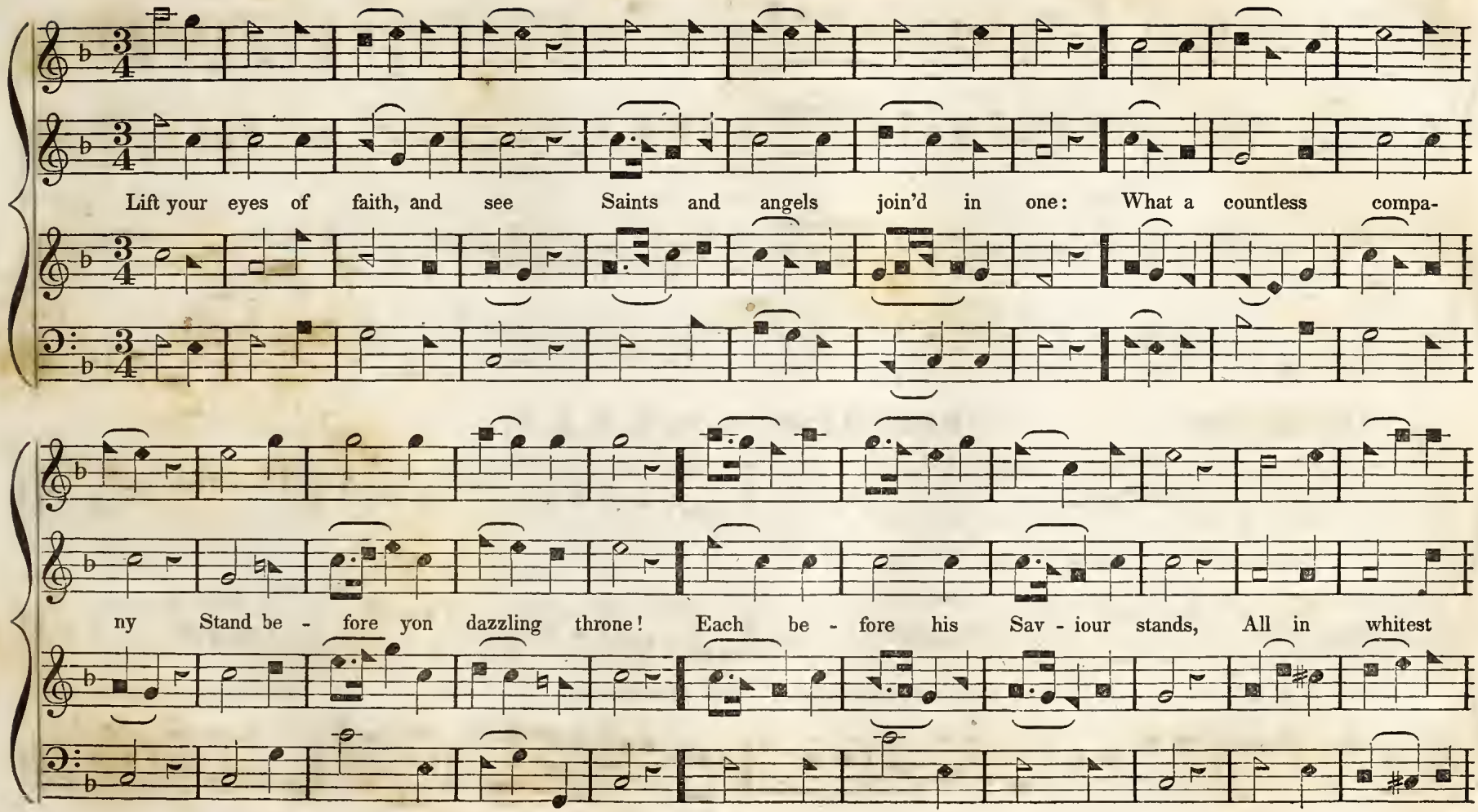
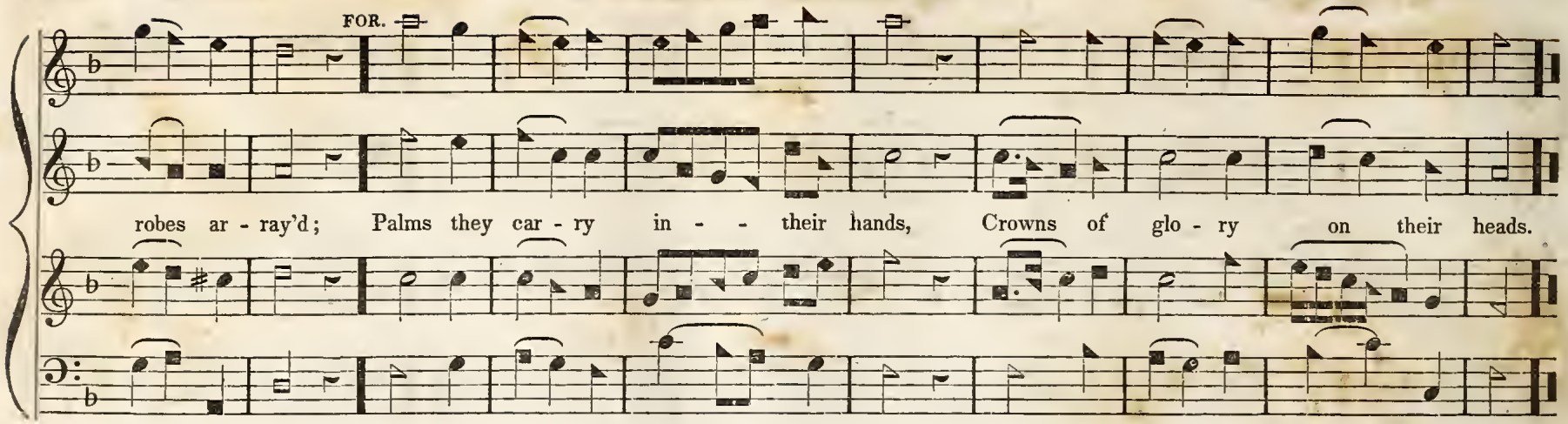
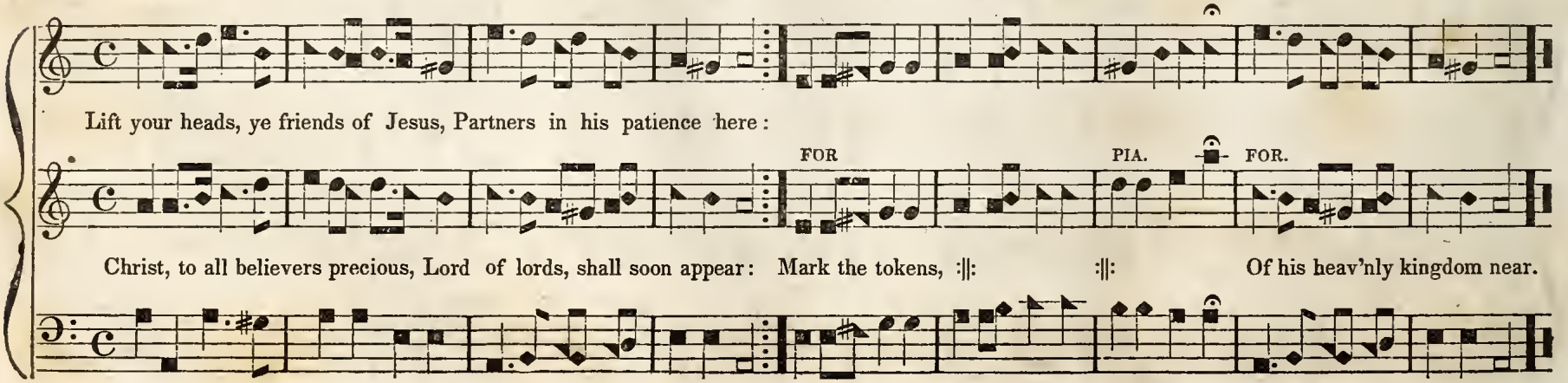
Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me!
All my trust on thee is stay'd,
All my help from thee I bring,
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

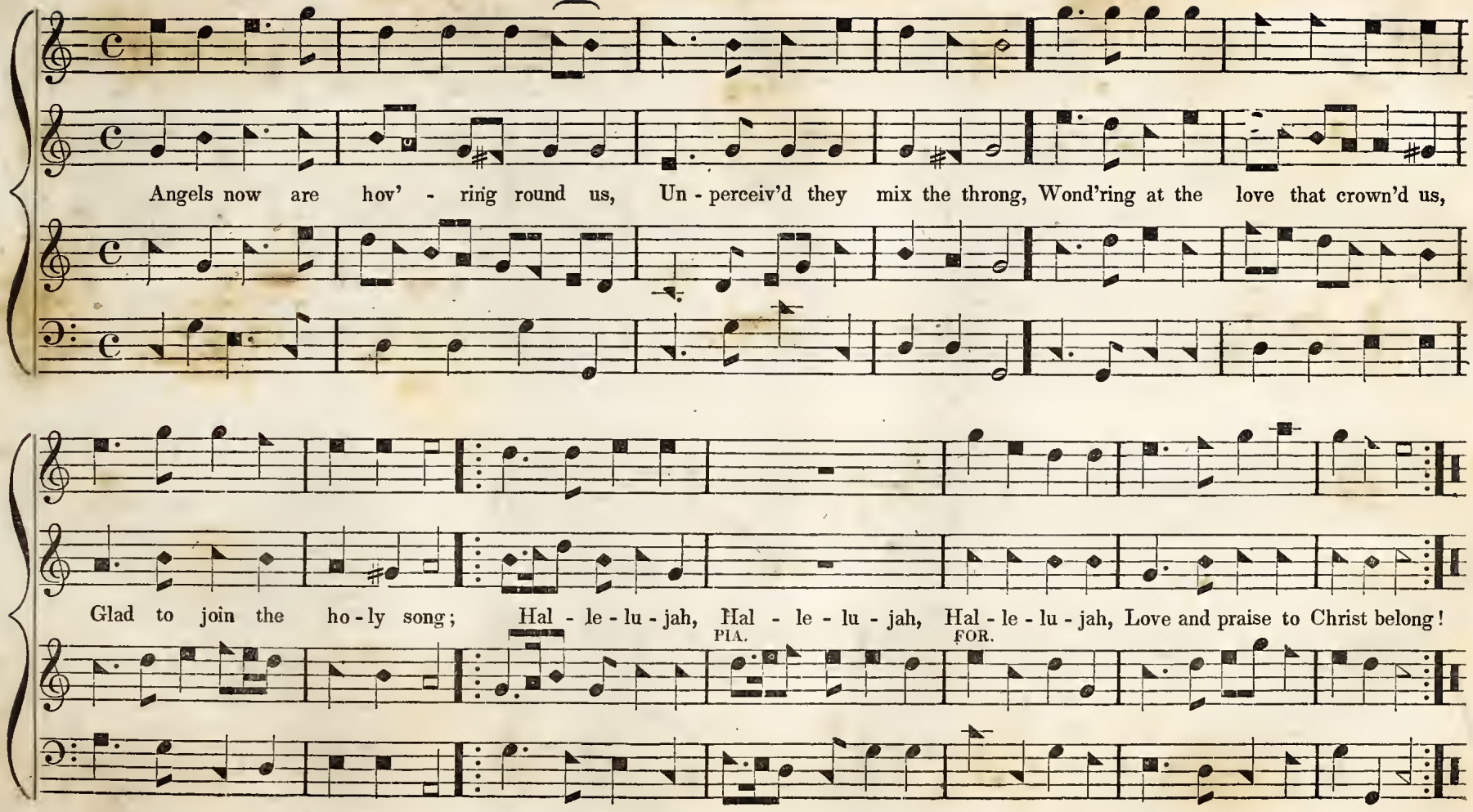

Come, and let us sweet - ly join, Christ to praise in hymns Divine! Give we all with one accord, Glory to our common Lord.
Hands, and hearts, and voices raise; Sing as in the an - cient days; Antedate the joys a - bove, Ce - le - brate the feast of love.

Sinners, turn, why will ye die? God, your Maker, asks you why? God, who did your being give, Made you with him - self to live;
He the fa - tal cause demands, Asks the work of his own hands, Why, ye thankless creatures, why Will ye cross his love and die?

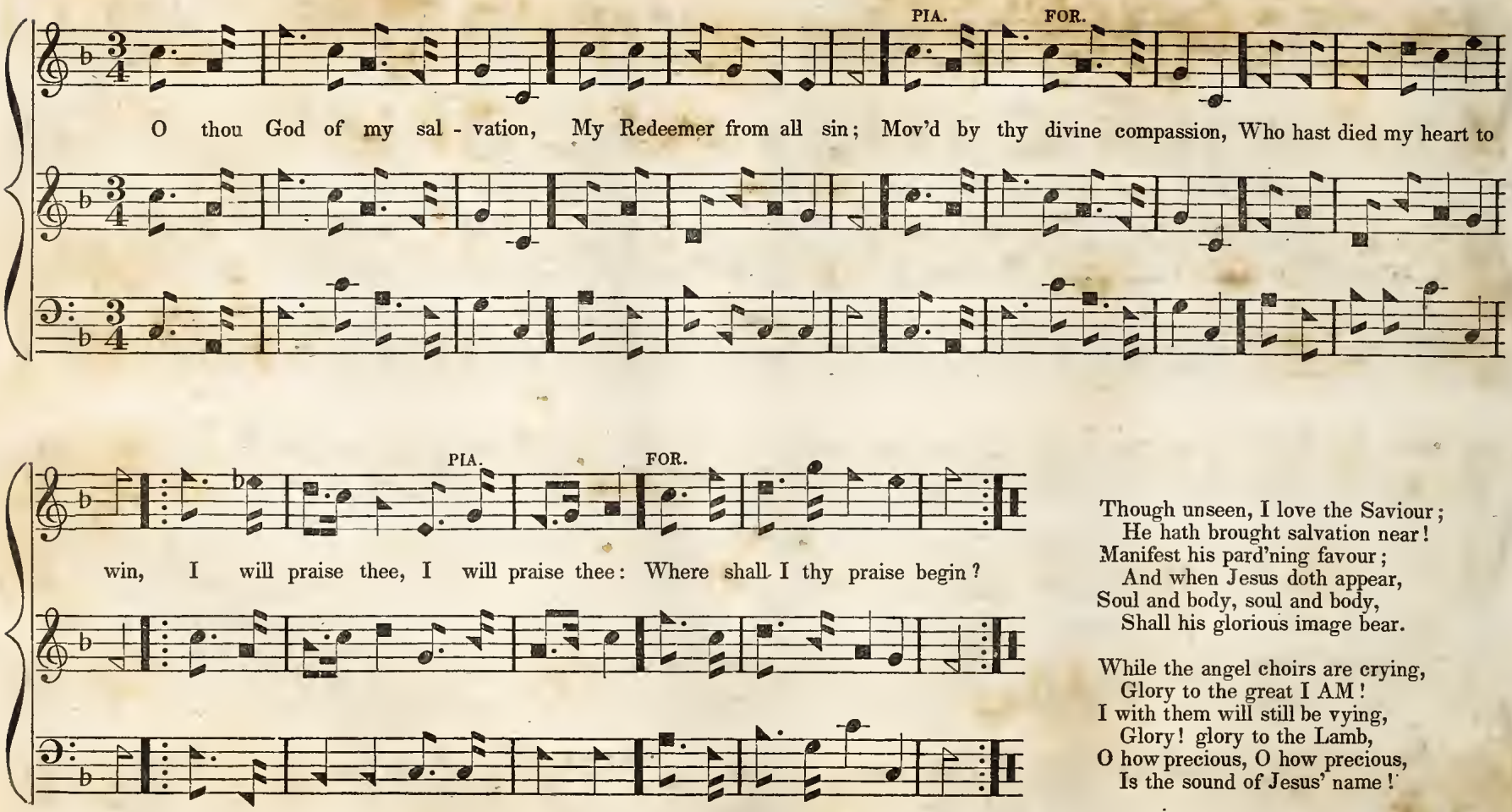
Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why?
God, who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself that ye might live.

Will you let him die in vain!
Crucify your Lord again!
Why, ye ransom'd sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace, and die?

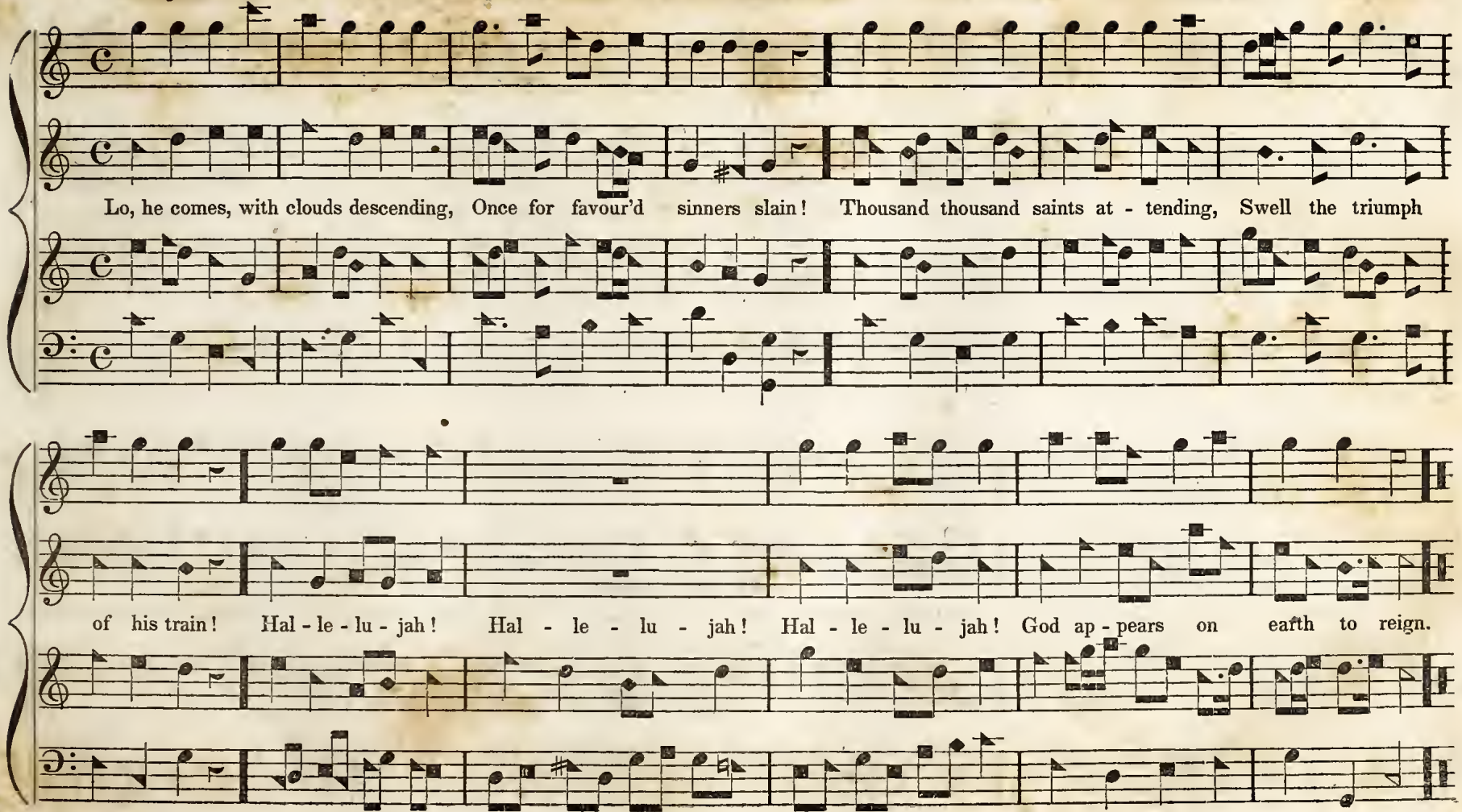
Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, the Spirit asks you why?
He who all your lives hath strove,
Woo'd you to embrace his love.

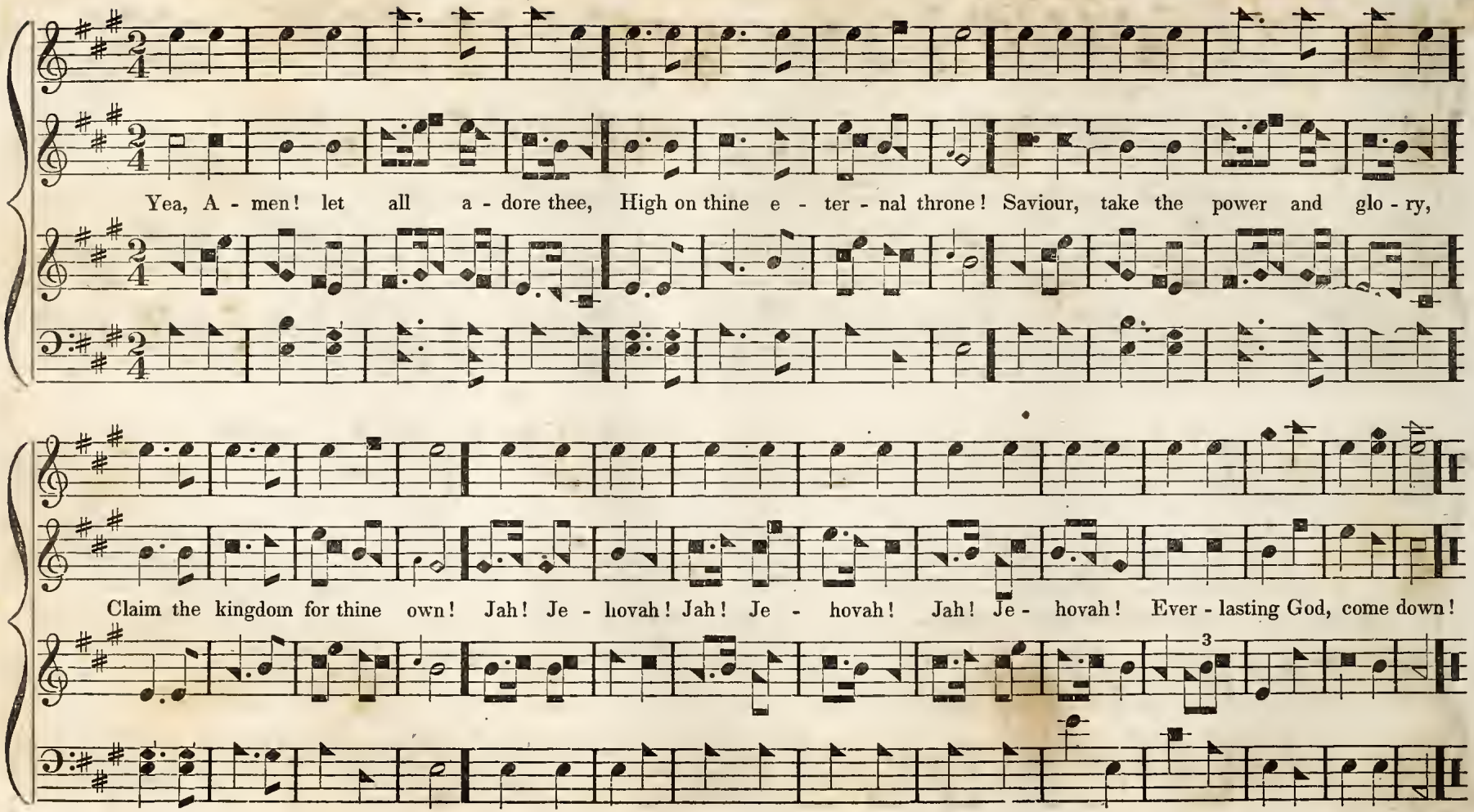
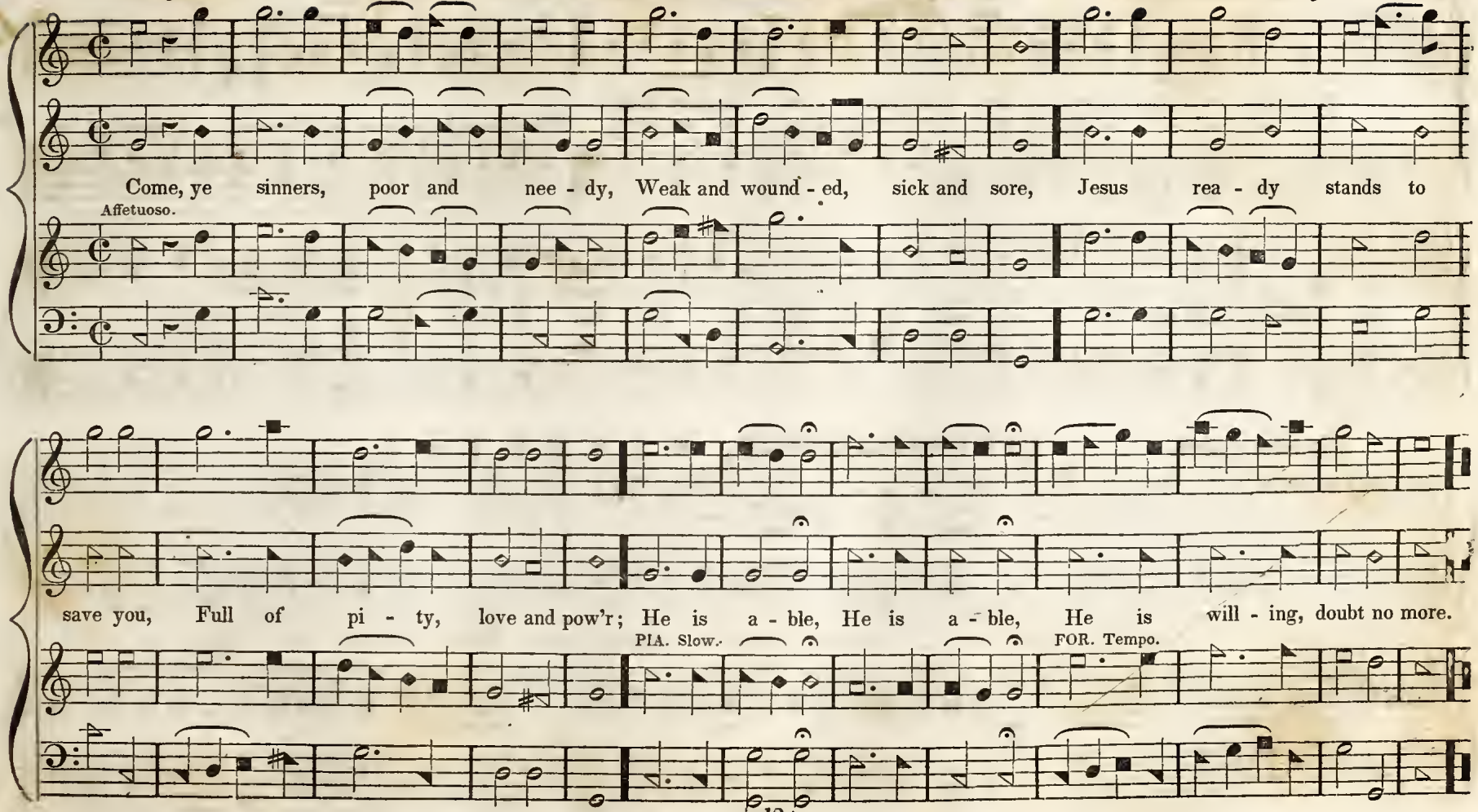

Christ, from whom all blessings flow, Perfecting the saints below, Hear us who thy nature share, Who thy mystic body are,
Repeat FOR.
Join us, in one spi - rit join, Let us still re - ceive of thine: Still for more on thee we call, Thou who fillest all in all!
PIA.

Lift your eyes of faith, and see Saints and angels join'd in one: What a countless compa-
ny Stand be - fore yon dazzling throne! Each be - fore his Sav - iour stands, All in whitest

Hymn 580. KERSHAW. 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

Lift your heads, ye friends of Jesus, Partners in his patience here:
FOR
PIA.
FOR.
Christ, to all believers precious, Lord of lords, shall soon appear: Mark the tokens, :‖: :‖: Of his heav'nly kingdom near.

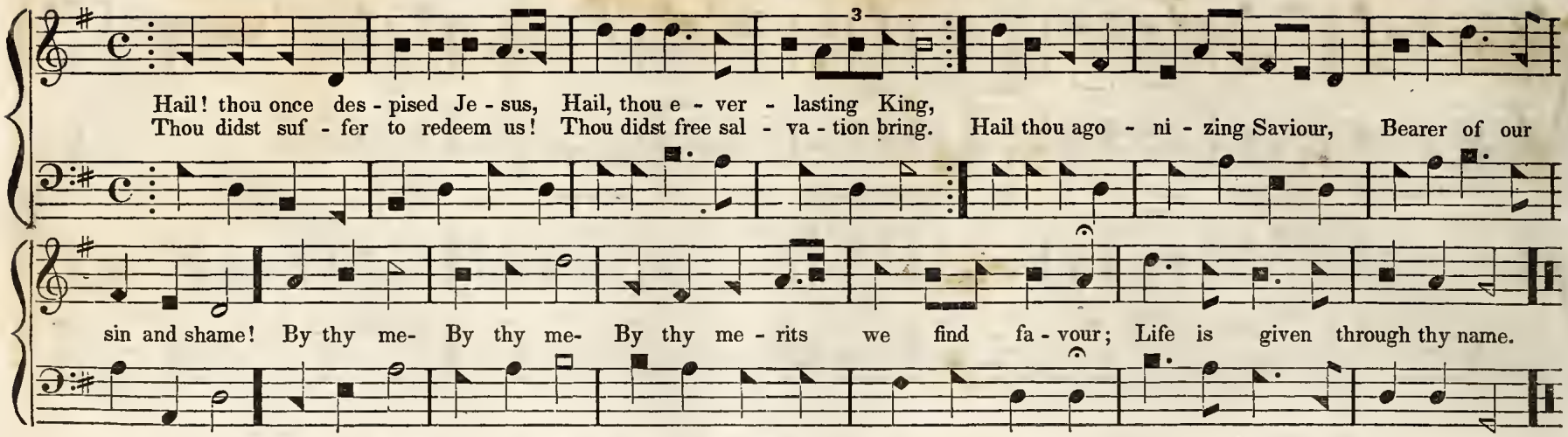

Angels now are hov' - ring round us, Un - perceiv'd they mix the throng, Wond'ring at the love that crown'd us,
Glad to join the ho - ly song; Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Love and praise to Christ belong!
PIA.
FOR.


PIA.
FOR.
O thou God of my sal - vation, My Redeemer from all sin; Mov'd by thy divine compassion, Who hast died my heart to
PIA.
FOR.
win, I will praise thee, I will praise thee: Where shall I thy praise begin?

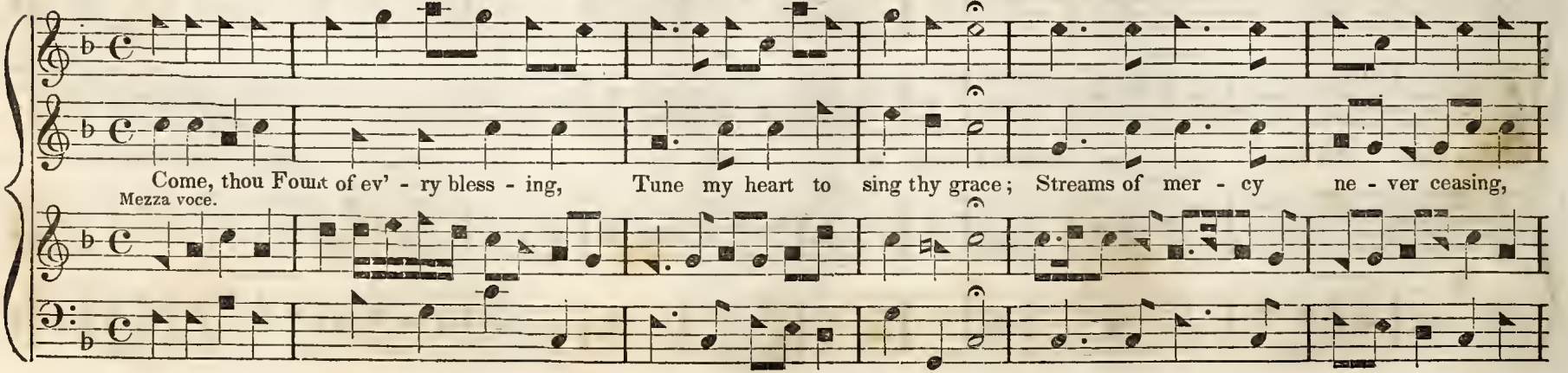
Though unseen, I love the Saviour;
He hath brought salvation near!
Manifest his pard'ning favour;
And when Jesus doth appear,
Soul and body, soul and body,
Shall his glorious image bear.

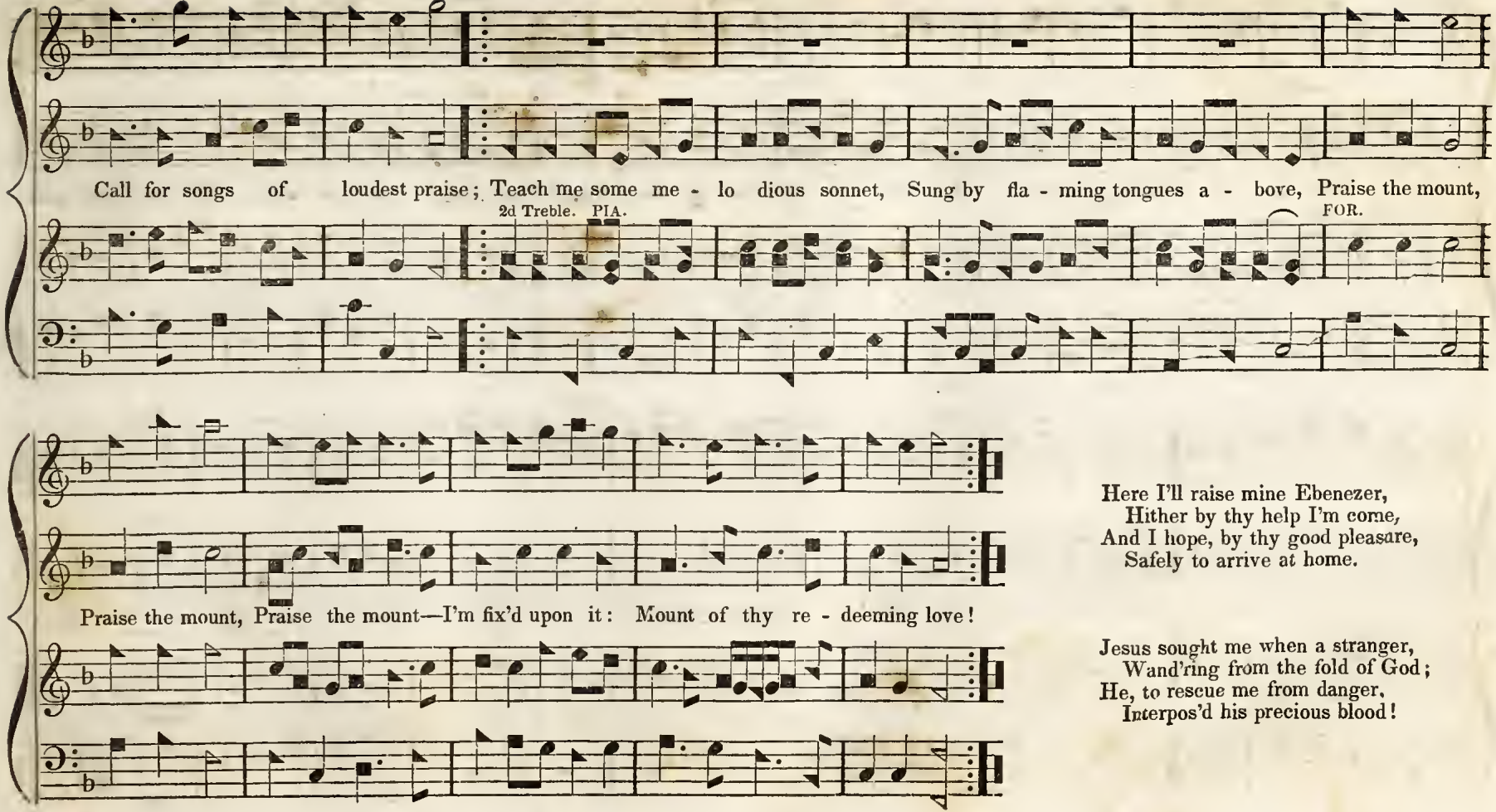
While the angel choirs are crying,
Glory to the great I AM!
I with them will still be vying,
Glory! glory to the Lamb,
O how precious, O how precious,
Is the sound of Jesus' name!

Lo, he comes, with clouds descending, Once for favour'd sinners slain! Thousand thousand saints at - tending, Swell the triumph
of his train! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! God ap - pears on earth to reign.


Yea, A - men! let all a - dore thee, High on thine e - ter - nal throne! Saviour, take the power and glo - ry,
Claim the kingdom for thine own! Jah! Je - hovah! Jah! Je - hovah! Jah! Je - hovah! Ever - lasting God, come down!

Come, ye sinners, poor and nee - dy, Weak and wound - ed, sick and sore, Jesus rea - dy stands to
Affetuoso.
save you, Full of pi - ty, love and pow'r; He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is will - ing, doubt no more.
PIA. Slow.
FOR. Tempo.

Hymn 281. JEWIN-STREET. 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.

3
Hail! thou once des - pised Je - sus, Hail, thou e - ver - lasting King,
Thou didst suf - fer to redeem us! Thou didst free sal - va - tion bring. Hail thou ago - ni - zing Saviour, Bearer of our
sin and shame! By thy me- By thy me- By thy me - rits we find fa - vour; Life is given through thy name.

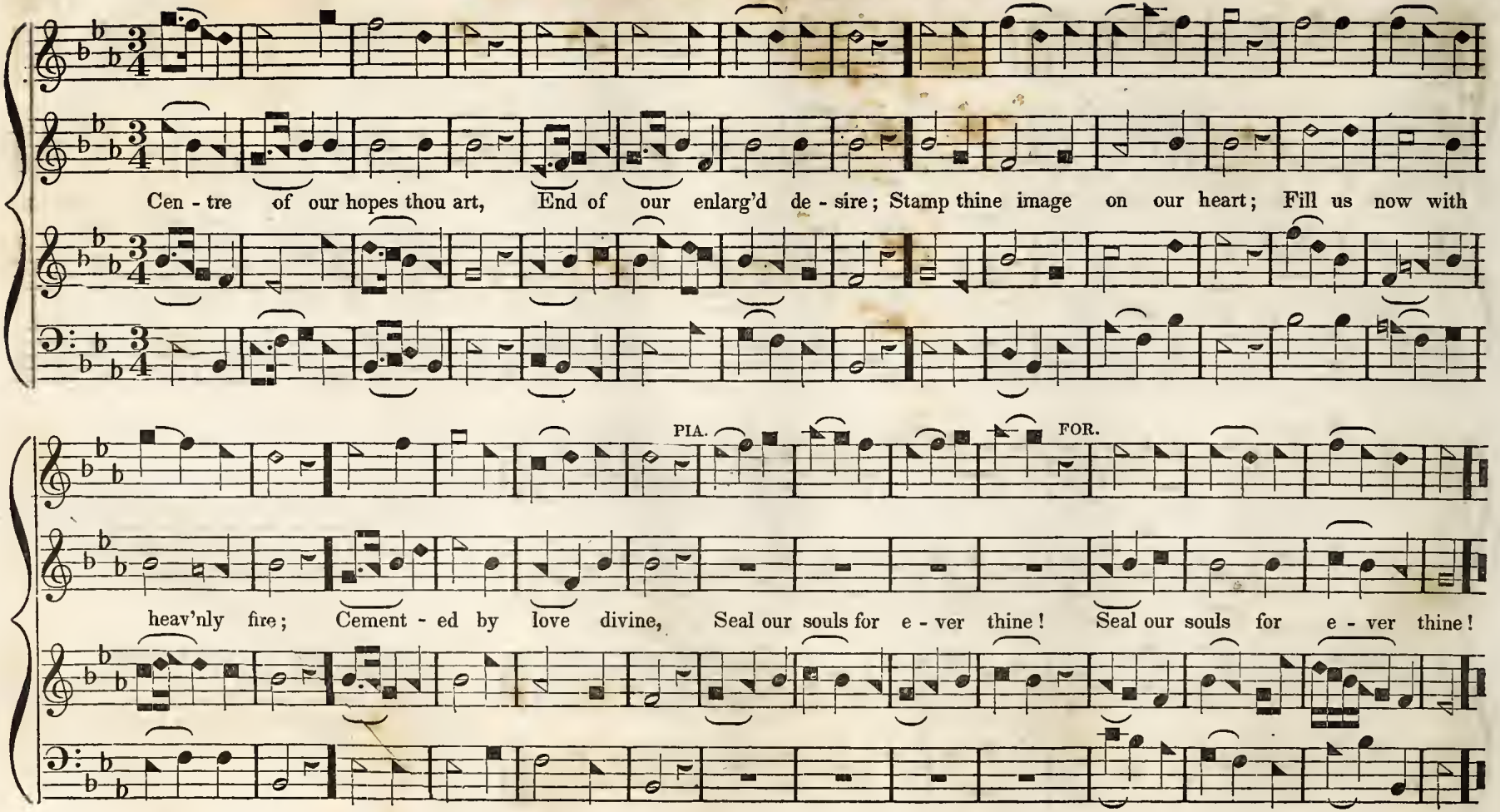
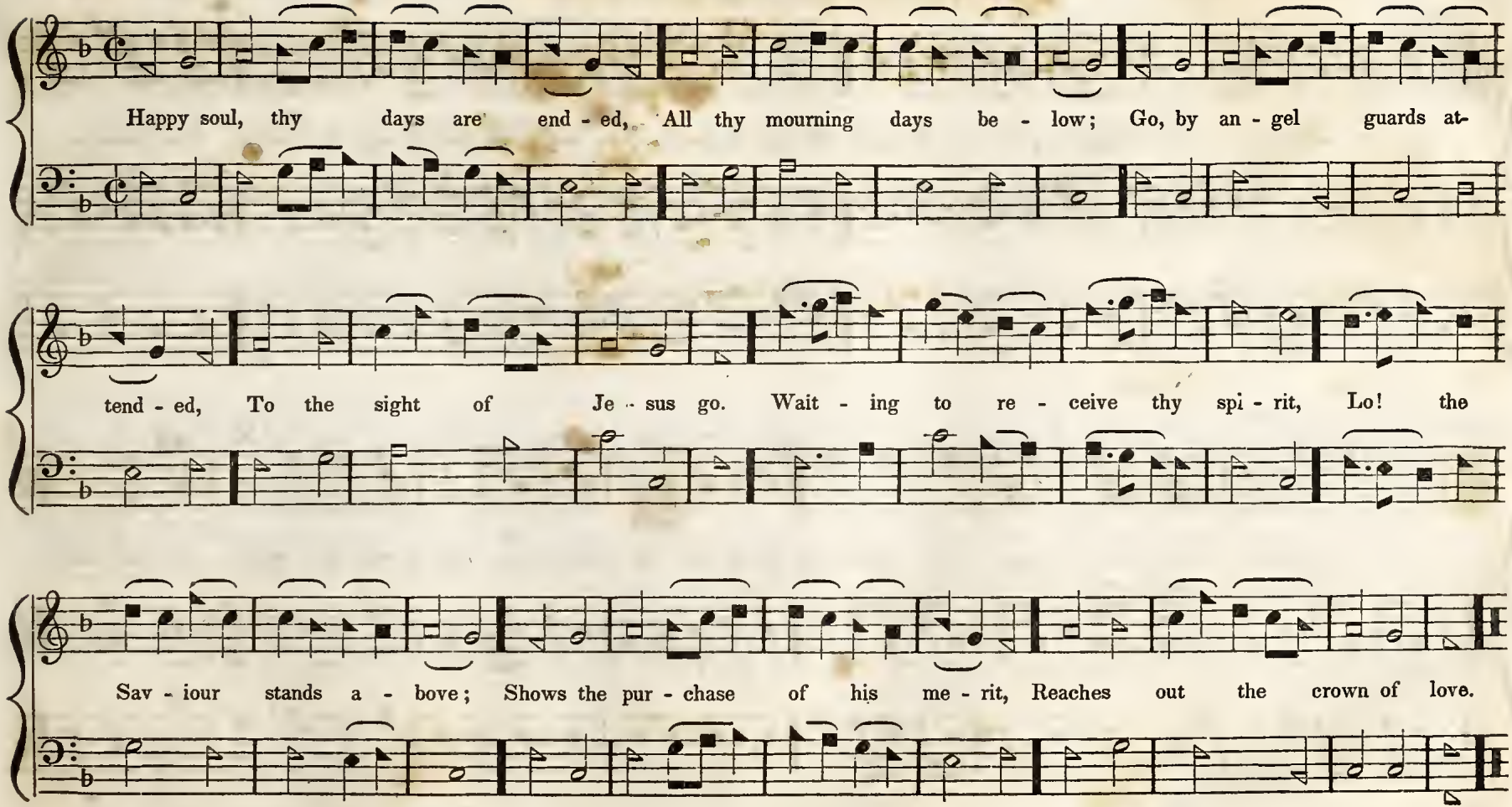
Hymn 250. QUEENSBOROUGH. 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.

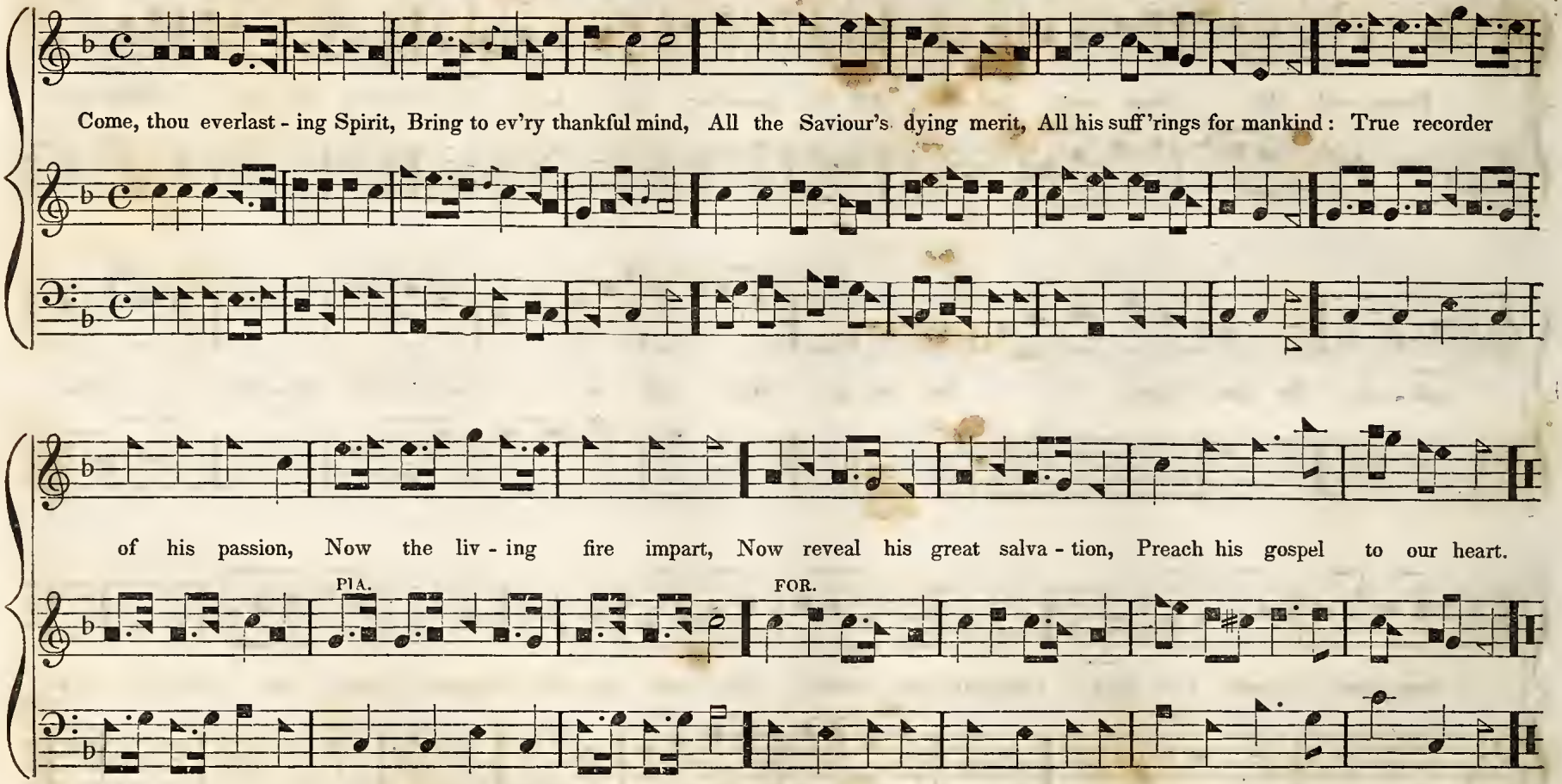


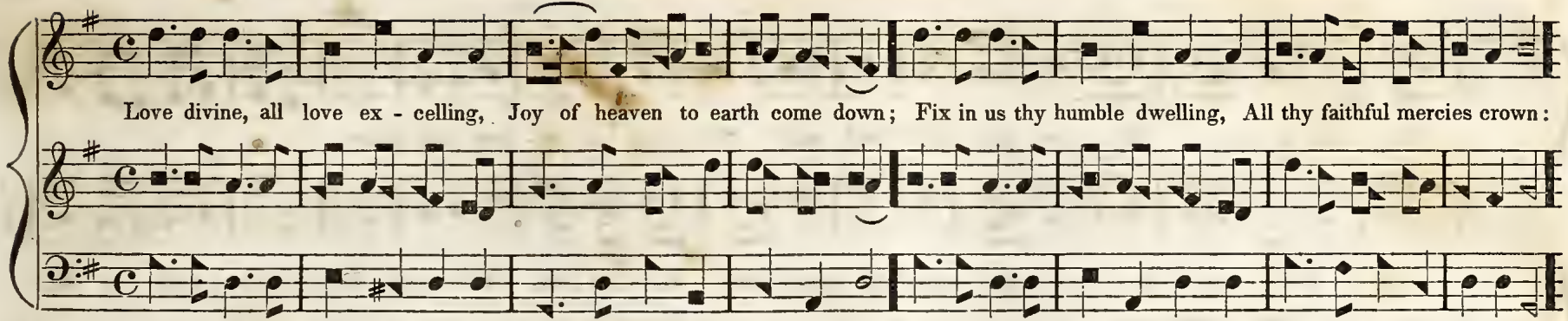
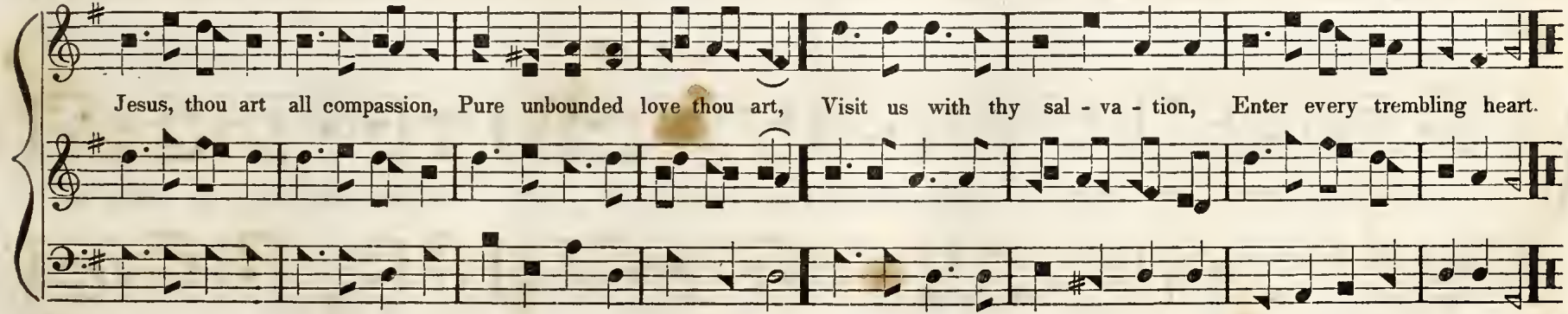

Call for songs of loudest praise; Teach me some me - lo dious sonnet, Sung by fla - ming tongues a - bove, Praise the mount,
2d Treble. PIA.
FOR.
Praise the mount, Praise the mount—I'm fix'd upon it: Mount of thy re - deeming love!

Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come,
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.

Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interpos'd his precious blood!

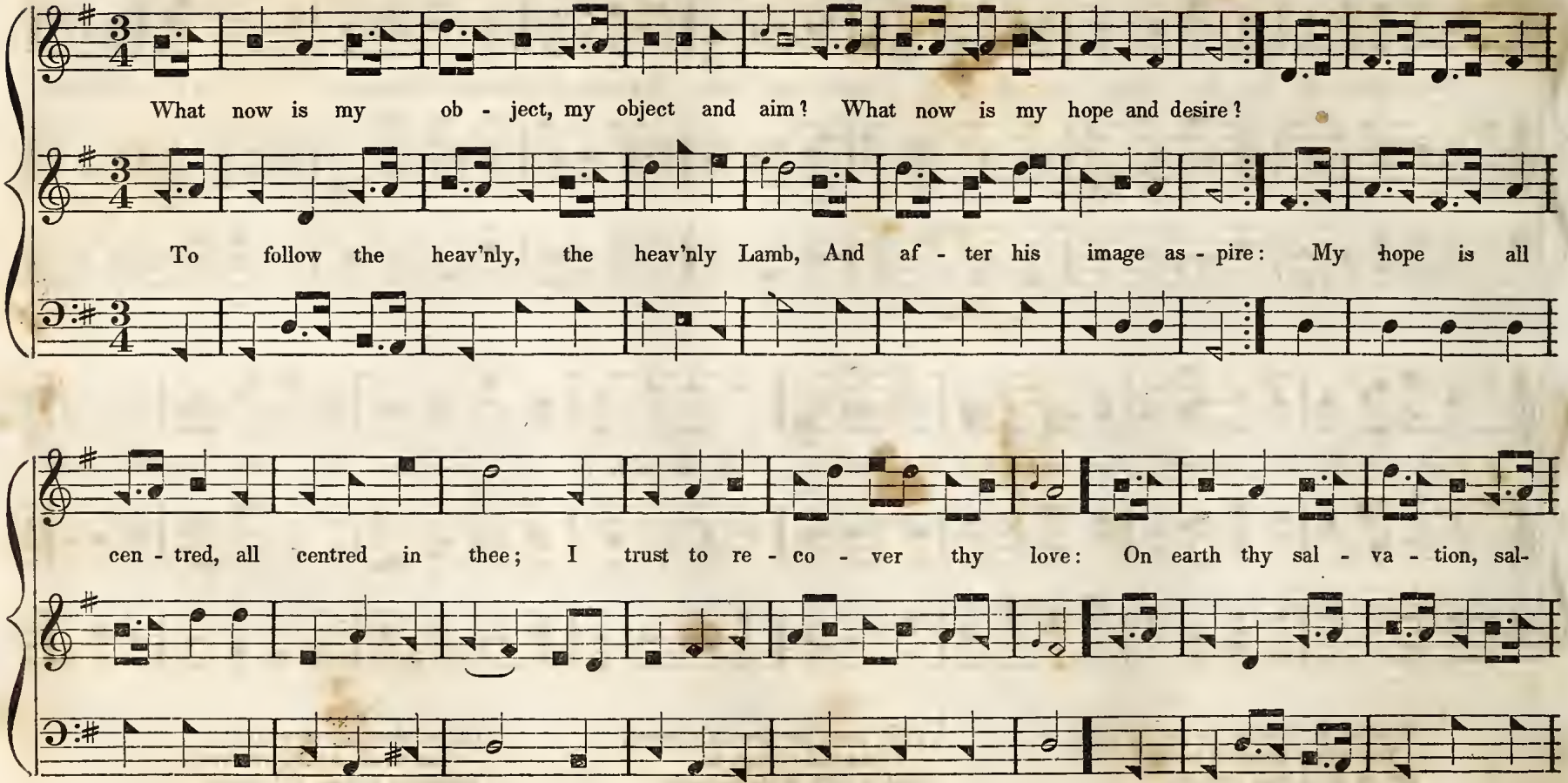

Cen - tre of our hopes thou art, End of our enlarg'd de - sire; Stamp thine image on our heart; Fill us now with
PIA.
FOR.
heav'nly fire; Cement - ed by love divine, Seal our souls for e - ver thine! Seal our souls for e - ver thine!

Happy soul, thy days are end - ed, All thy mourning days be - low; Go, by an - gel guards at-
tend - ed, To the sight of Je - sus go. Wait - ing to re - ceive thy spi - rit, Lo! the
Sav - iour stands a - bove; Shows the pur - chase of his me - rit, Reaches out the crown of love.


Come, thou everlast - ing Spirit, Bring to ev'ry thankful mind, All the Saviour's dying merit, All his suff'rings for mankind: True recorder
of his passion, Now the liv - ing fire impart, Now reveal his great salva - tion, Preach his gospel to our heart.
PIA.
FOR.


Love divine, all love ex - celling, Joy of heaven to earth come down; Fix in us thy humble dwelling, All thy faithful mercies crown:

Breathe, O breathe thy loving spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find that second rest.

Take away our bent of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be,
End of faith as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave.


What now is my ob - ject, my object and aim? What now is my hope and desire?
To follow the heav'nly, the heav'nly Lamb, And af - ter his image as - pire: My hope is all
cen - tred, all centred in thee; I trust to re - co - ver thy love: On earth thy sal - va - tion, sal-

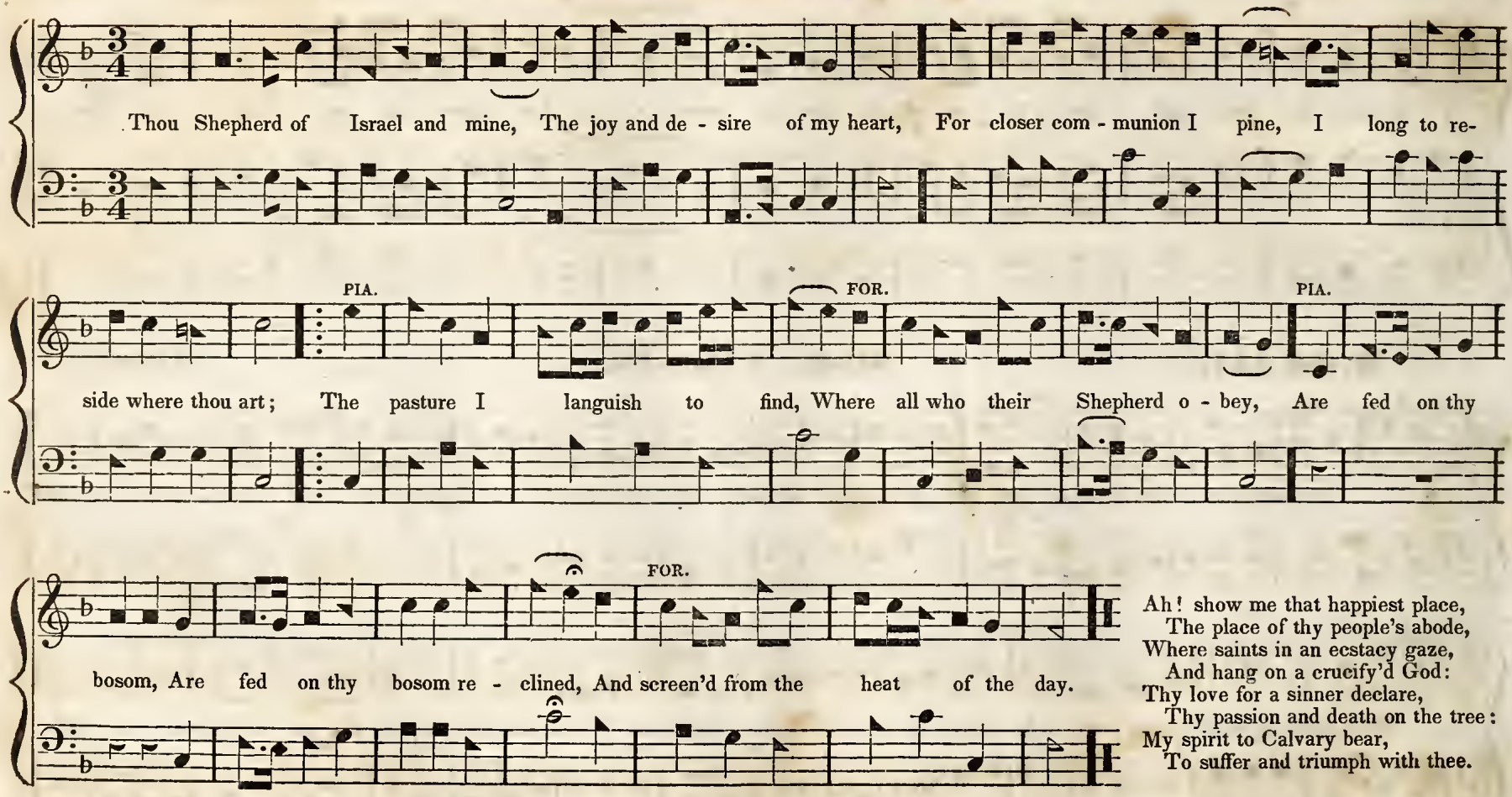
va - tion to see, And then to en - joy thee a bove, - - - And then to en - joy thee a - bove.

Hymn 541. **SION. 8 lines 8's.** **Miller.**

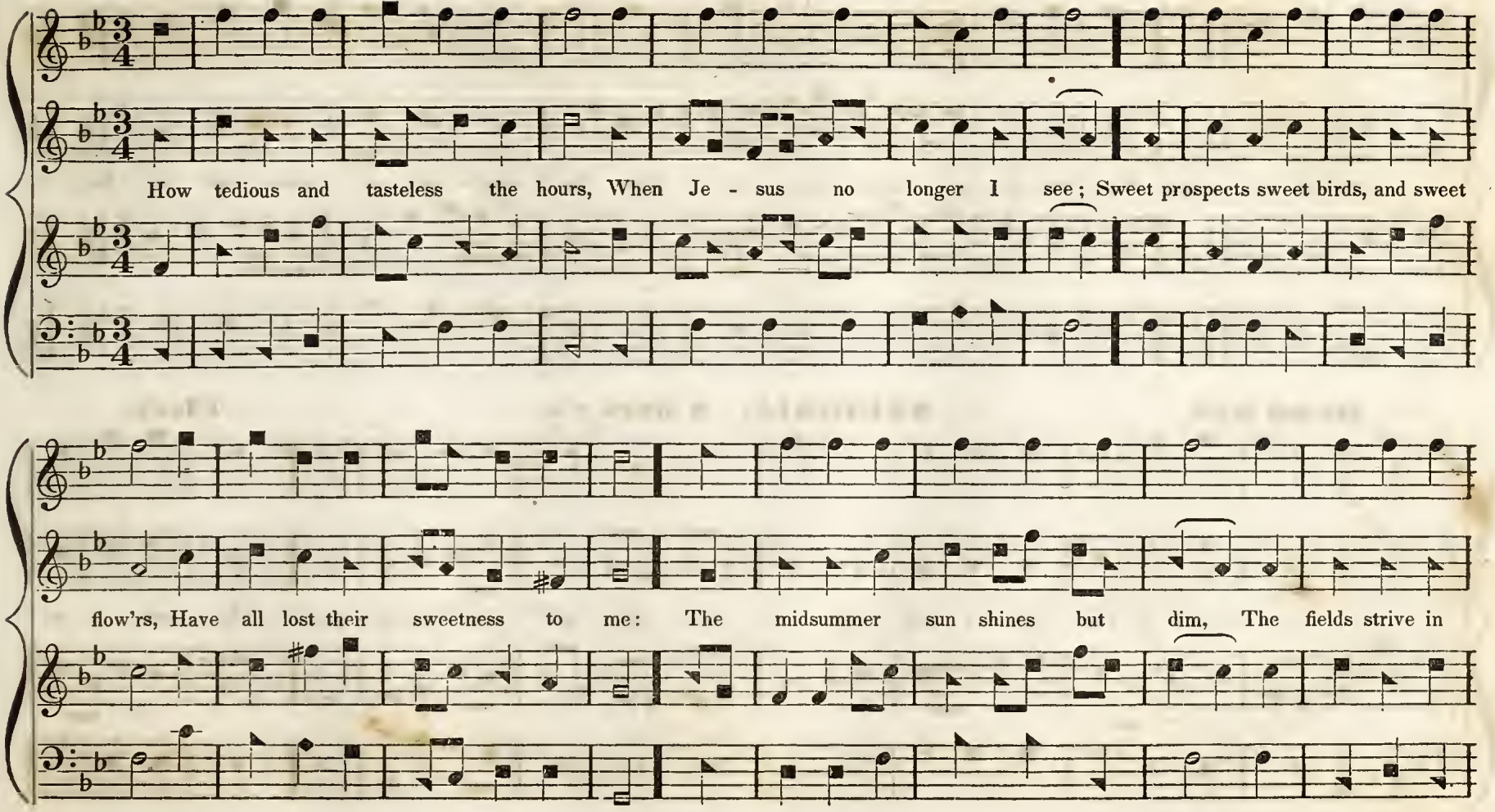
Away with our sorrow and fear, We soon shall recover our home; The city of saints shall appear; The day of e - terni - ty come.

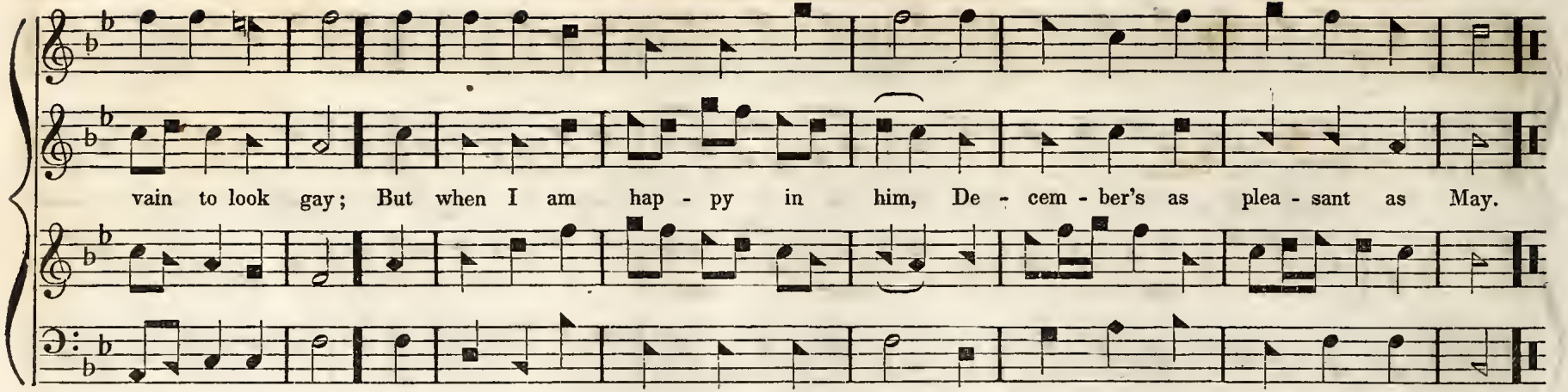
Tutti. Trebles. Tutti.

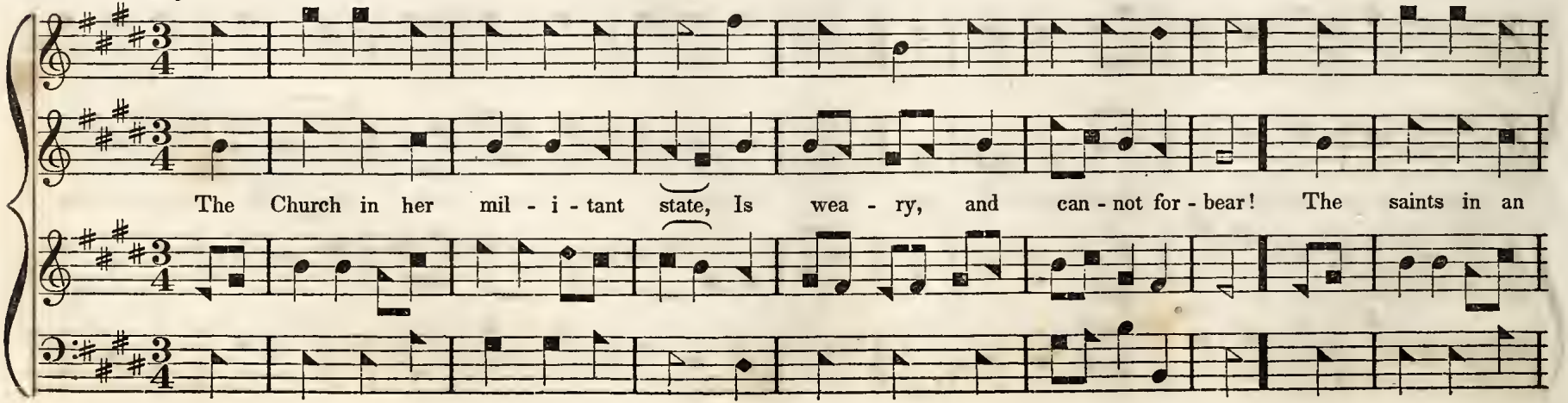
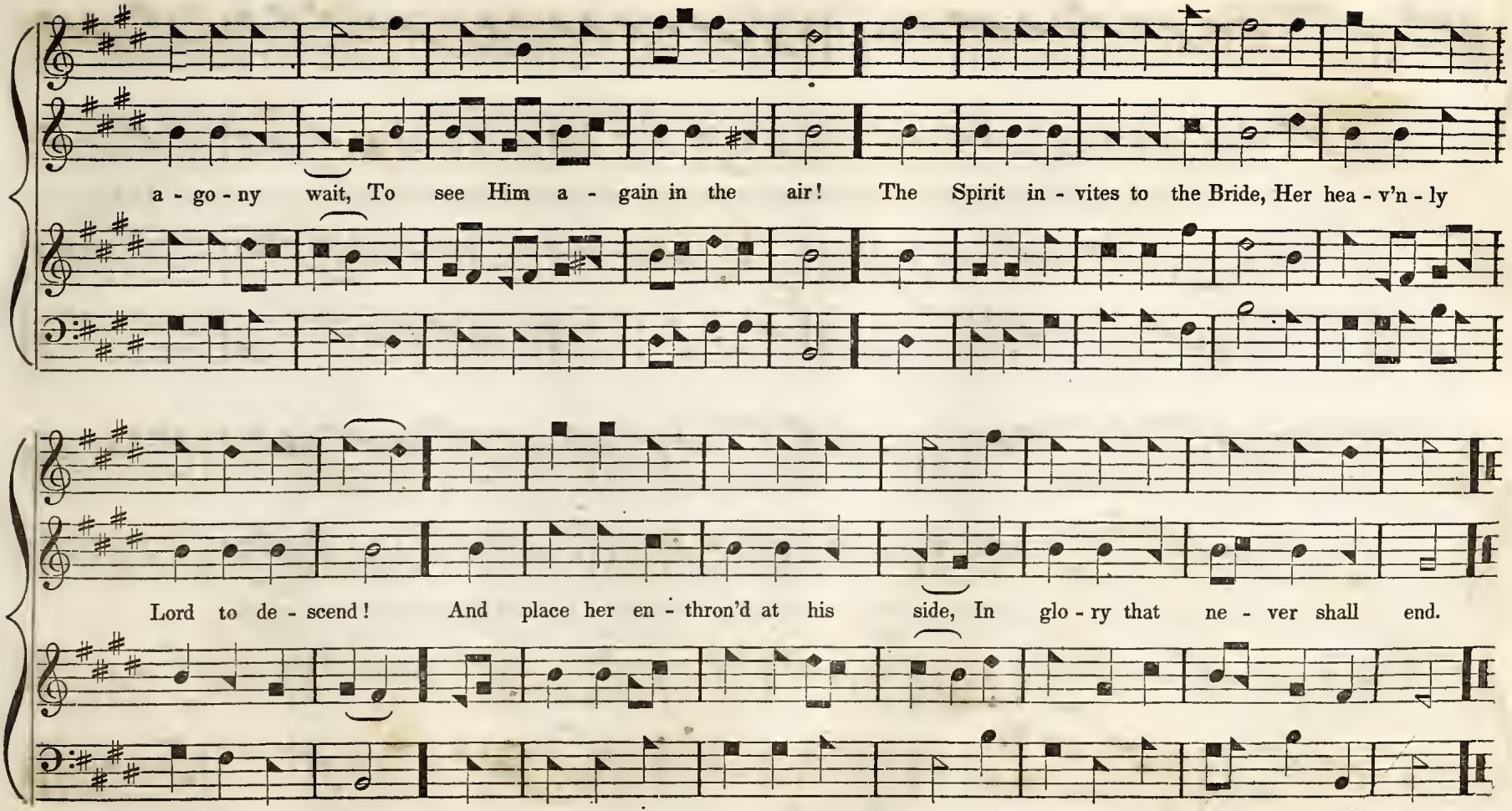
From earth we shall quickly remove, And mount to our native abode; The house of our Father above, The pa - lace of an - gels and God.

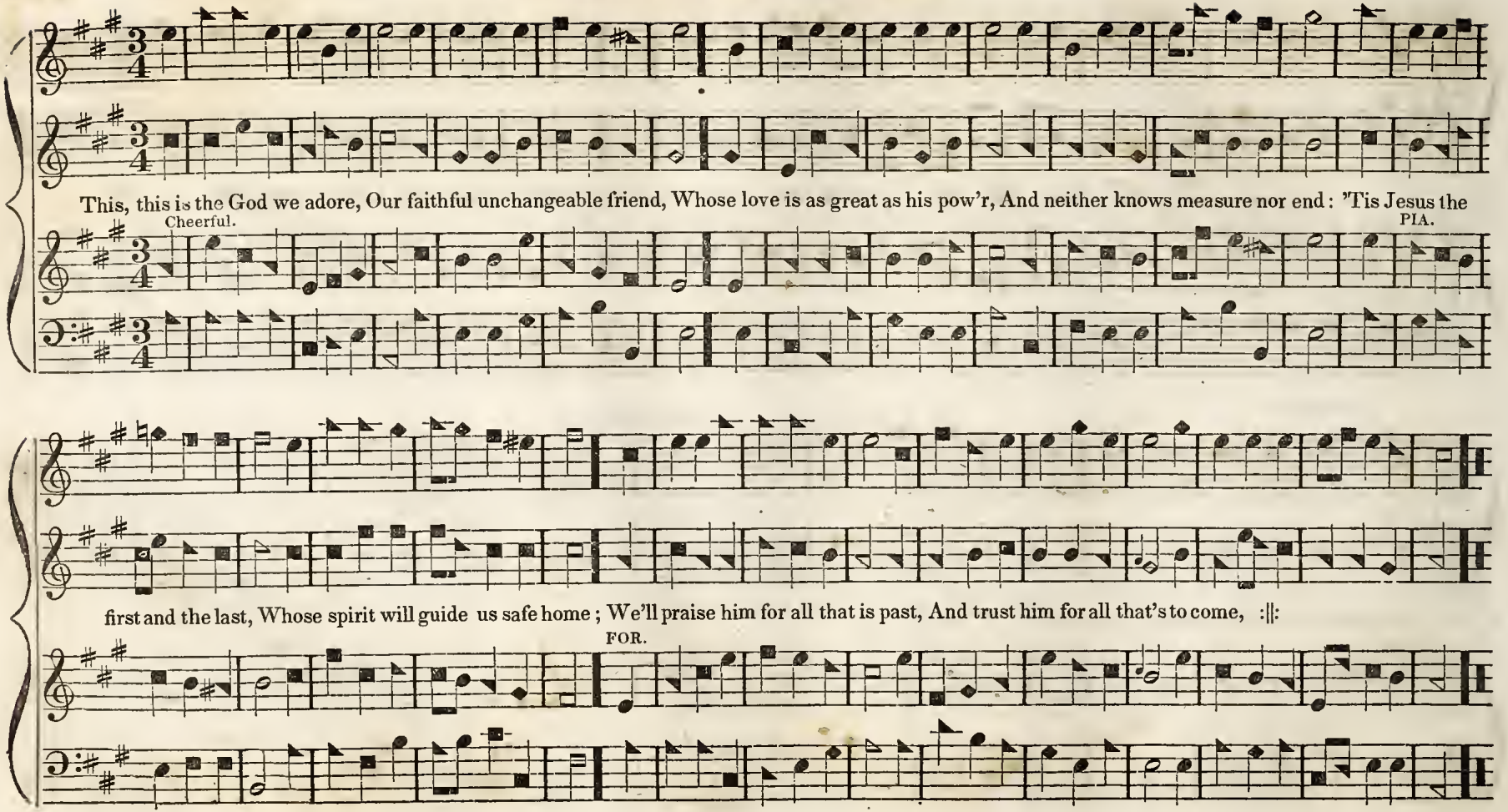
Hymn 247. SHEPHERD OF ISRAEL. 8 lines 8's.

Thou Shepherd of Israel and mine, The joy and de - sire of my heart, For closer com - munion I pine, I long to re-
PIA.
FOR.
PIA.
side where thou art; The pasture I languish to find, Where all who their Shepherd o - bey, Are fed on thy
FOR.
bosom, Are fed on thy bosom re - clined, And screen'd from the heat of the day.

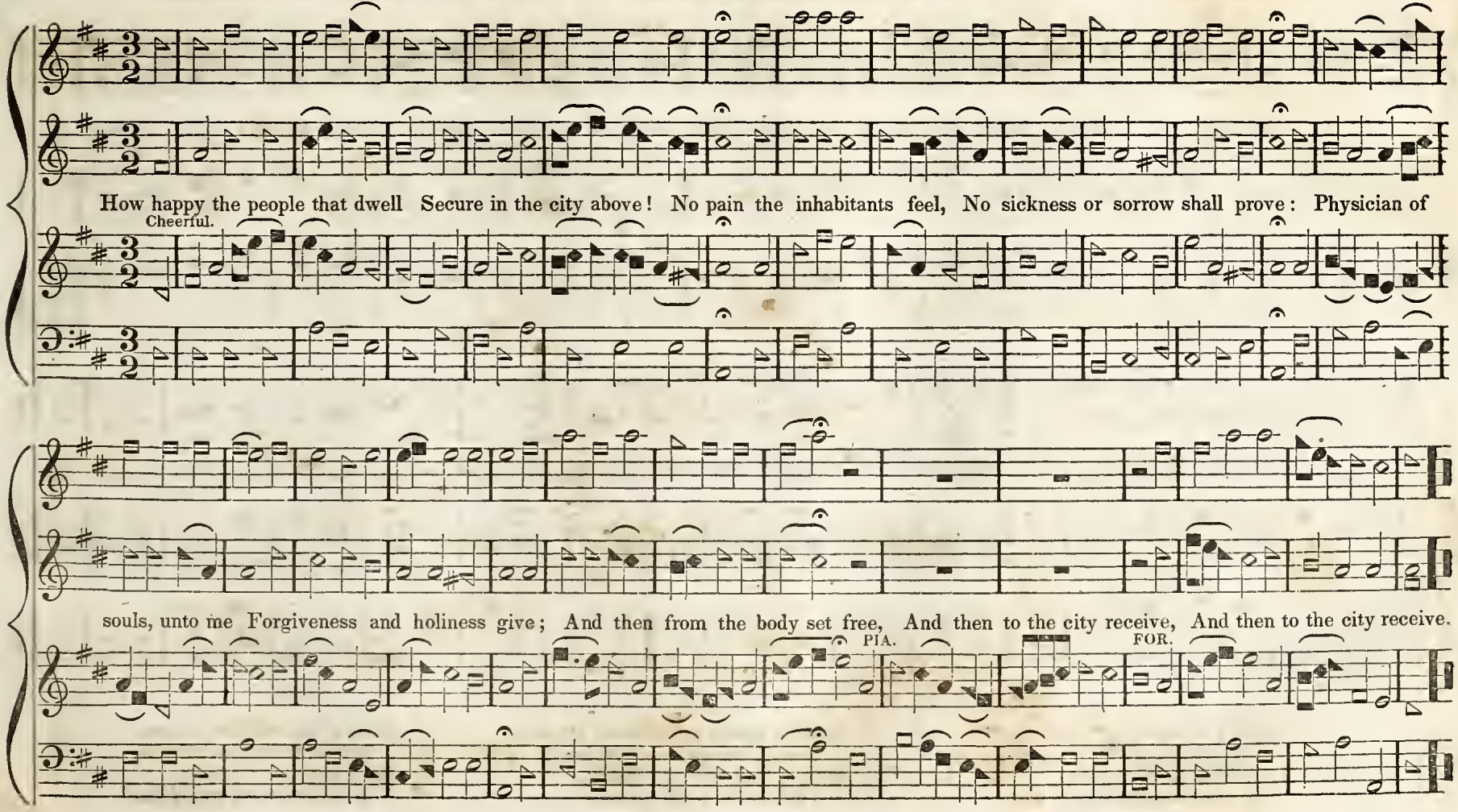
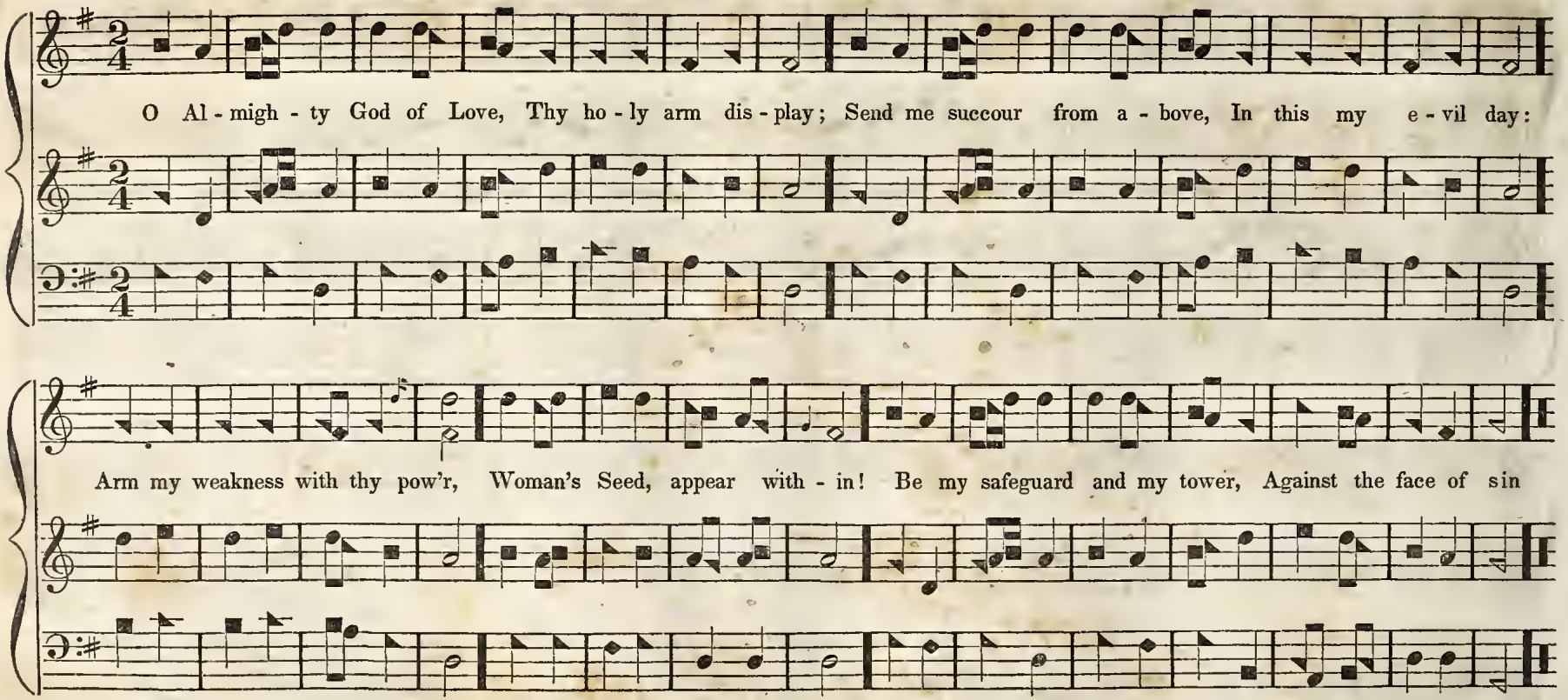
Ah! show me that happiest place,
The place of thy people's abode,
Where saints in an ecstacy gaze,
And hang on a crucify'd God:
Thy love for a sinner declare,
Thy passion and death on the tree:
My spirit to Calvary bear,
To suffer and triumph with thee.


How tedious and tasteless the hours, When Je - sus no longer I see; Sweet prospects sweet birds, and sweet
flow'rs, Have all lost their sweetness to me: The midsummer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in



Hymn 543. **SARDINIA. 8 lines 8's.** **Clark.**


a - go - ny wait, To see Him a - gain in the air! The Spirit in - vites to the Bride, Her hea - v'n - ly
Lord to de - scend! And place her en - thron'd at his side, In glo - ry that ne - ver shall end.

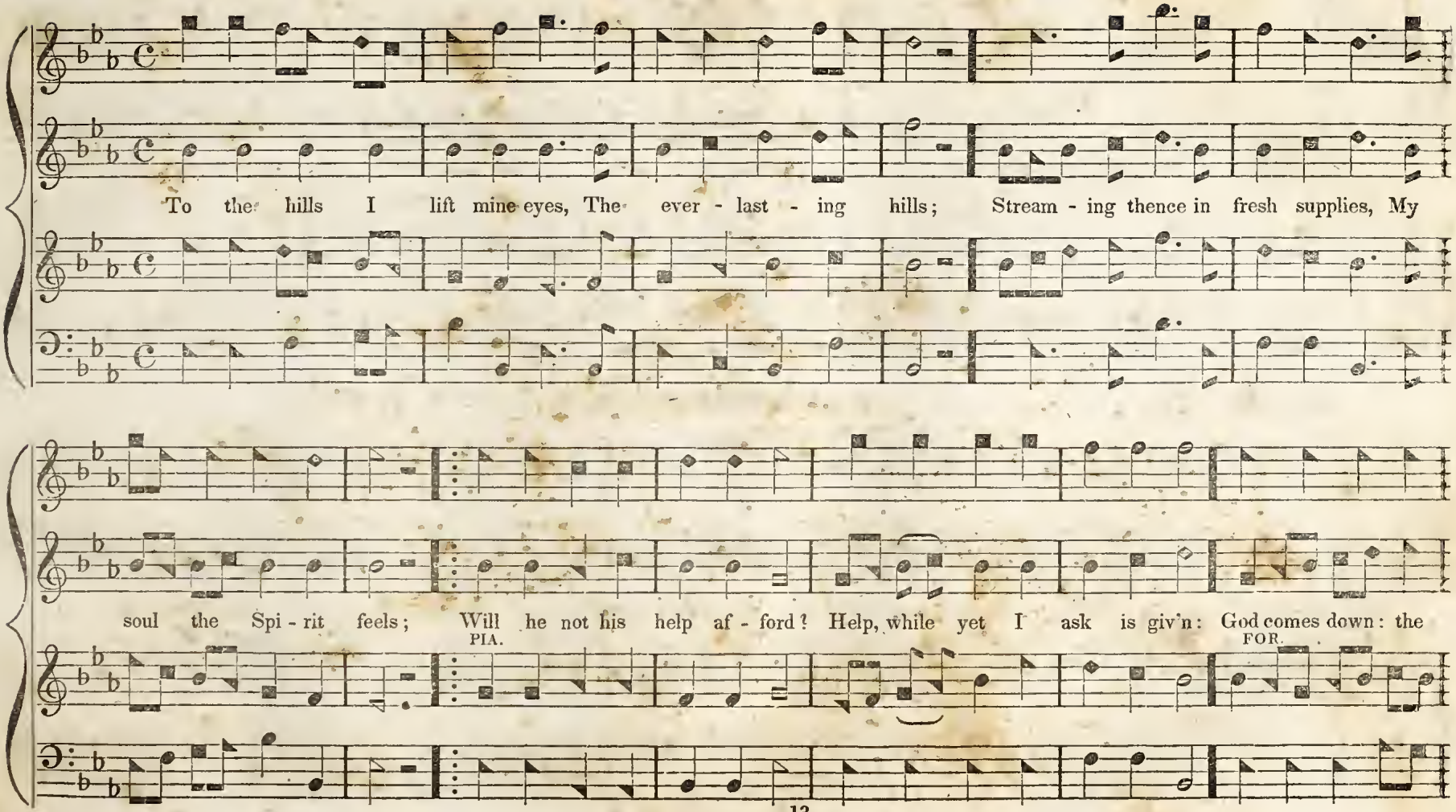

This, this is the God we adore, Our faithful unchangeable friend, Whose love is as great as his pow'r, And neither knows measure nor end: 'Tis Jesus the
Cheerful.
PIA.
first and the last, Whose spirit will guide us safe home; We'll praise him for all that is past, And trust him for all that's to come, :||:
FOR.

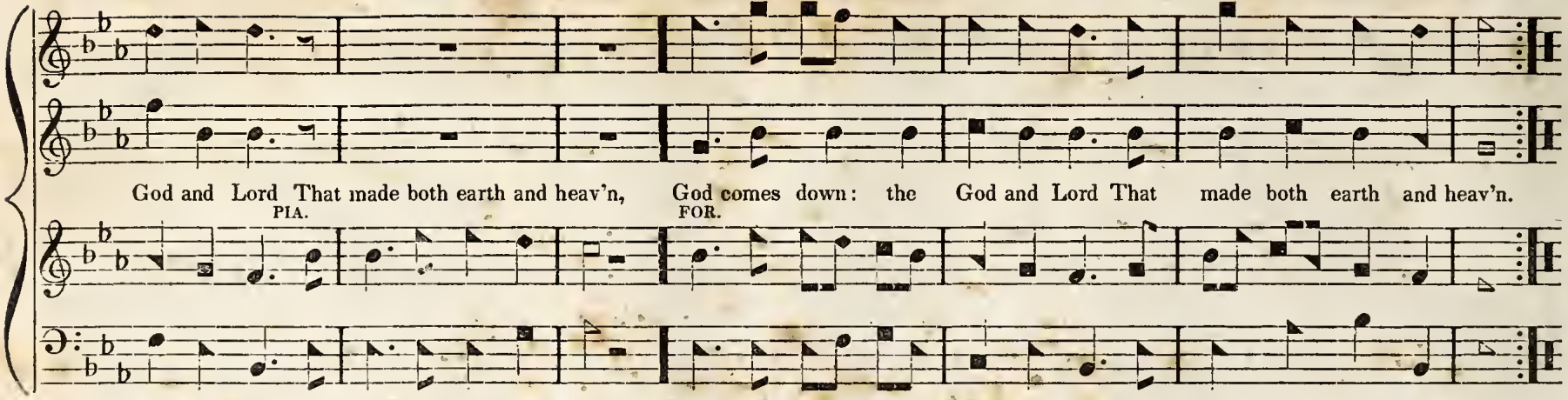

How happy the people that dwell Secure in the city above! No pain the inhabitants feel, No sickness or sorrow shall prove: Physician of
Cheerful.
souls, unto me Forgiveness and holiness give; And then from the body set free, And then to the city receive, And then to the city receive.
PIA.
FOR.

O Al - migh - ty God of Love, Thy ho - ly arm dis - play; Send me succour from a - bove, In this my e - vil day:
Arm my weakness with thy pow'r, Woman's Seed, appear with - in! Be my safeguard and my tower, Against the face of sin

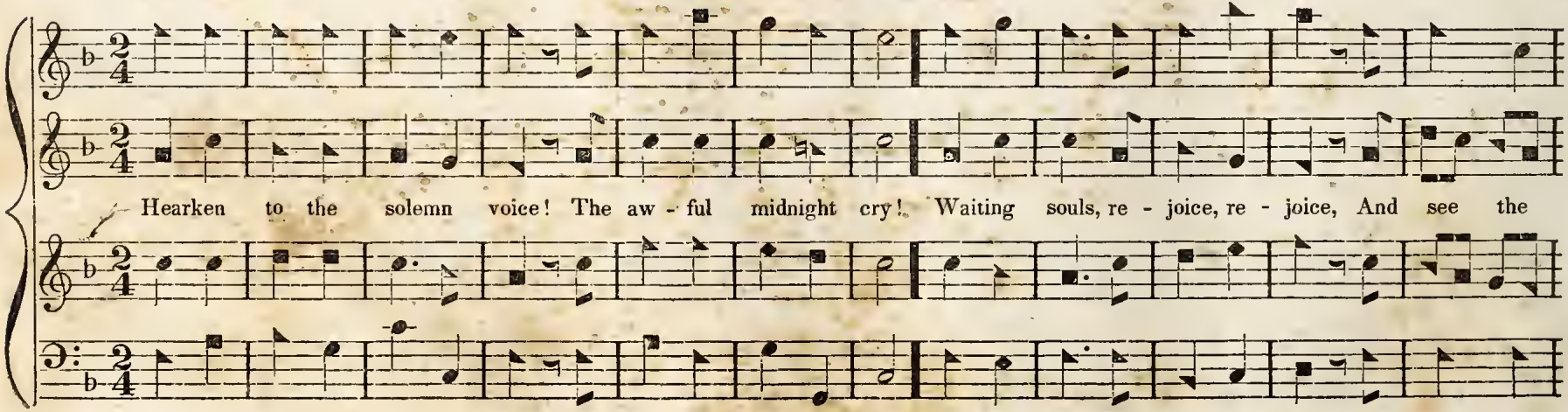
Could I of thy strength take hold
And always feel thee near,
Confident, divinely bold,
My soul would scorn to fear

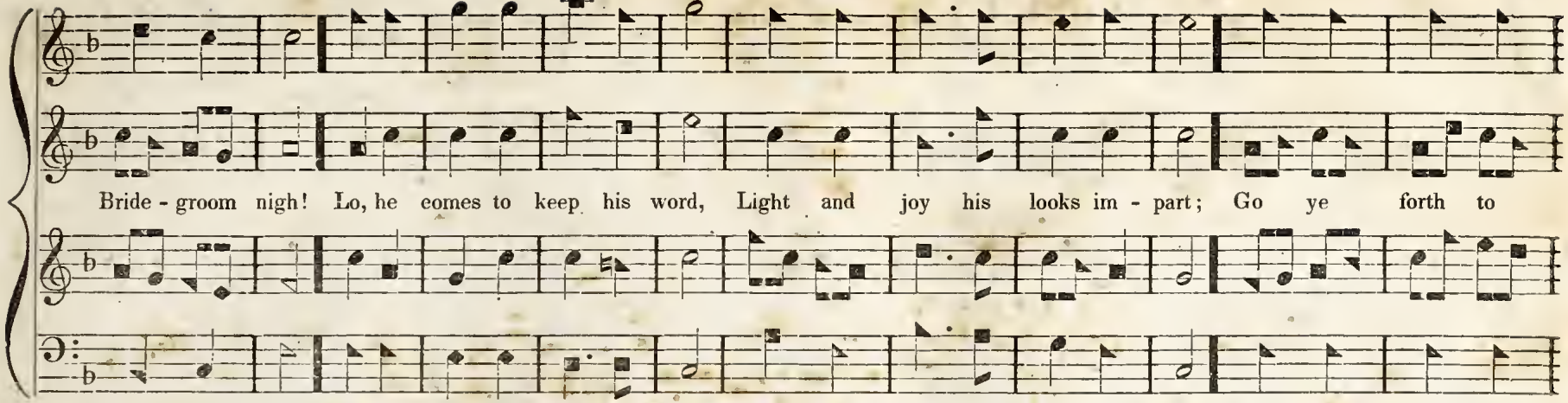
Nothing should my firmness shock;
Though the gates of hell assail,
Were I built upon the Rock,
They never could prevail

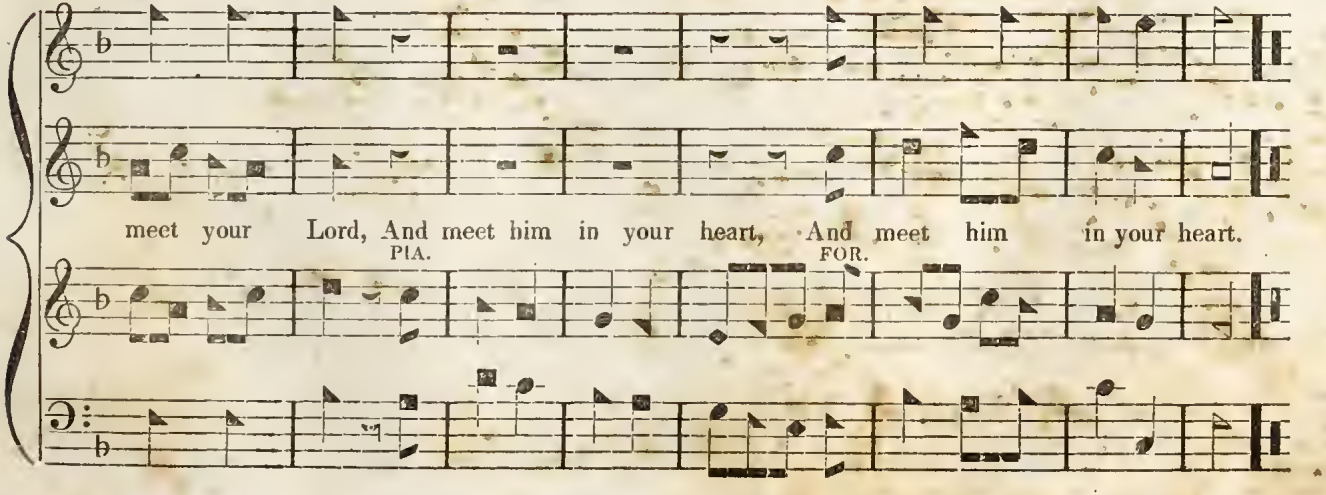
Rock of my salvation, haste,
Extend thy ample shade,
Let it over me be cast,
And screen my naked head.


To the hills I lift mine eyes, The ever - last - ing hills; Stream - ing thence in fresh supplies, My
soul the Spi - rit feels; Will he not his help af - ford? Help, while yet I ask is giv'n: God comes down: the
PIA.
FOR.

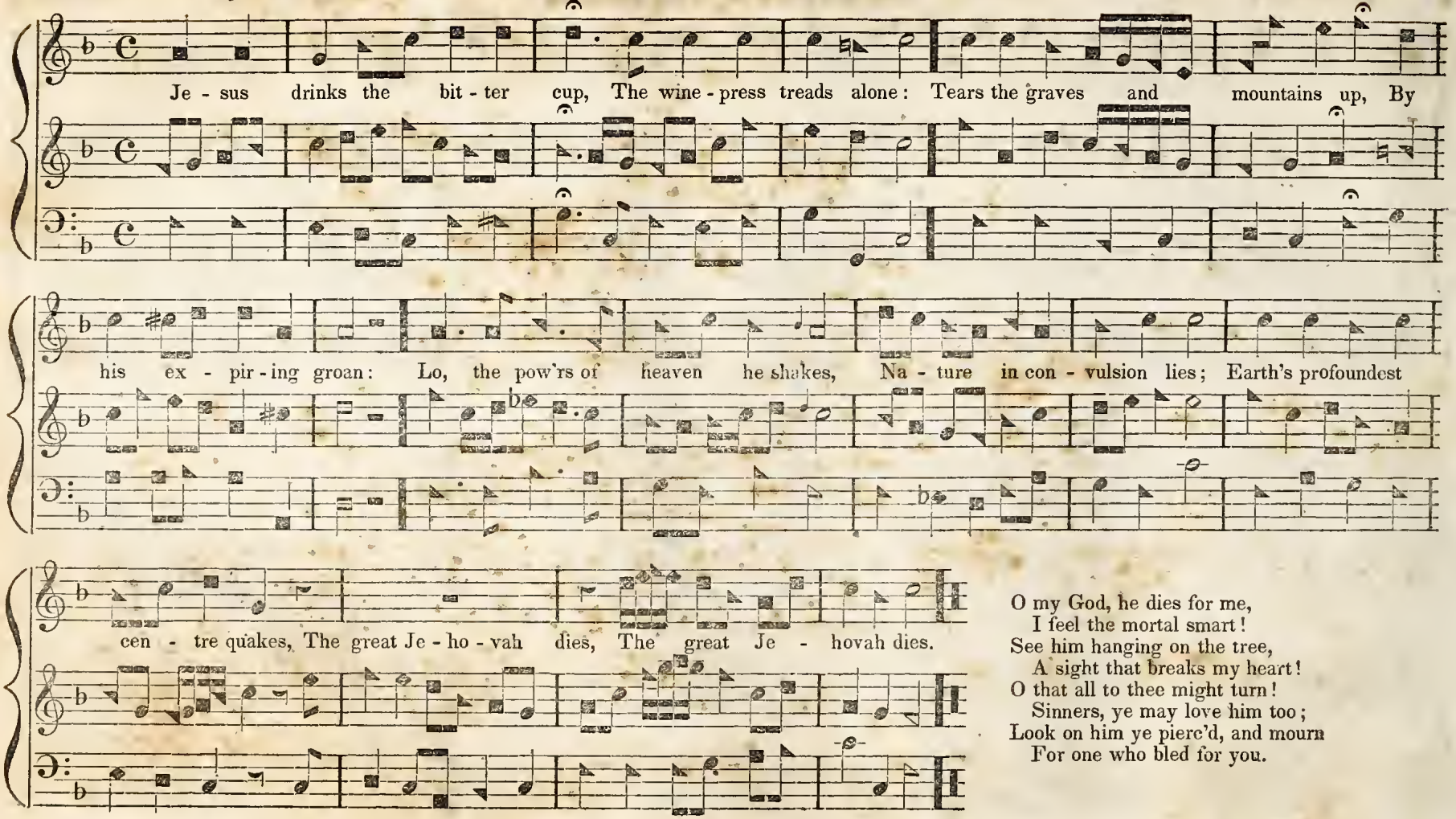
JOSIAH, Continued.

Hymn 173. PENSFORD. 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 7. 7. 6.

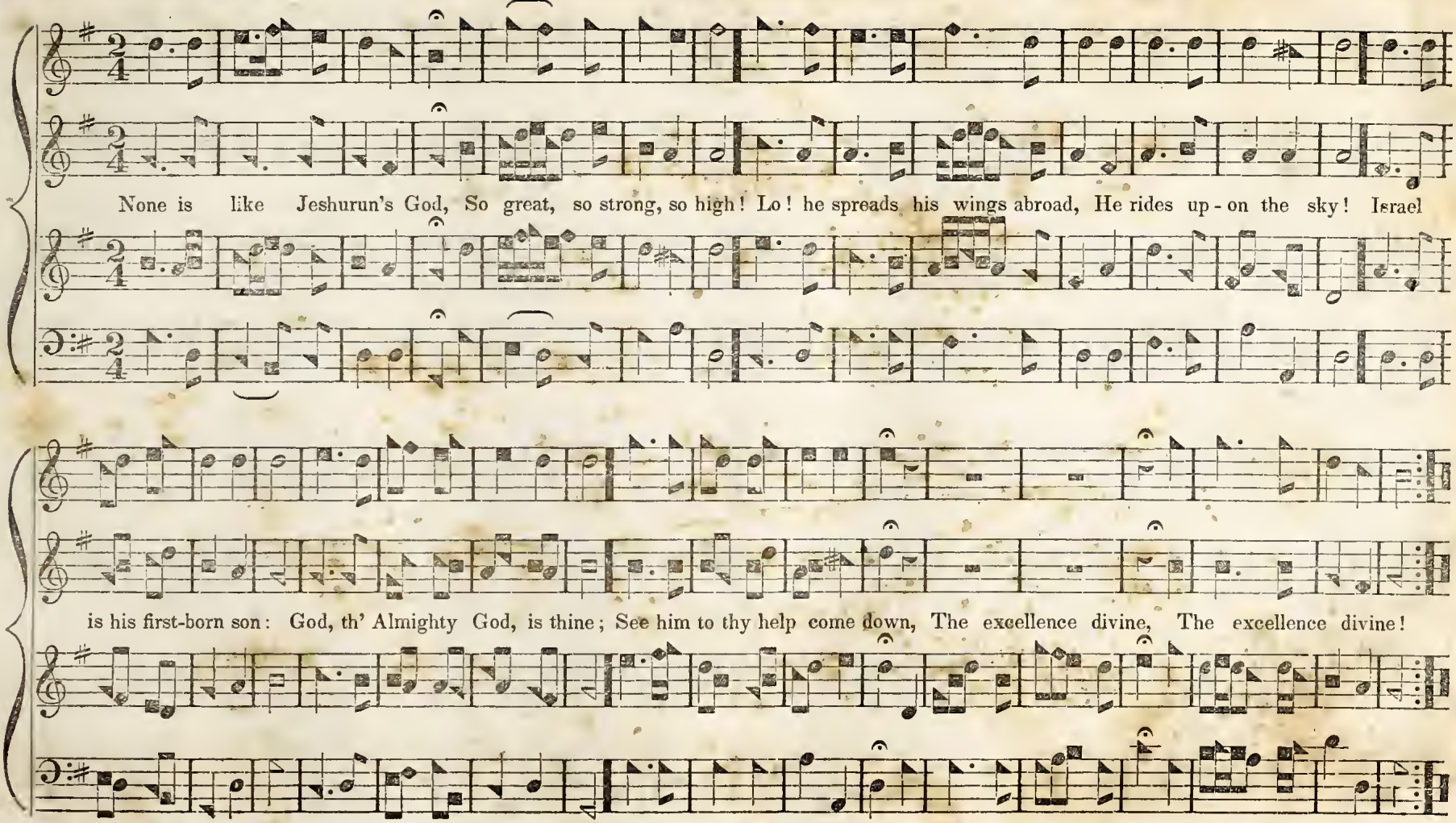
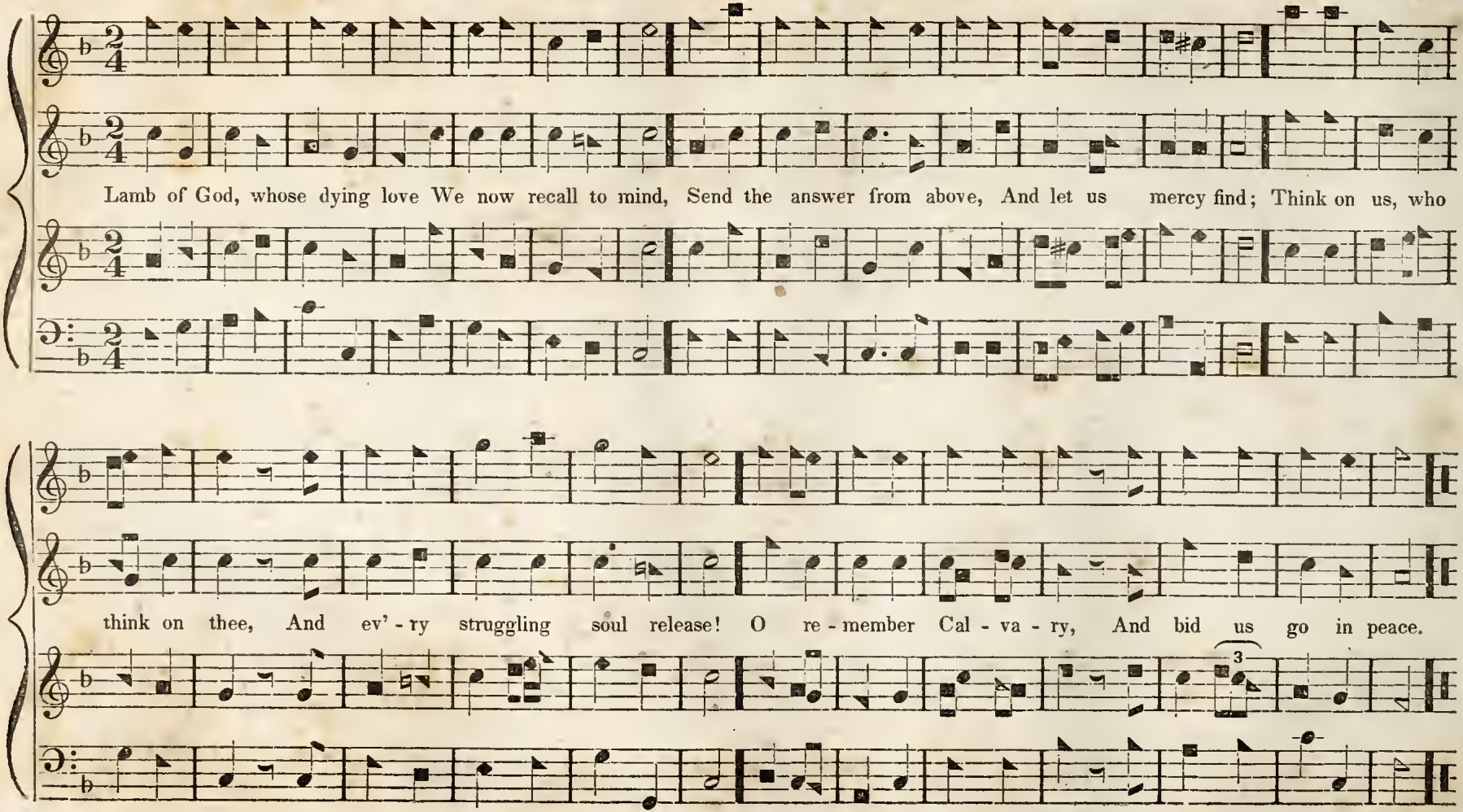
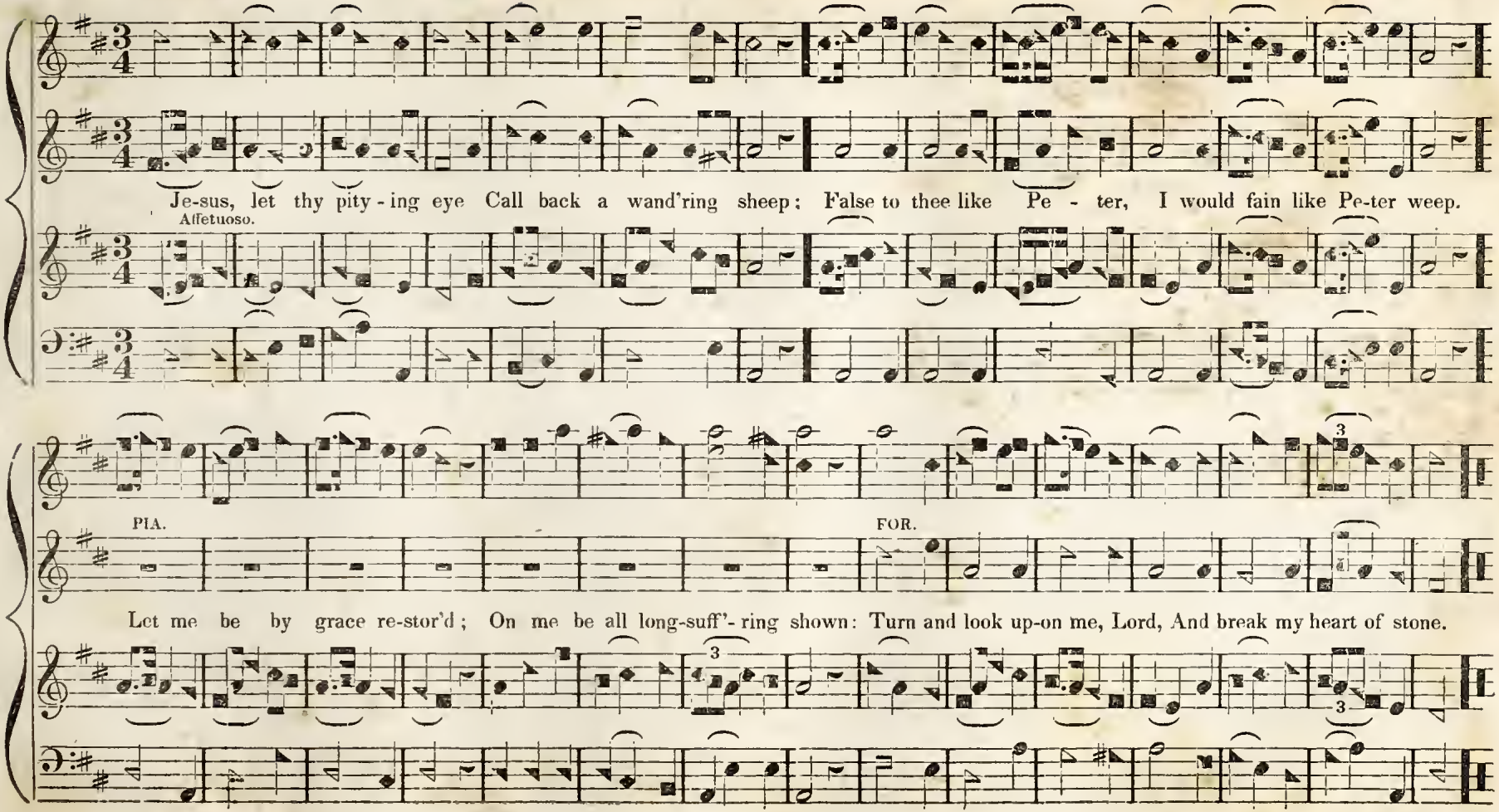
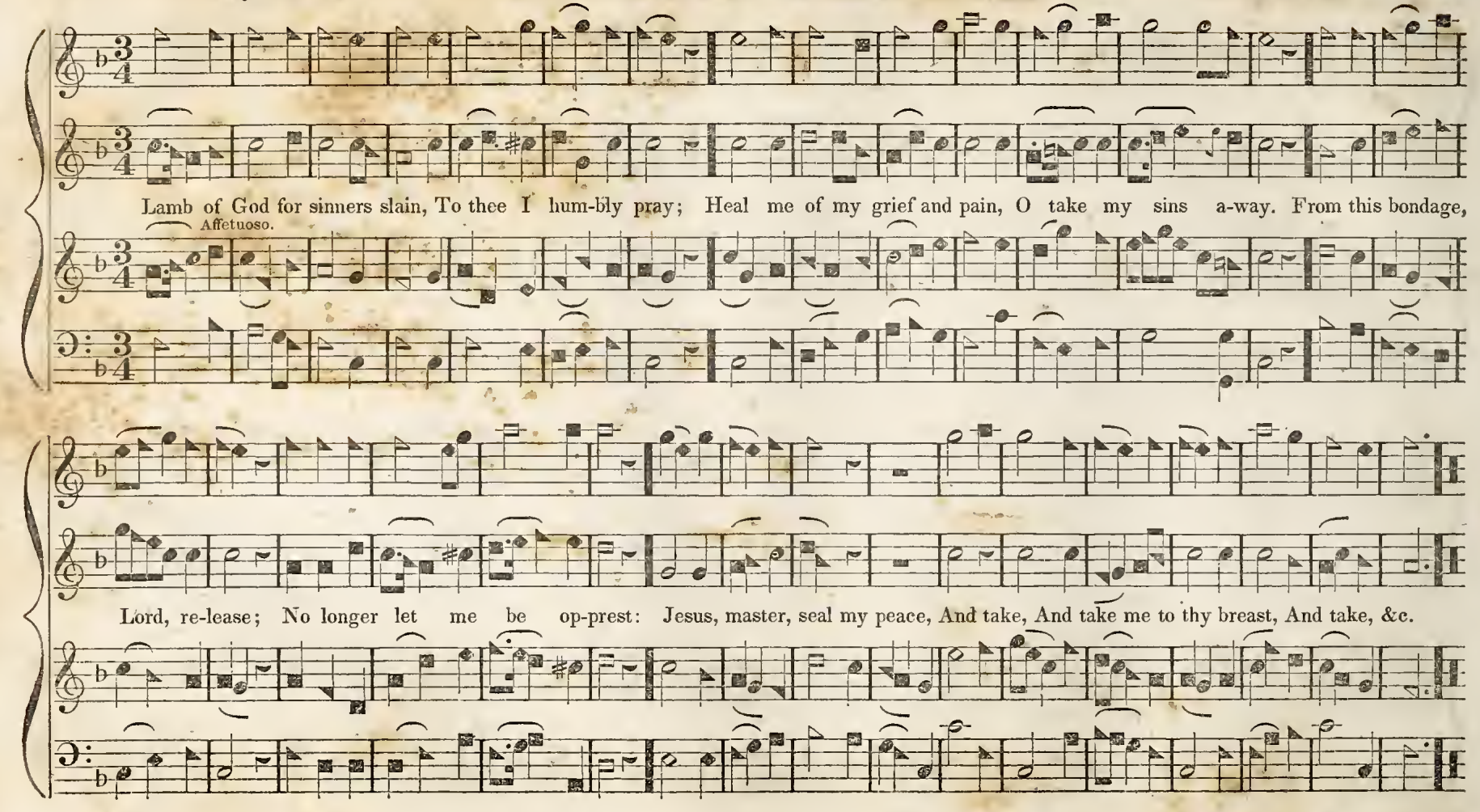


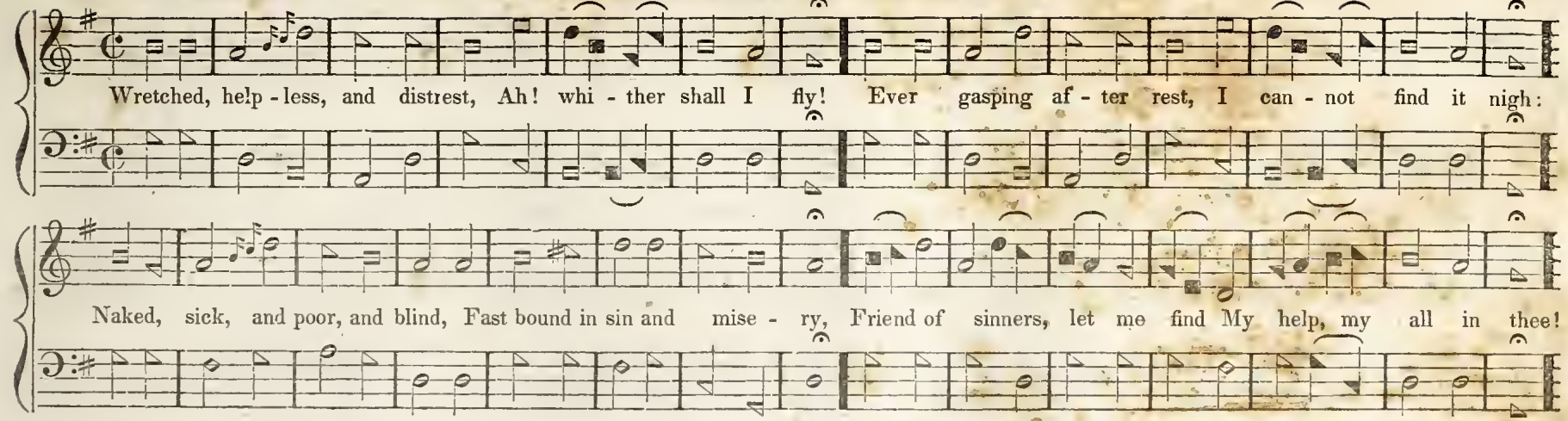


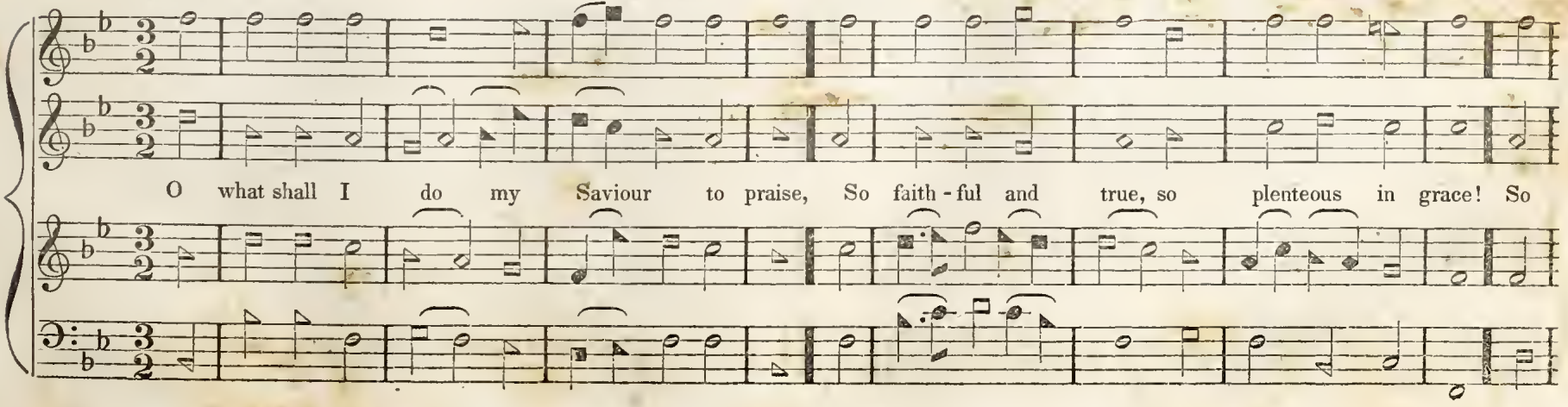
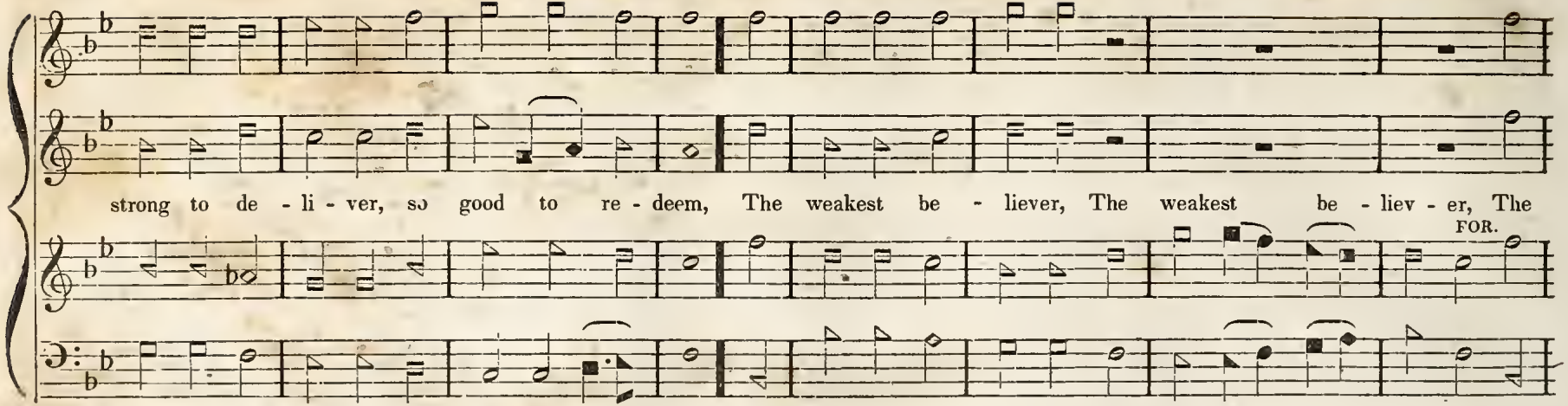


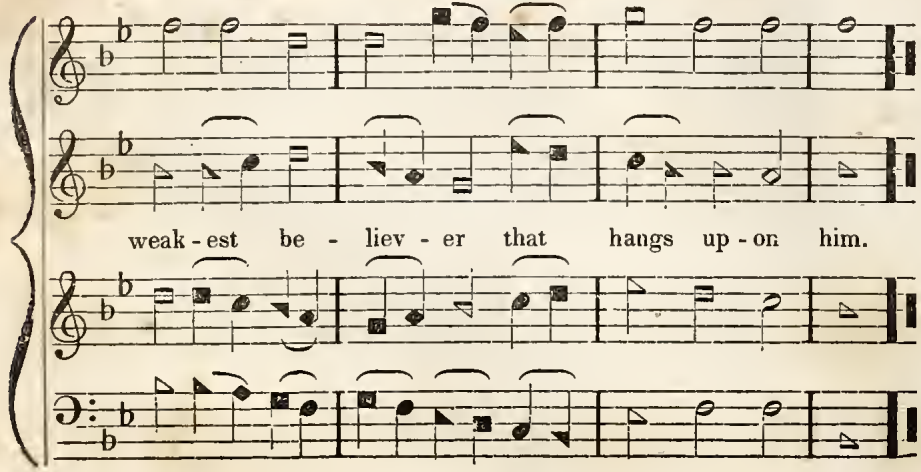
Ye who faint beneath the load
Of sin, your heads lift up;
See your great redeeming God;
He comes, and bids you hope!
In the midnight of your grief,
Jesus doth his mourners cheer,
Lo, he brings you sure relief;
Believe, and feel him here!

Hymn 196. MYSTERY. 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 7. 7. 6. Leach.

Je - sus drinks the bit - ter cup, The wine - press treads alone: Tears the graves and mountains up, By
his ex - pir - ing groan: Lo, the pow'rs of heaven he shakes, Na - ture in con - vulsion lies; Earth's profoundest
cen - tre quakes, The great Je - ho - vah dies, The great Je - hovah dies.

O my God, he dies for me,
I feel the mortal smart!
See him hanging on the tree,
A sight that breaks my heart!
O that all to thee might turn!
Sinners, ye may love him too;
Look on him ye pierc'd, and mourn
For one who bled for you.

None is like Jeshurun's God, So great, so strong, so high! Lo! he spreads his wings abroad, He rides up-on the sky! Israel
is his first-born son: God, th' Almighty God, is thine; See him to thy help come down, The excellence divine, The excellence divine!

Lamb of God, whose dying love We now recall to mind, Send the answer from above, And let us mercy find; Think on us, who
think on thee, And ev' - ry struggling soul release! O re - member Cal - va - ry, And bid us go in peace.
3

Je-sus, let thy pity-ing eye Call back a wand'ring sheep; False to thee like Pe - ter, I would fain like Pe-ter weep.
Affetuoso.
PIA.
FOR.
Let me be by grace re-stor'd; On me be all long-suff'-ring shown: Turn and look up-on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.

Lamb of God for sinners slain, To thee I hum-bly pray; Heal me of my grief and pain, O take my sins a-way. From this bondage,
Affetuoso.
Lord, re-lease; No longer let me be op-prest: Jesus, master, seal my peace, And take, And take me to thy breast, And take, &c.

Hymn 57. KINGSWOOD. 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 8. 7. 6.

Wretched, help - less, and distrest, Ah! whi - ther shall I fly! Ever gasping af - ter rest, I can - not find it nigh:
Naked, sick, and poor, and blind, Fast bound in sin and mise - ry, Friend of sinners, let me find My help, my all in thee!

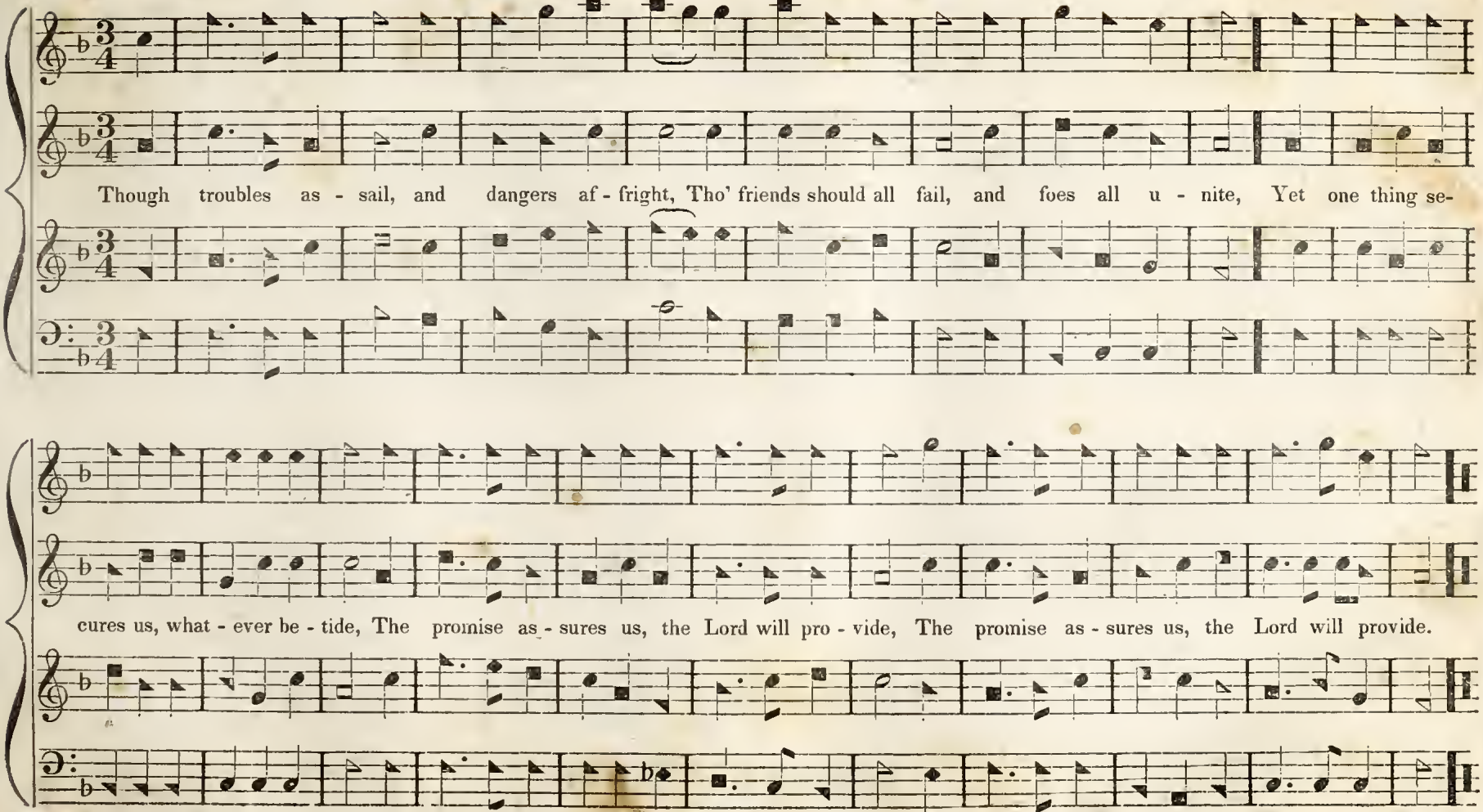
Hymn 282. HARMONY. 10. 10. 11. 11. Leach.



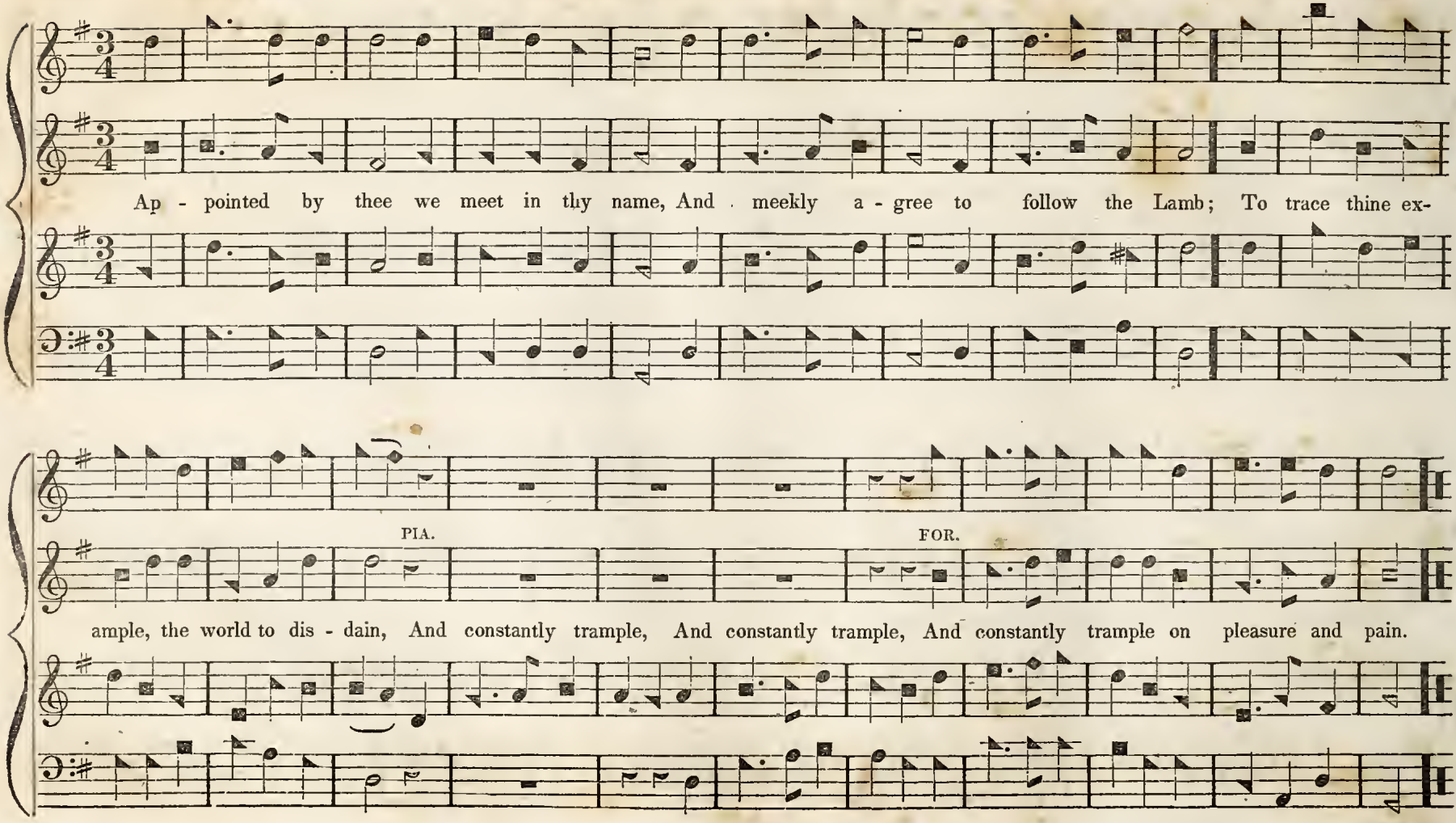


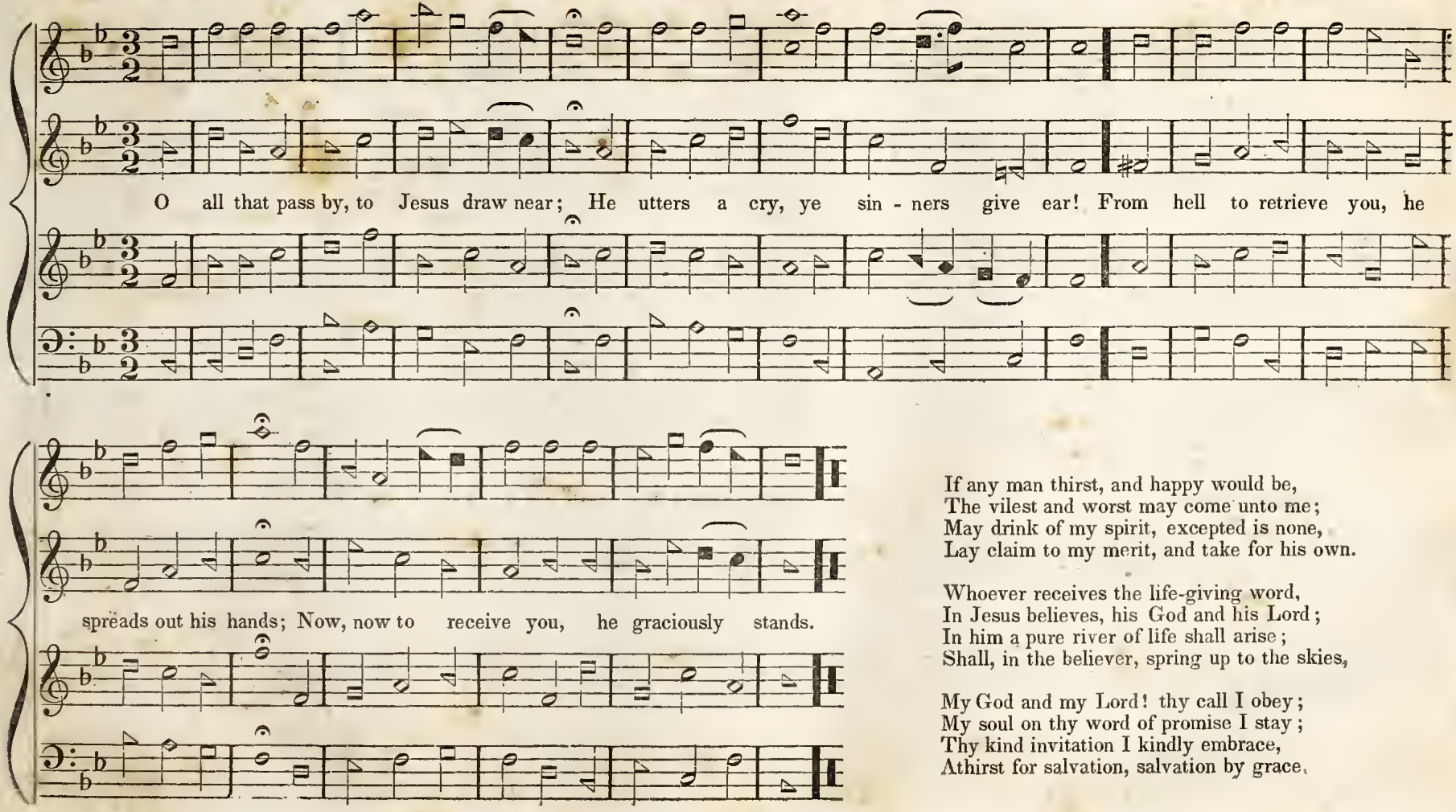
How happy the man whose heart is set free,
The people that can be joyful in thee;
Their joy is to walk in the light of thy face,
And still they are talking of Jesus's grace.

Their daily delight shall be in thy name,
They shall as their right thy righteousness claim;
Thy righteousness wearing, and cleans'd by thy blood,
Bold shall they appear in the presence of God.

For thou art their boast, their glory, and pow'r
And I also trust to see the glad hour,
My soul's new creation, a life from the dead,
The day of salvation that lifts up my head.


Though troubles as - sail, and dangers af - fright, Tho' friends should all fail, and foes all u - nite, Yet one thing se-
cures us, what - ever be - tide, The promise as - sures us, the Lord will pro - vide, The promise as - sures us, the Lord will provide.


Ap - pointed by thee we meet in thy name, And meekly a - gree to follow the Lamb; To trace thine ex-
PIA.
FOR.
ample, the world to dis - dain, And constantly trample, And constantly trample, And constantly trample on pleasure and pain.

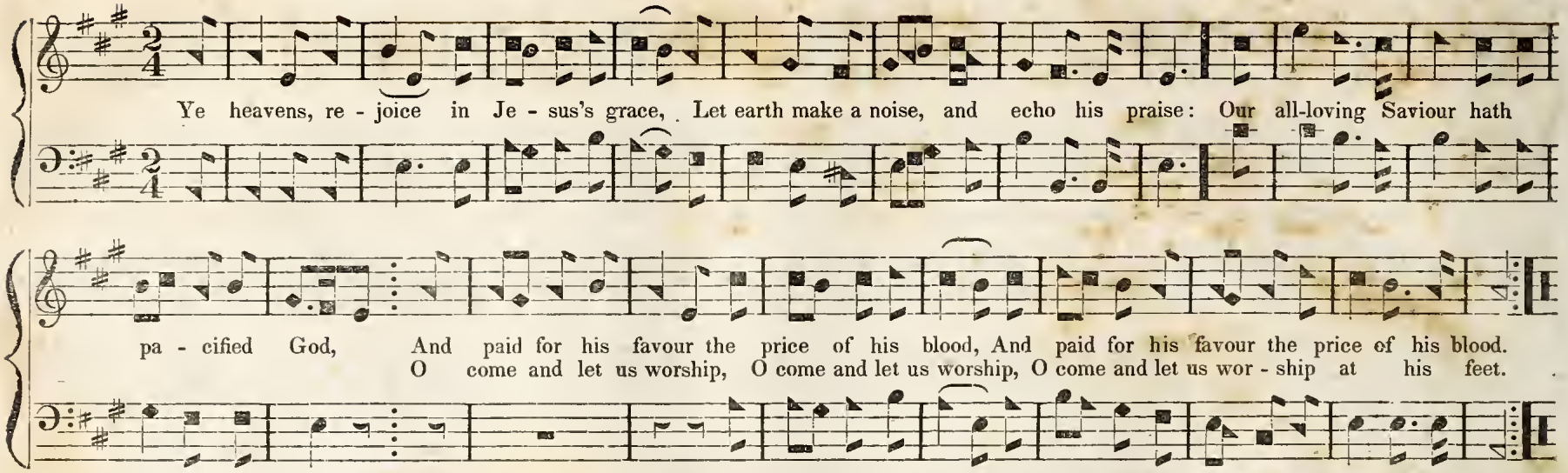

O all that pass by, to Jesus draw near; He utters a cry, ye sin - ners give ear! From hell to retrieve you, he
spreads out his hands; Now, now to receive you, he graciously stands.

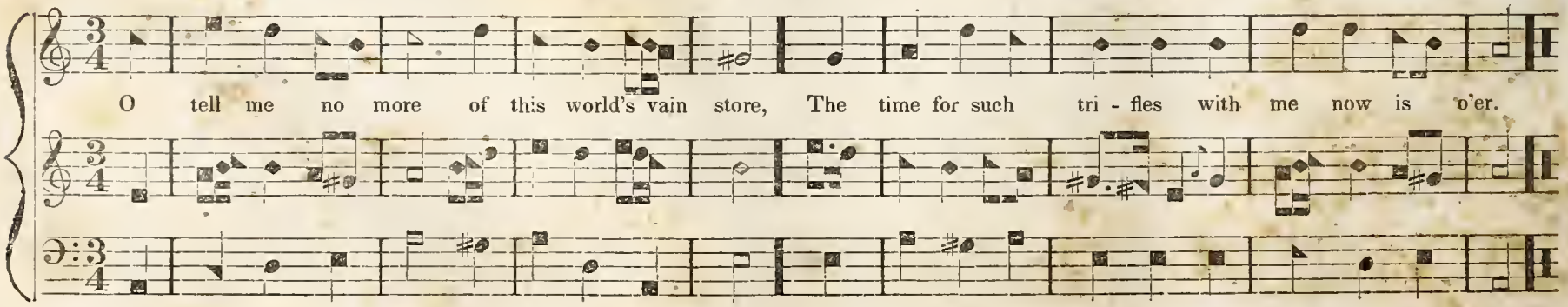
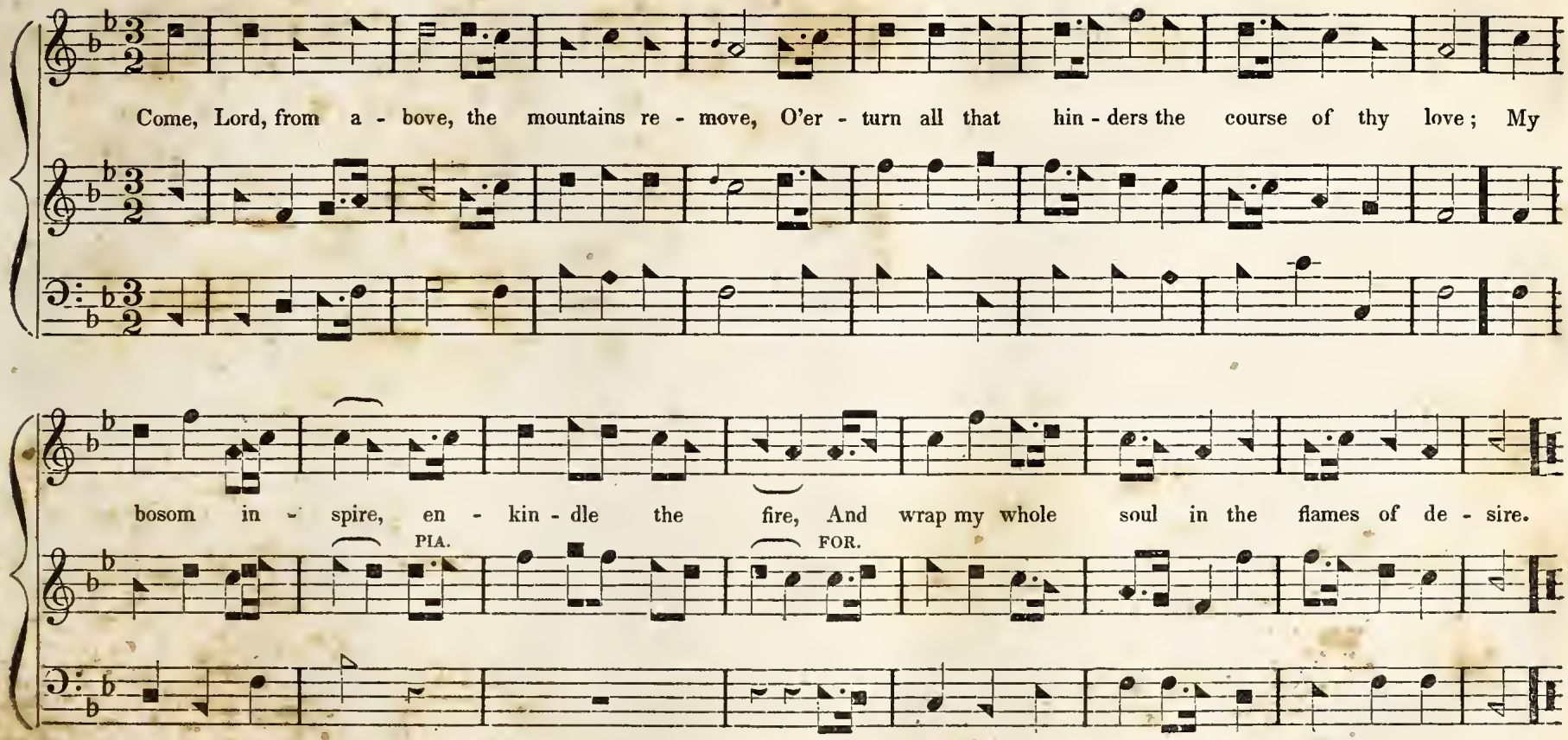
If any man thirst, and happy would be,
The vilest and worst may come unto me;
May drink of my spirit, excepted is none,
Lay claim to my merit, and take for his own.

Whoever receives the life-giving word,
In Jesus believes, his God and his Lord;
In him a pure river of life shall arise;
Shall, in the believer, spring up to the skies,

My God and my Lord! thy call I obey;
My soul on thy word of promise I stay;
Thy kind invitation I kindly embrace,
Athirst for salvation, salvation by grace.

Hymn 192. PORTUGUESE. 10. 10. 11. 11.

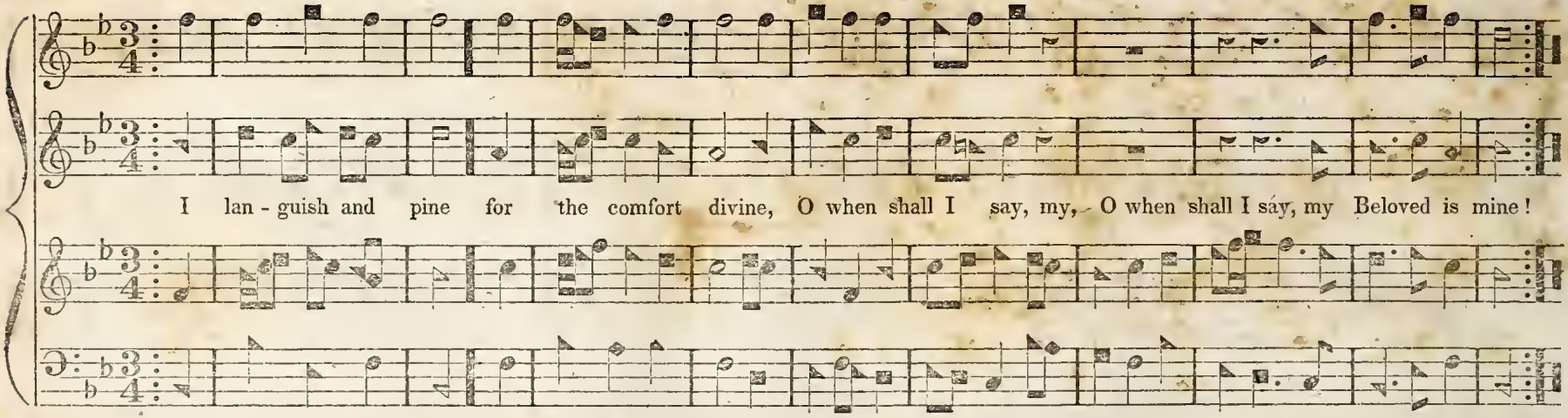

Ye heavens, re - joice in Je - sus's grace, Let earth make a noise, and echo his praise: Our all-loving Saviour hath
pa - cified God, And paid for his favour the price of his blood, And paid for his favour the price of his blood.
O come and let us worship, O come and let us worship, O come and let us wor - ship at his feet.

Hymn 260. OLD GERMAN. 10. 11. 10. 11.


Come, Lord, from a - bove, the mountains re - move, O'er - turn all that hin - ders the course of thy love; My
bosom in - spire, en - kin - dle the fire, And wrap my whole soul in the flames of de - sire.
PIA.
FOR.

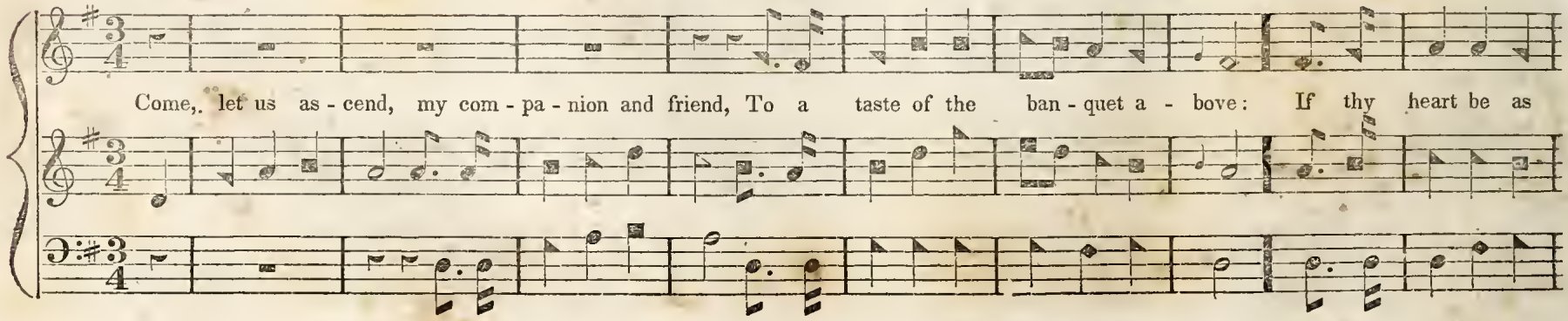
I languish and pine for the comfort divine,
O when shall I say, my Beloved is mine?
I 've chose the good part, my portion thou art:
O Love, let me find thee, O God, in my heart!

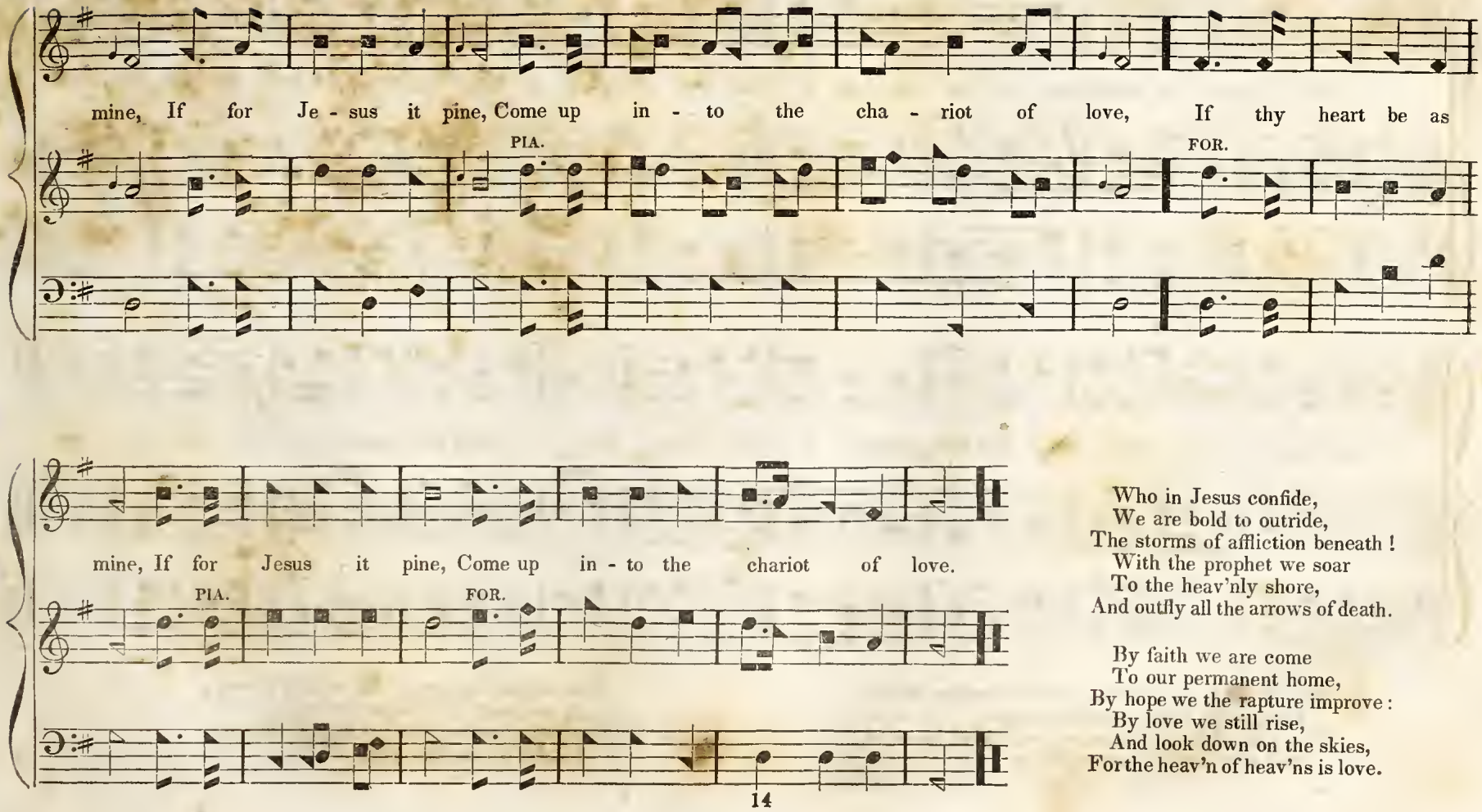
For this my heart sighs, nothing else can suffice;
How, Lord, can I purchase the pearl of great price?
It cannot be bought; thou know'st I have nought,
Not an action, a word, or a truly good thought.

Hymn 117, Verse 2. SUPPLICATION. 10. 10. 11. 11. Leach.



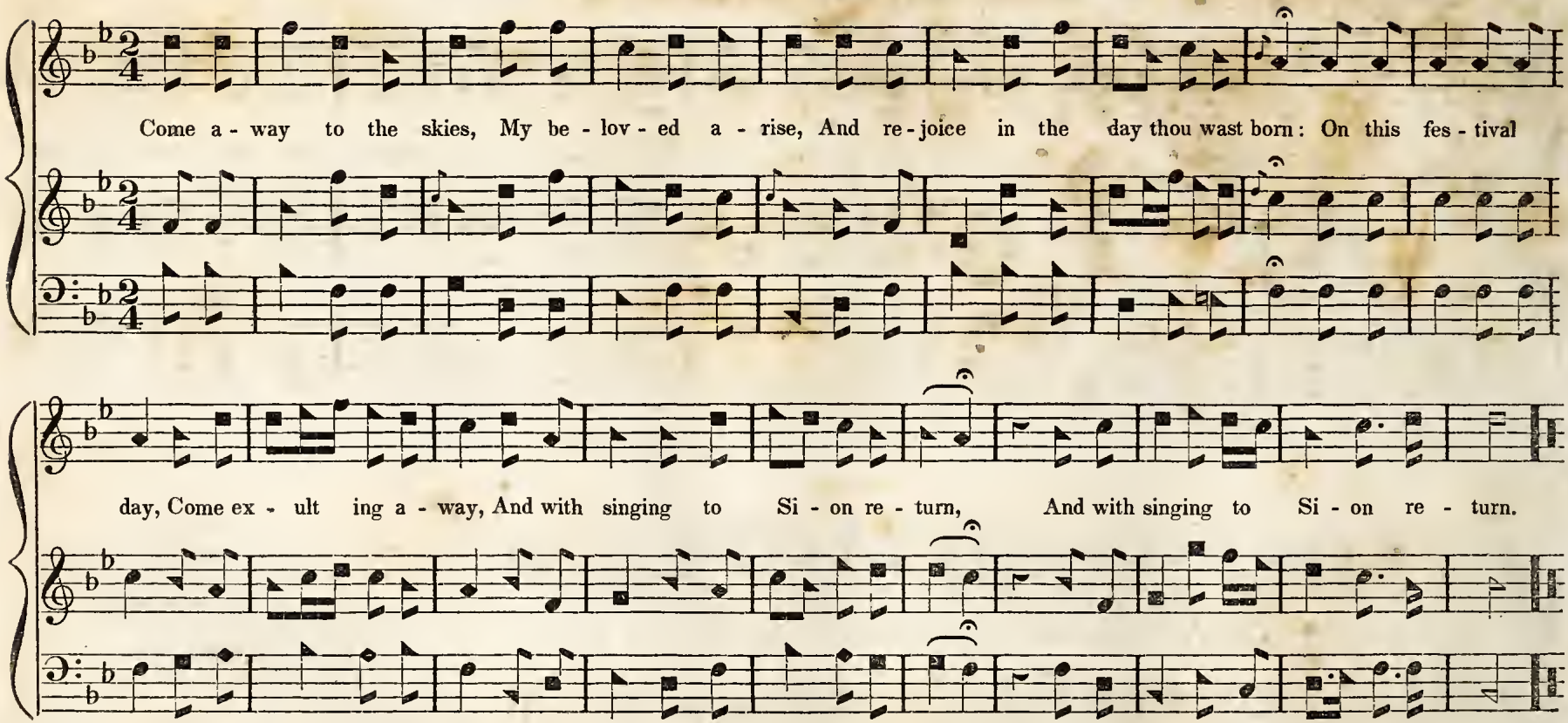
Hymn 414. BANQUET. 11. 9. 11. 9. J. Cole.




mine, If for Je - sus it pine, Come up in - to the cha - riot of love, If thy heart be as
PIA.
FOR.
mine, If for Jesus it pine, Come up in - to the chariot of love.
PIA.
FOR.
14

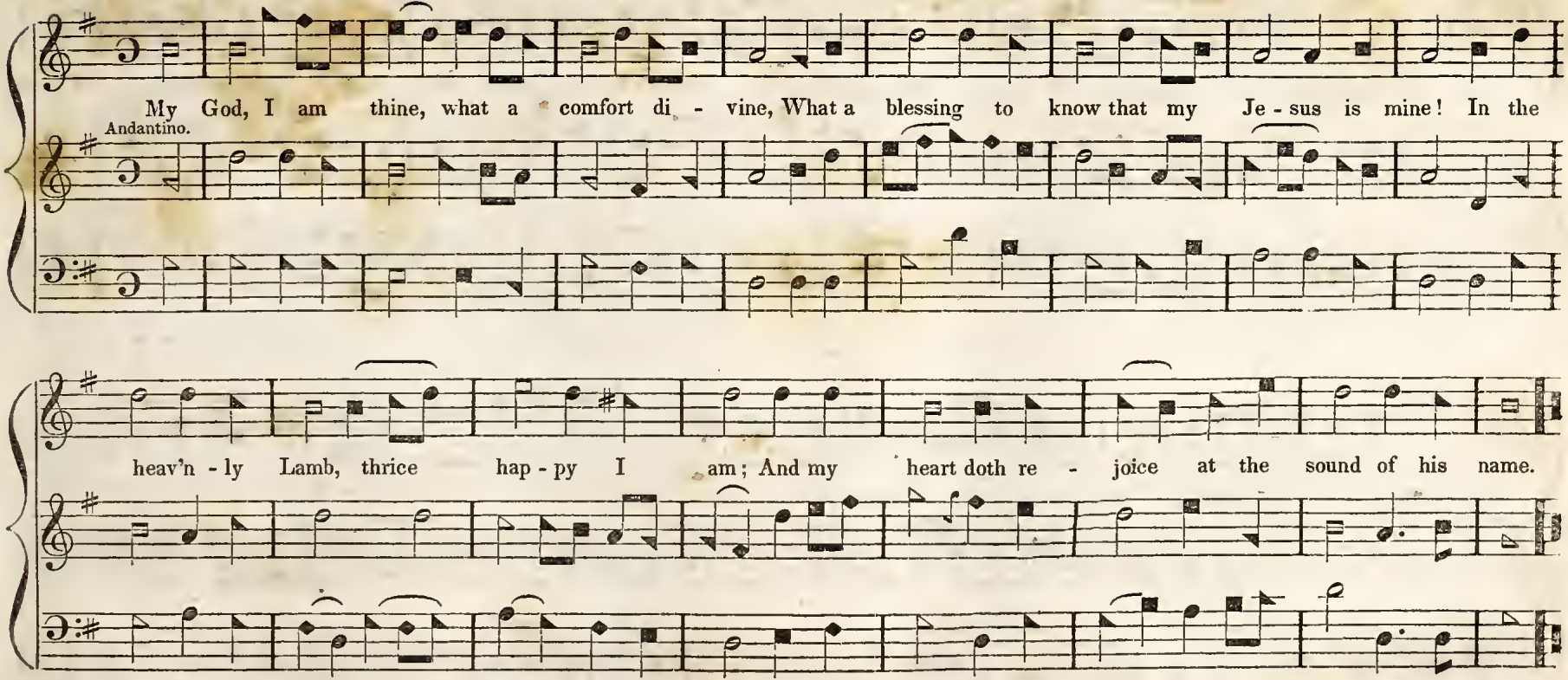
Who in Jesus confide,
We are bold to outride,
The storms of affliction beneath!
With the prophet we soar
To the heav'nly shore,
And outfly all the arrows of death.

By faith we are come
To our permanent home,
By hope we the rapture improve:
By love we still rise,
And look down on the skies,
For the heav'n of heav'ns is love.

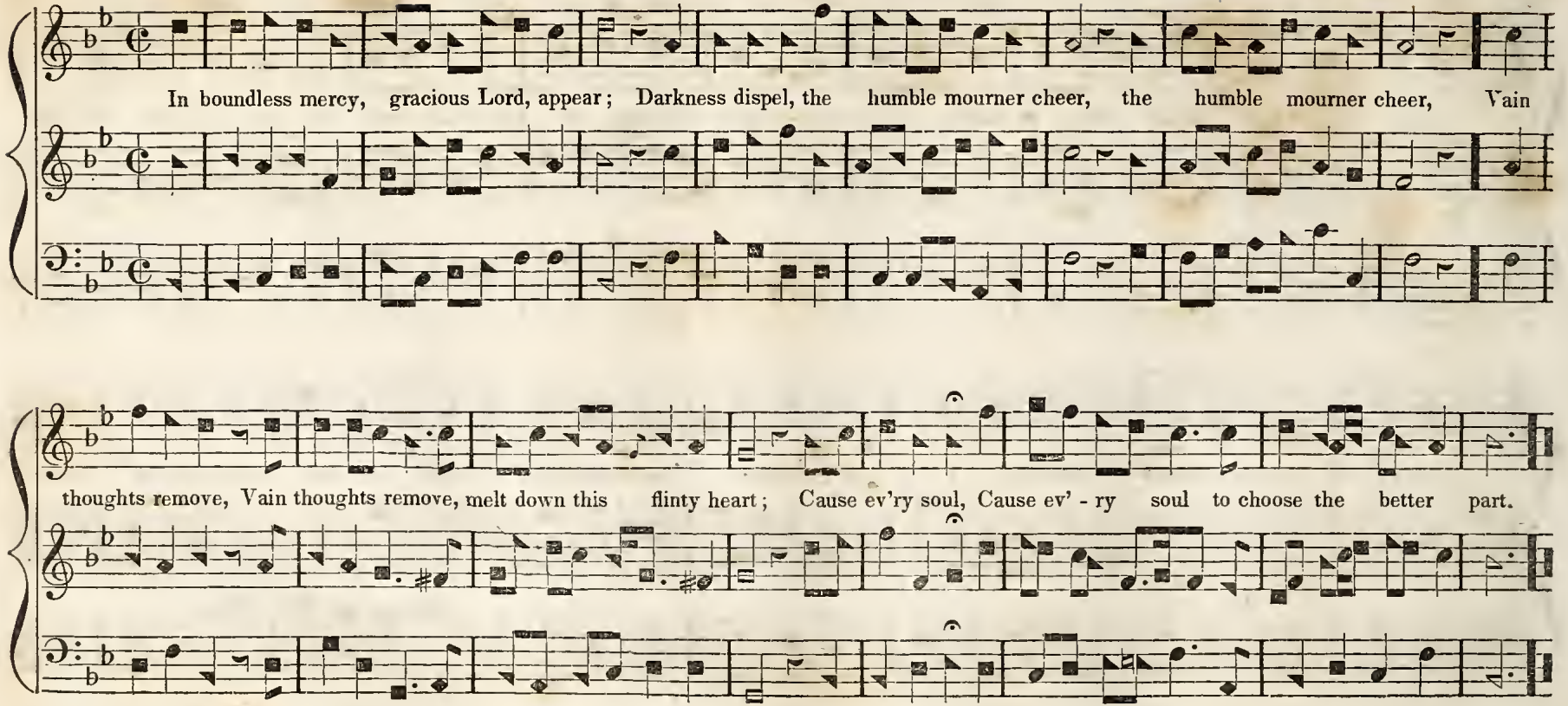

Come a - way to the skies, My be - lov - ed a - rise, And re - joice in the day thou wast born: On this fes - tival
day, Come ex - ult ing a - way, And with singing to Si - on re - turn, And with singing to Si - on re - turn.

We have laid up our love, and our treasure above,
Though our bodies continue below:
The redeem'd of our Lord, we remember his word,
And with singing to paradise go.

With singing we praise the original grace,
By our heav'nly Father bestow'd:
Our being receive from his bounty, and live
To the honour and glory of God

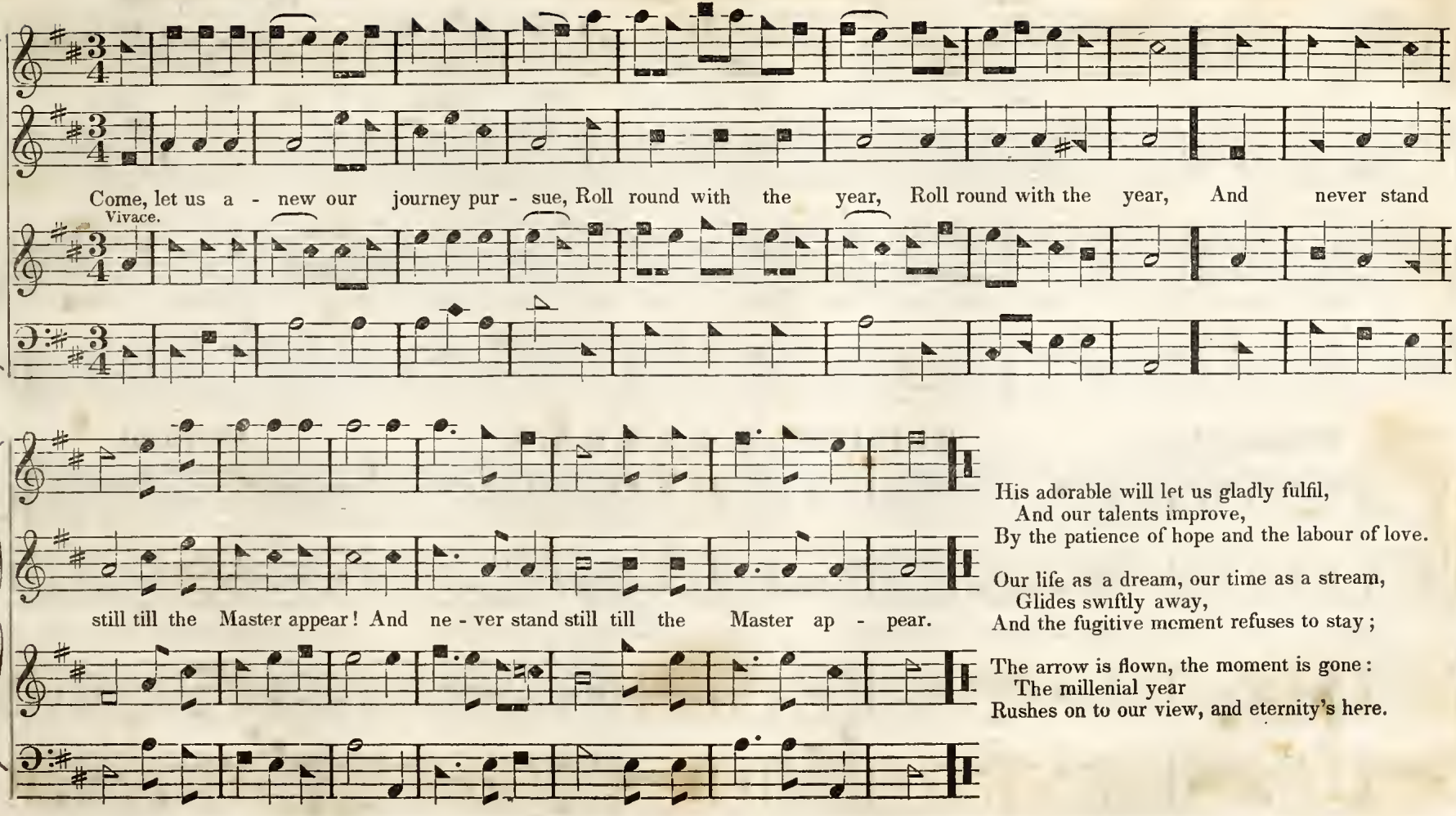

My God, I am thine, what a comfort di - vine, What a blessing to know that my Je - sus is mine! In the
Andantino.
heav'n - ly Lamb, thrice hap - py I am; And my heart doth re - joice at the sound of his name.

True pleasures abound in the rapturous sound;
And whoever hath found it, hath paradise found:
My Jesus to know, and feel his blood flow,
'Tis life everlasting, 'tis heav'n below!

Yet onward I haste to the heav'nly feast;
That, that is the fulness; but this is the taste;
And this I shall prove, till with joy I remove
To the heav'n of heav'ns in Jesus's love.

In boundless mercy, gracious Lord, appear; Darkness dispel, the humble mourner cheer, the humble mourner cheer, Vain
thoughts remove, Vain thoughts remove, melt down this flinty heart; Cause ev'ry soul, Cause ev' - ry soul to choose the better part.

Thy presence fills the universal space;
Thy grace appears to all the fallen race;
O visit us with light and life divine,
Fill ev'ry soul, for ev'ry soul is thine.

The blessed Jesus is my Lord, my love;
He is my King, from him I would not move;
Away then, all ye objects that divert,
Nor seek to draw from my dear Lord my heart.

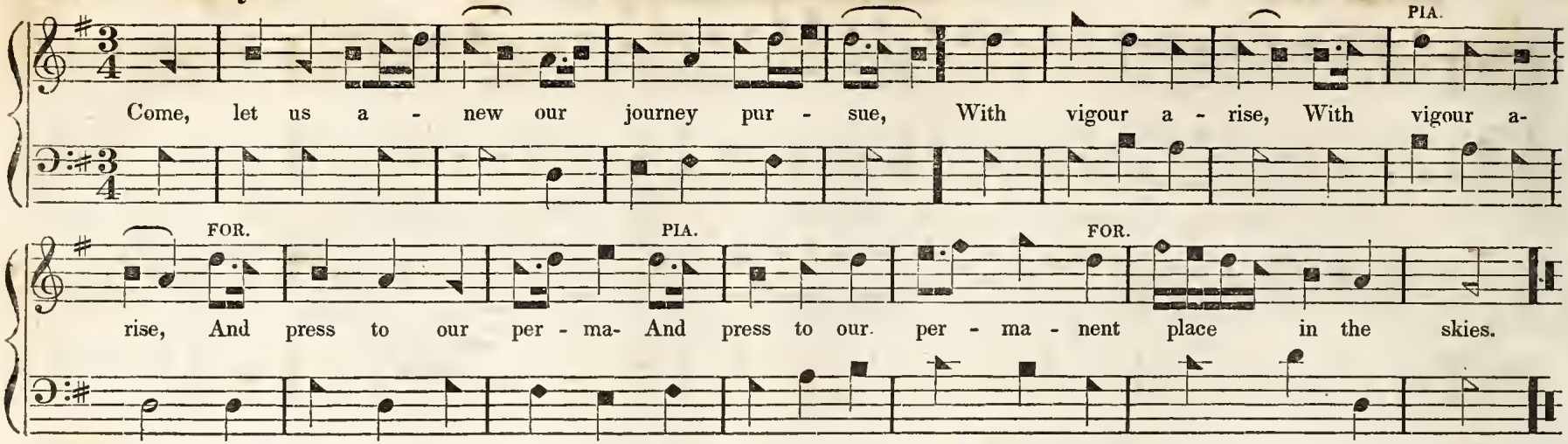

Vivace.
Come, let us a - new our journey pur - sue, Roll round with the year, Roll round with the year, And never stand
still till the Master appear! And ne - ver stand still till the Master ap - pear.

His adorable will let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope and the labour of love.

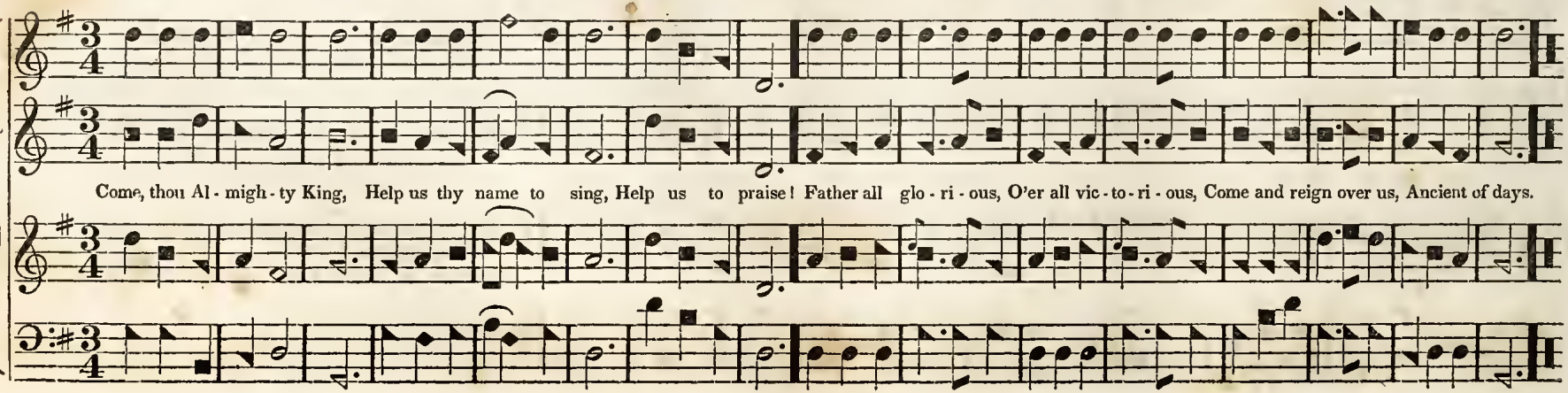
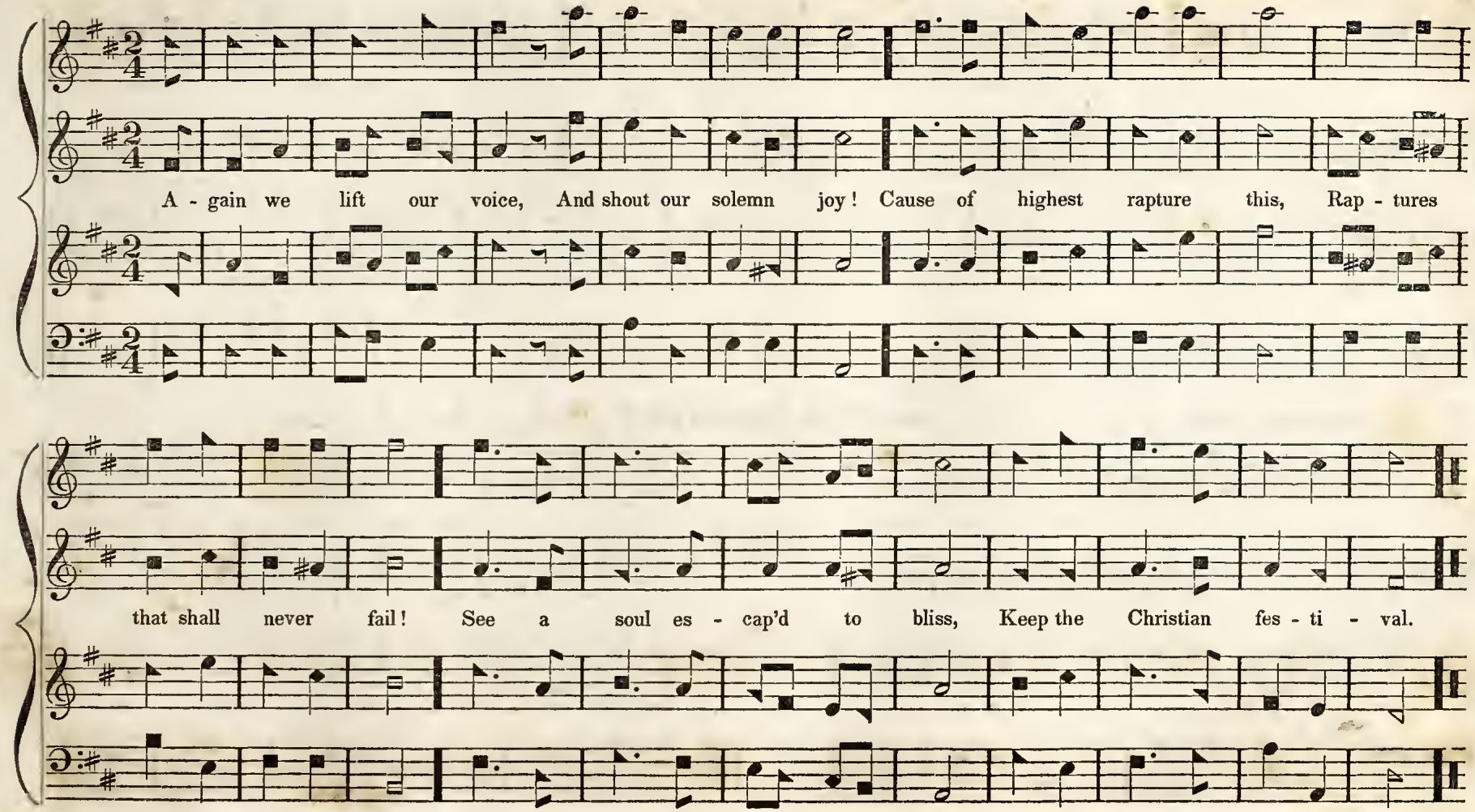
Our life as a dream, our time as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay;

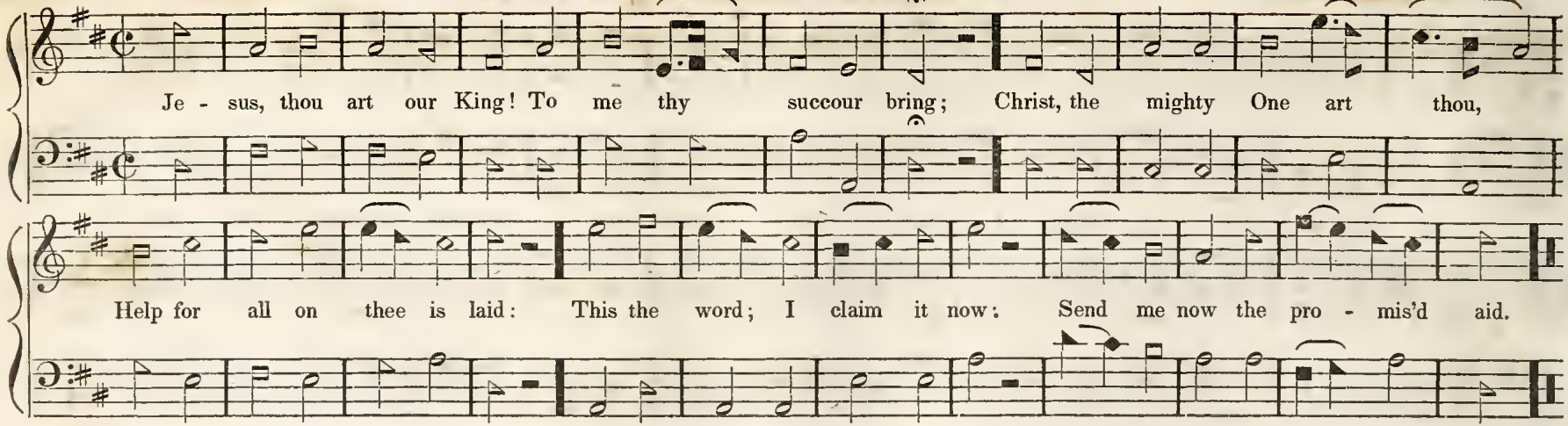
The arrow is flown, the moment is gone:
The millenial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

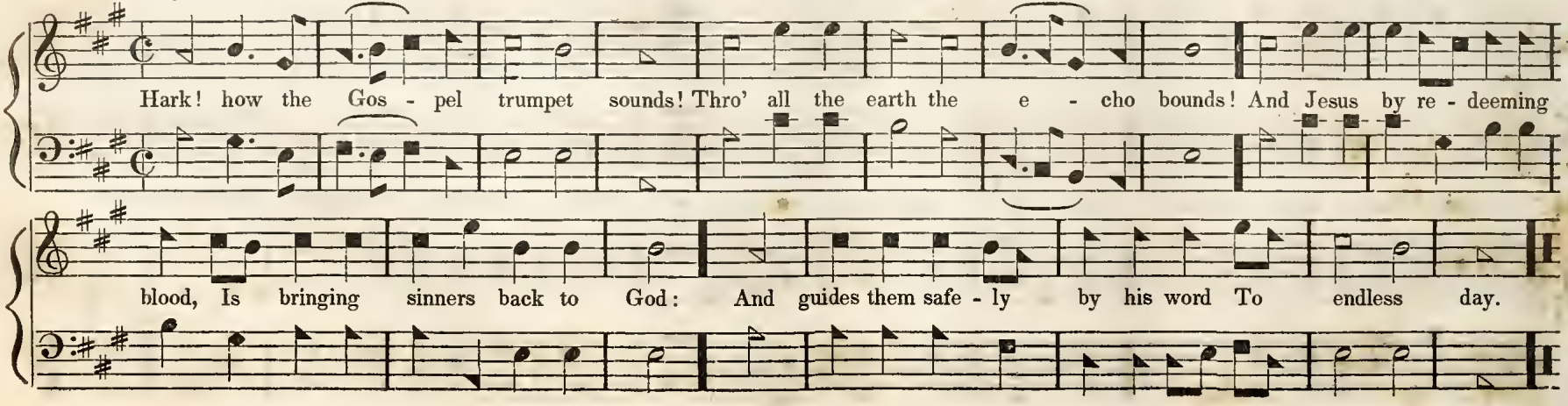
Hymn 413. DERBY. 10. 5. 11.

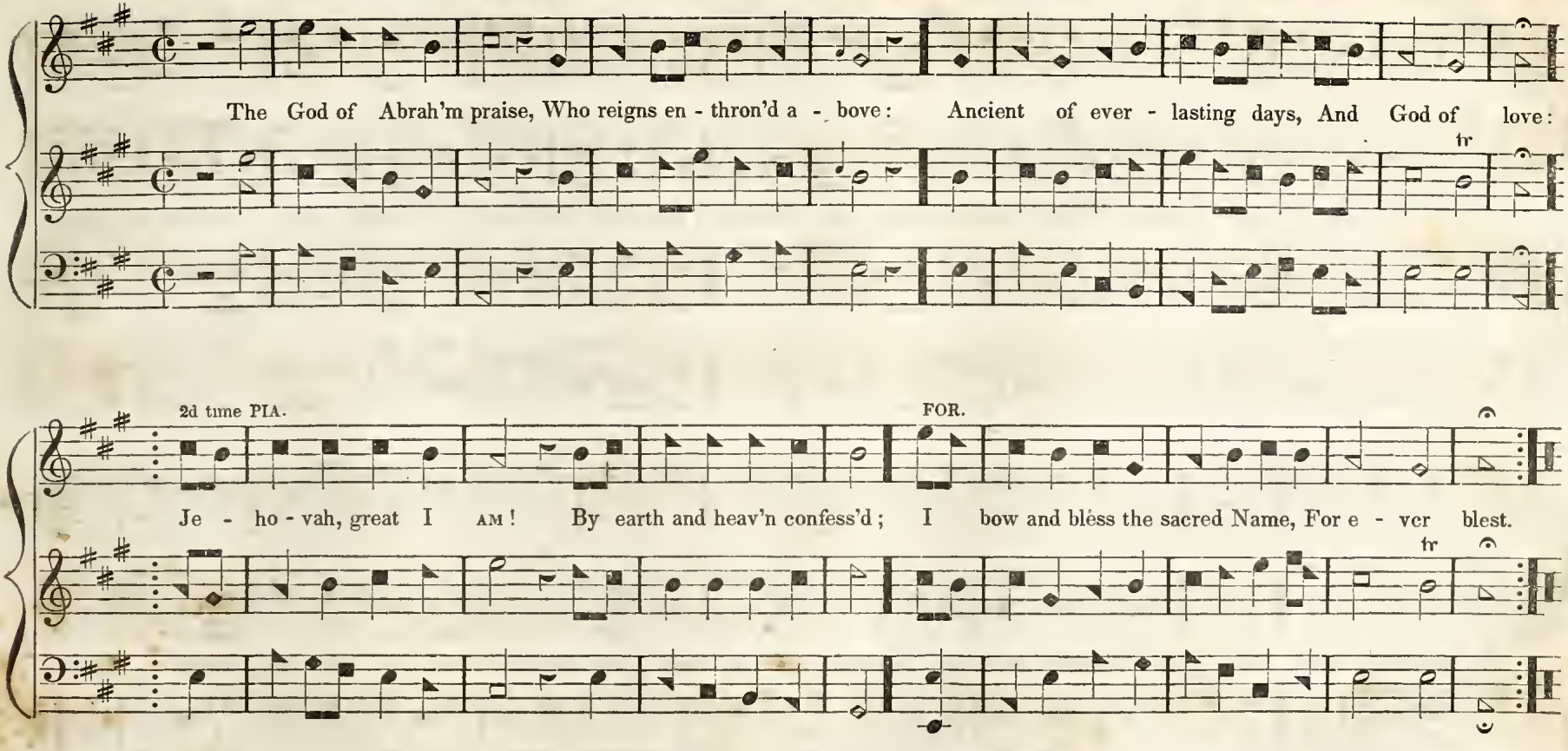

PIA.
Come, let us a - new our journey pur - sue, With vigour a - rise, With vigour a-
FOR.
PIA.
FOR.
rise, And press to our per - ma- And press to our per - ma - nent place in the skies.

Hymn 248. TRINITY. 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4. Giardini.


Come, thou Al - migh - ty King, Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise! Father all glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come and reign over us, Ancient of days.

A - gain we lift our voice, And shout our solemn joy! Cause of highest rapture this, Rap - tures
that shall never fail! See a soul es - cap'd to bliss, Keep the Christian fes - ti - val.

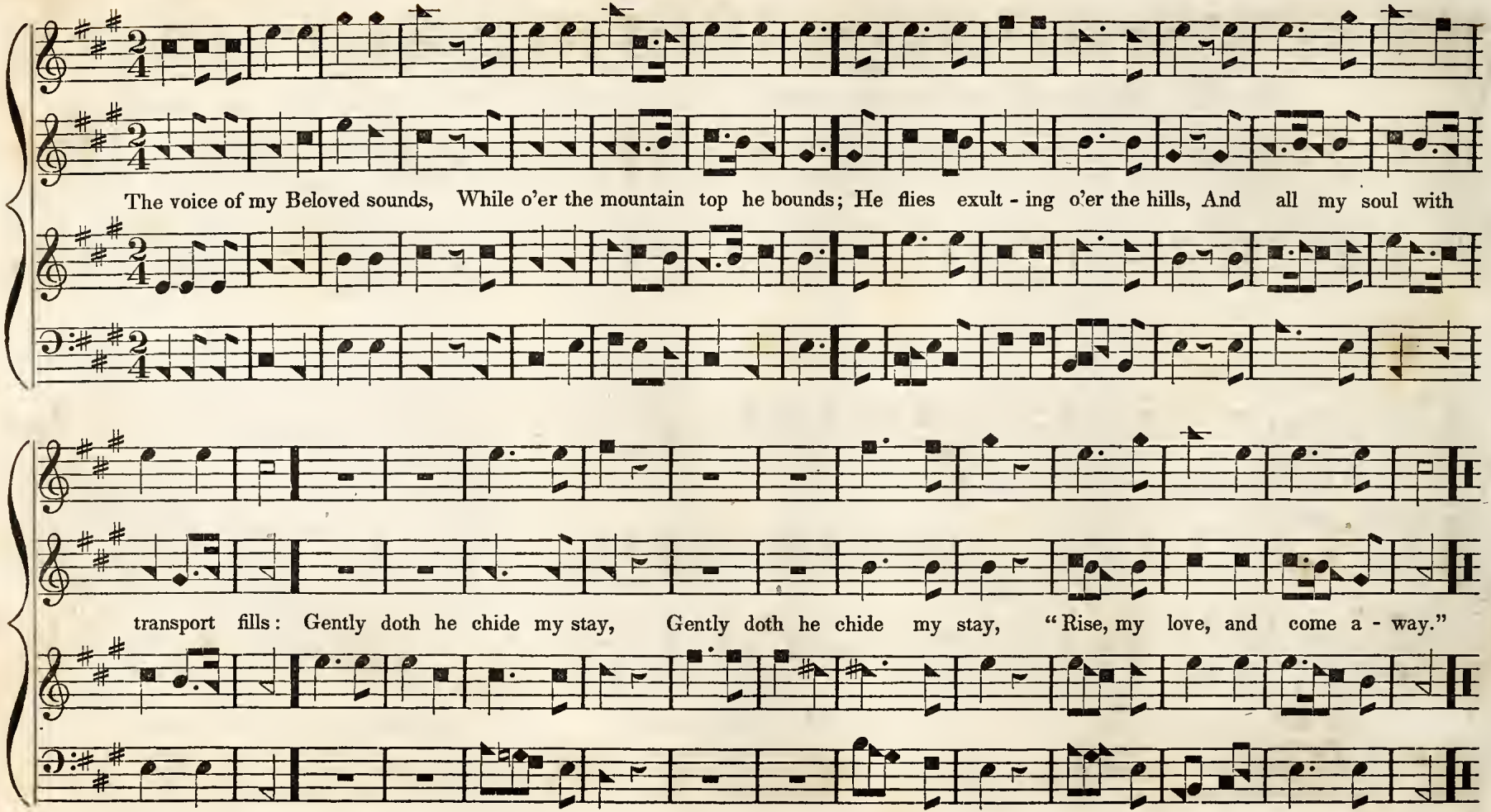
Hymn 308. IRENE. 6. 6. 7. 7. 7. 7.

Je - sus, thou art our King! To me thy succour bring; Christ, the mighty One art thou,
Help for all on thee is laid: This the word; I claim it now: Send me now the pro - mis'd aid.

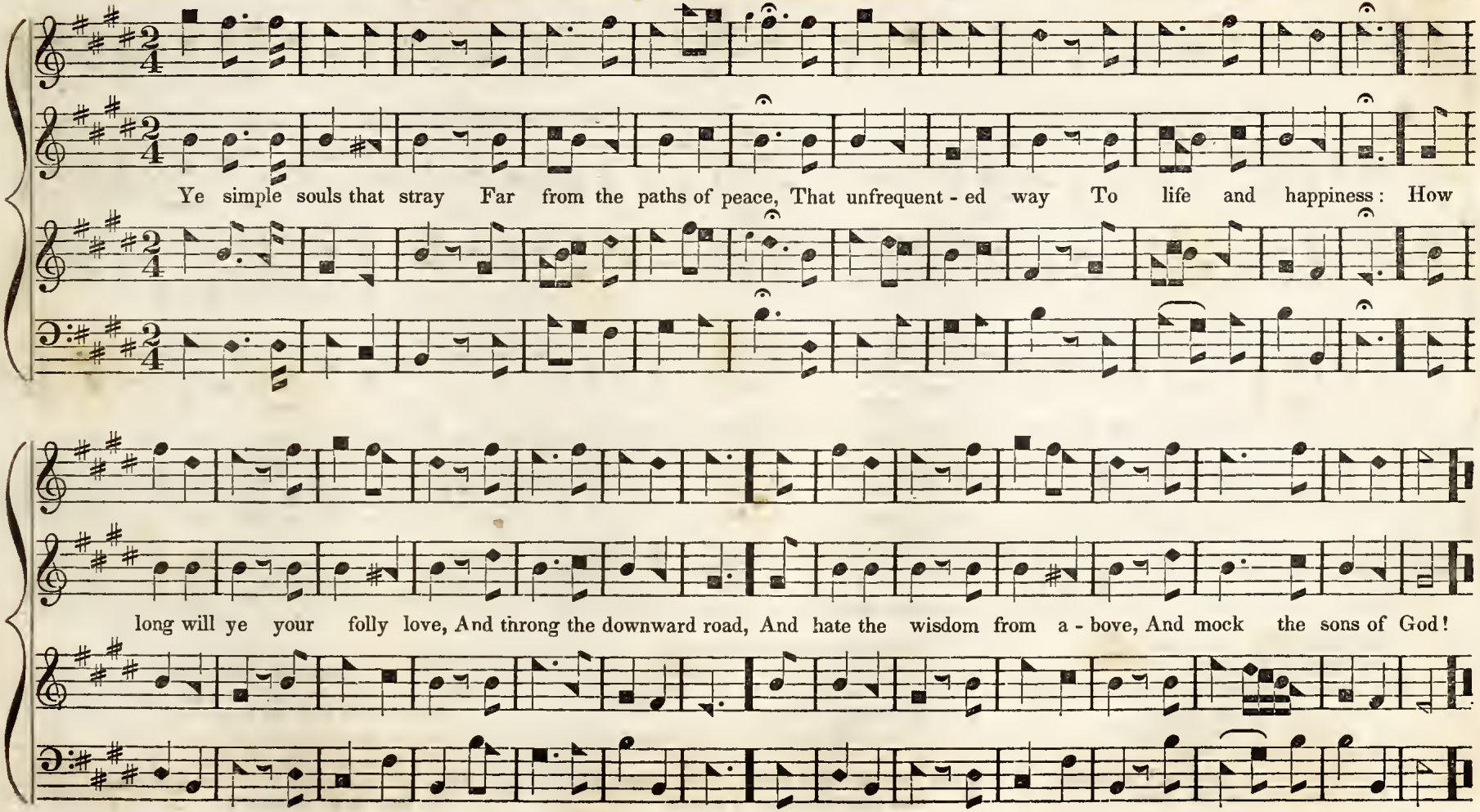
Hymn 280. GOSPEL TRUMPET. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 4.

Hark! how the Gos - pel trumpet sounds! Thro' all the earth the e - cho bounds! And Jesus by re - deeming
blood, Is bringing sinners back to God: And guides them safe - ly by his word To endless day.

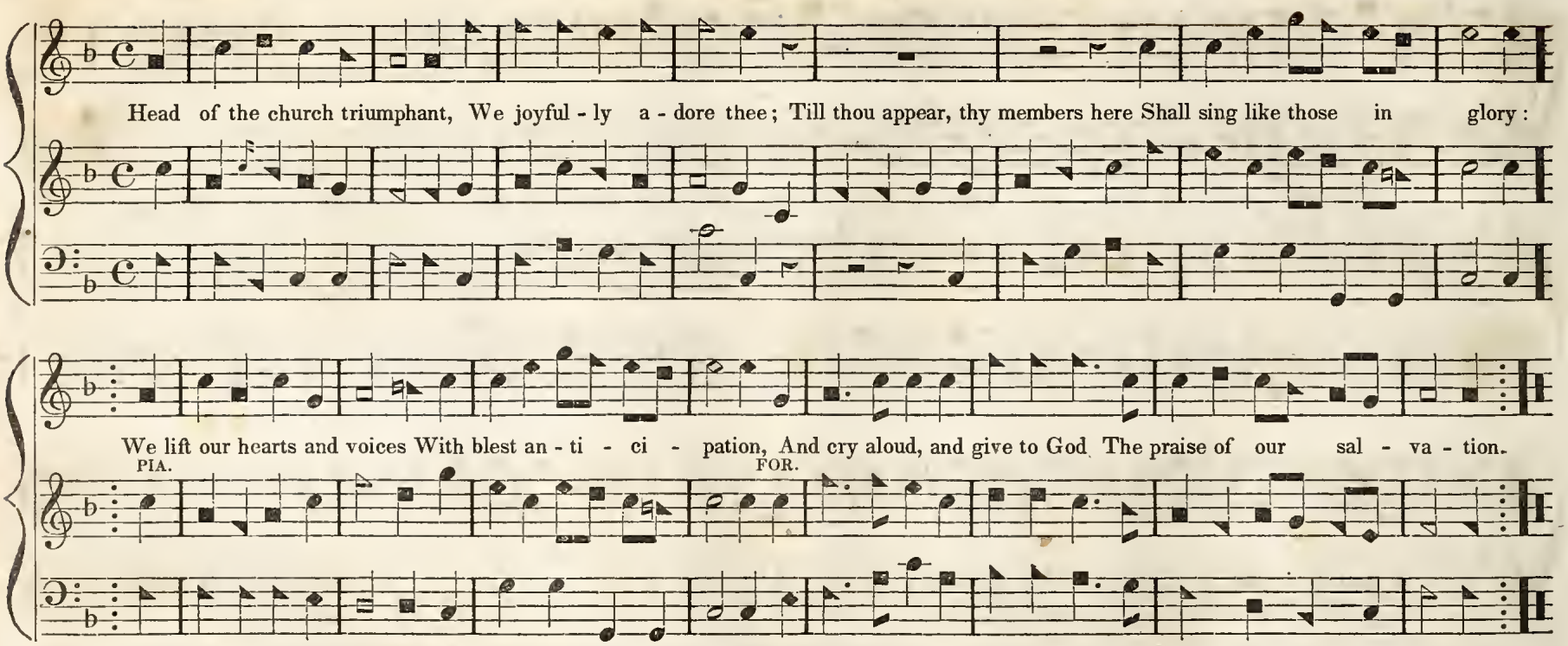

The God of Abrah'm praise, Who reigns en - thron'd a - bove: Ancient of ever - lasting days, And God of love:
tr
2d time PIA.
FOR.
Je - ho - vah, great I AM! By earth and heav'n confess'd; I bow and bless the sacred Name, For e - ver blest.
tr

The God of Abrah'm praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise—and seek the joys
At his right hand.

I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power;
And him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

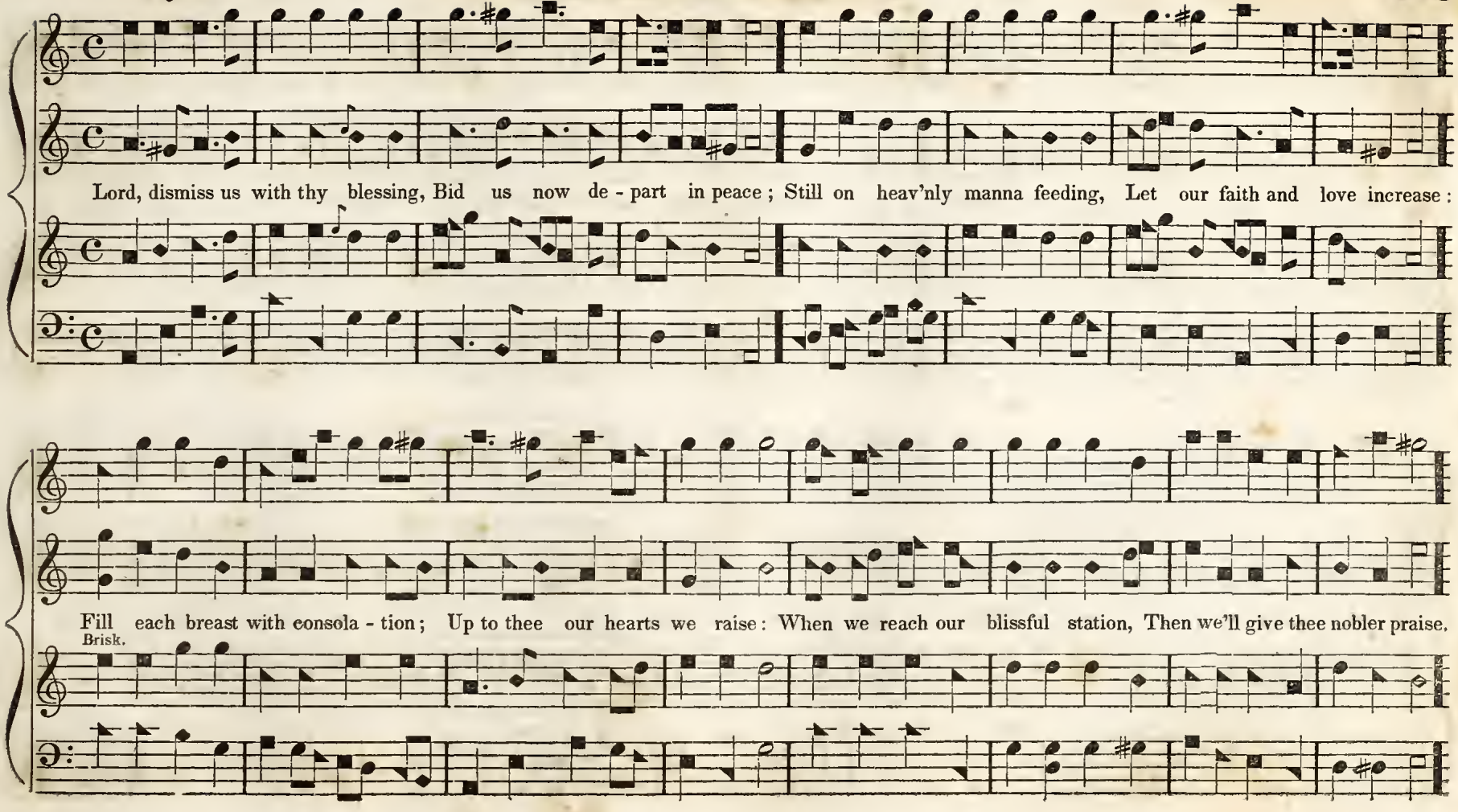
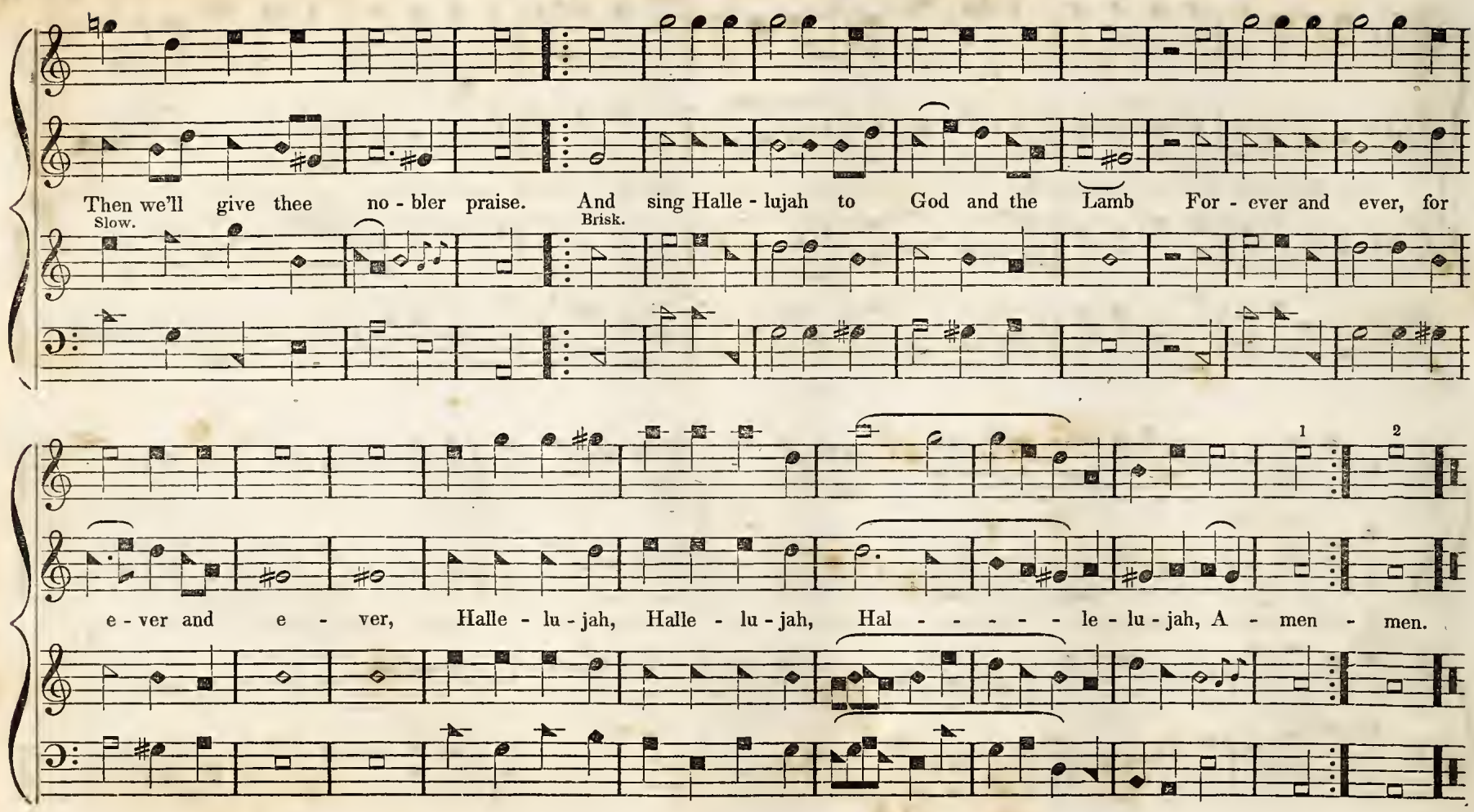
The God of Abrah'm praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days
In all my ways.

The voice of my Beloved sounds, While o'er the mountain top he bounds; He flies exult - ing o'er the hills, And all my soul with
transport fills: Gently doth he chide my stay, Gently doth he chide my stay, "Rise, my love, and come a - way."

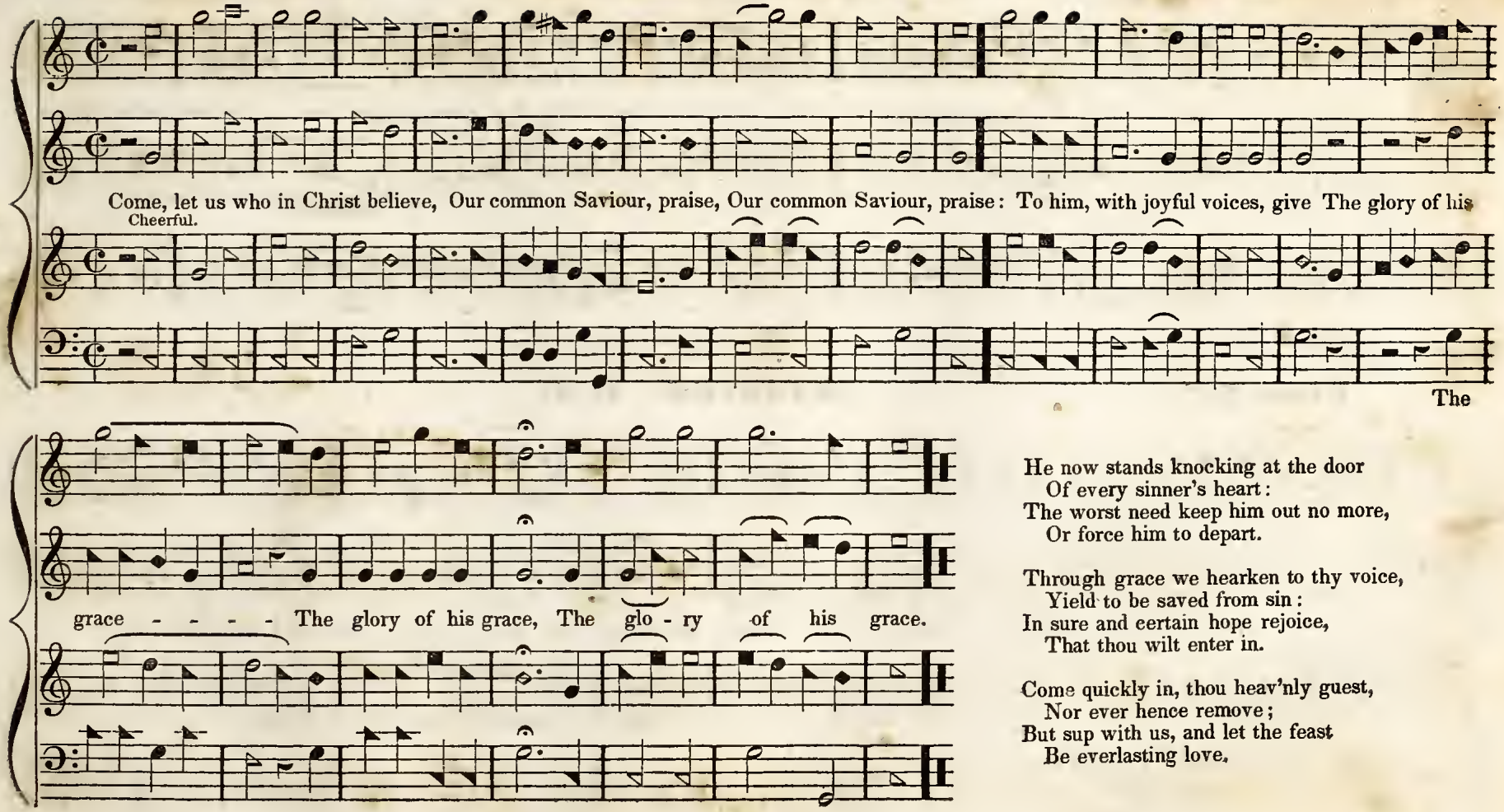

Ye simple souls that stray Far from the paths of peace, That unfrequent - ed way To life and happiness: How
long will ye your folly love, And throng the downward road, And hate the wisdom from a - bove, And mock the sons of God!


Head of the church triumphant, We joyful - ly a - dore thee; Till thou appear, thy members here Shall sing like those in glory:
We lift our hearts and voices With blest an - ti - ci - pation, And cry aloud, and give to God The praise of our sal - va - tion.
PIA.
FOR.

While in affliction's furnace,
And passing through the fire,
Thy love we praise which knows no days,
And ever brings us nigher:
We clap our hands exulting
In thine almighty favour;
The love divine, which made us thine,
Can keep us thine for ever.

Thou dost conduct thy people
Through torrents of temptation;
Nor will we fear while thou art near,
The fire of tribulation;
The world, with sin and Satan,
In vain our march opposes;
By thee we shall break through them all
And sing the song of Moses.

By faith we see the glory,
To which thou shalt restore us,
The cross despise for that high prize,
Which thou hast set before us;
And if thou count us worthy,
We each, as dying Stephen,
Shall see thee stand at God's right hand,
To take us up to heav'n.

Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing, Bid us now de - part in peace; Still on heav'nly manna feeding, Let our faith and love increase:
Fill each breast with consola - tion; Up to thee our hearts we raise: When we reach our blissful station, Then we'll give thee nobler praise.
Brisk.

Then we'll give thee no - bler praise. And sing Halle - lujah to God and the Lamb For - ever and ever, for
Slow.
Brisk.
e - ver and e - ver, Halle - lu - jah, Halle - lu - jah, Hal - - - - - le - lu - jah, A - men - men.
1
2

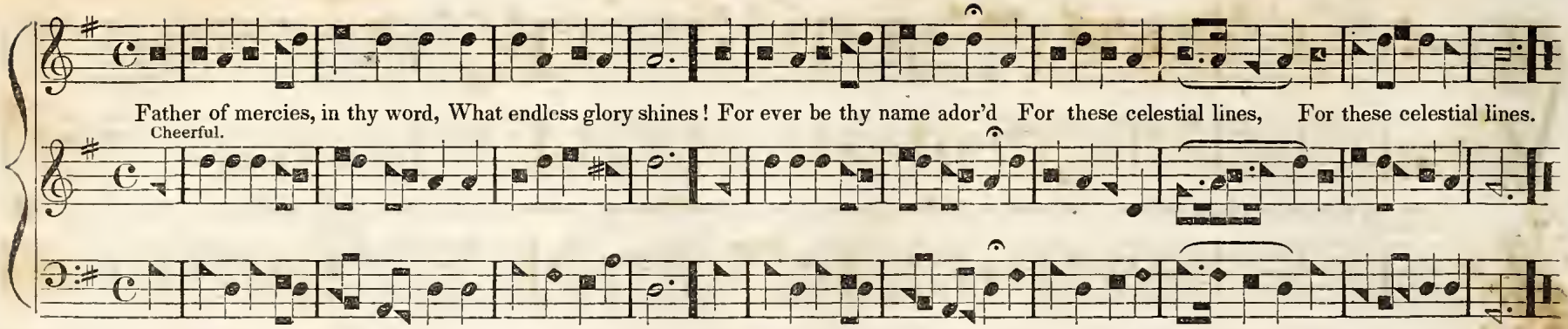

Come, let us who in Christ believe, Our common Saviour, praise, Our common Saviour, praise: To him, with joyful voices, give The glory of his
Cheerful.
The
grace - - - - The glory of his grace, The glo - ry of his grace.

He now stands knocking at the door
Of every sinner's heart:
The worst need keep him out no more,
Or force him to depart.

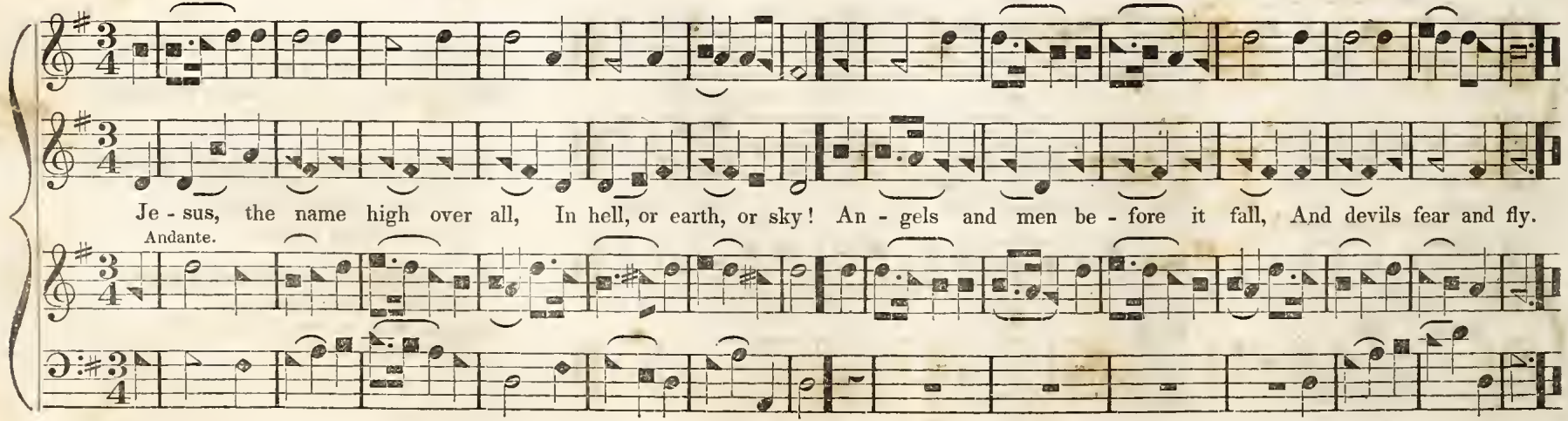
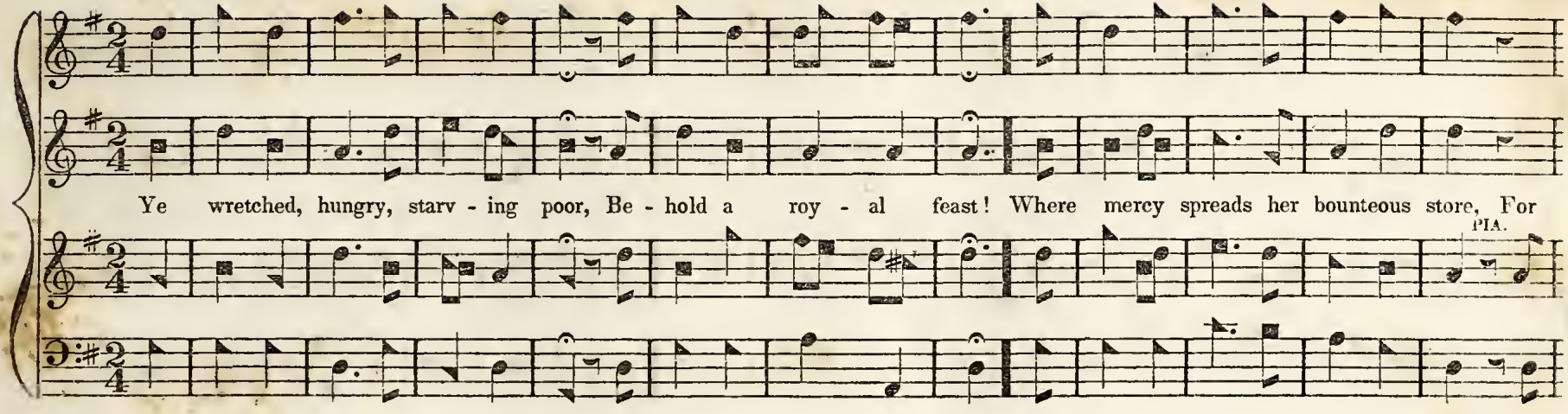
Through grace we hearken to thy voice,
Yield to be saved from sin:
In sure and certain hope rejoice,
That thou wilt enter in.

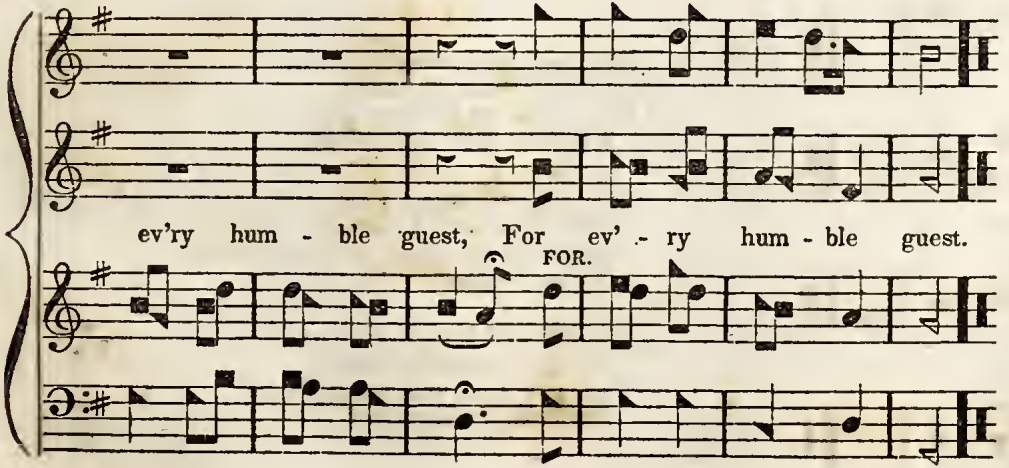
Come quickly in, thou heav'nly guest,
Nor ever hence remove;
But sup with us, and let the feast
Be everlasting love.

Hymn 535. ST. GEORGE'S, or BRAY. C. M. From the German.


Father of mercies, in thy word, What endless glory shines! For ever be thy name ador'd For these celestial lines, For these celestial lines.
Cheerful.

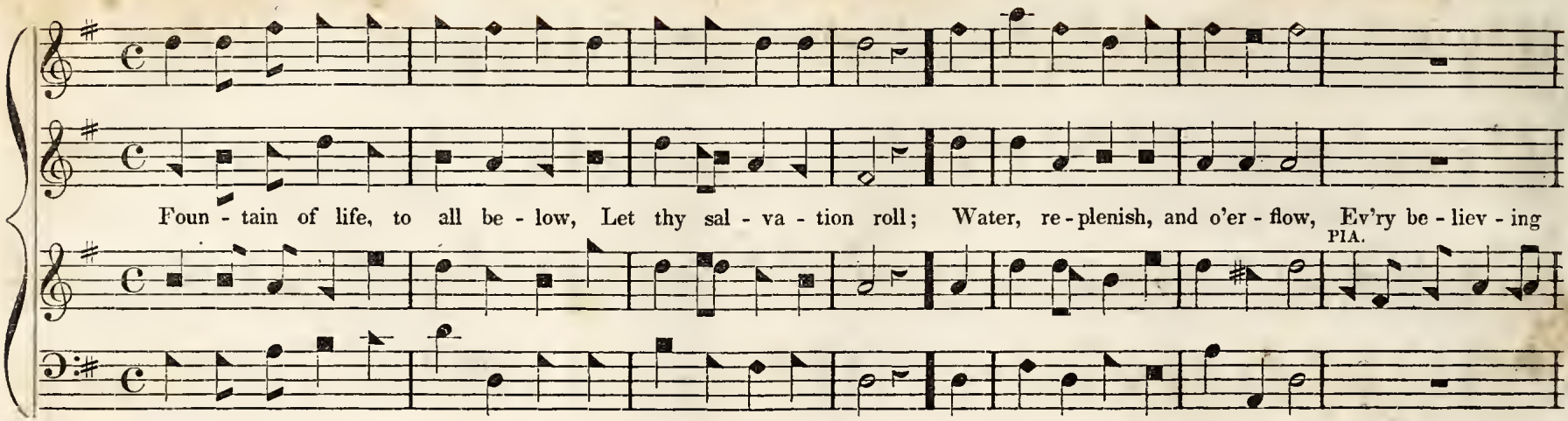
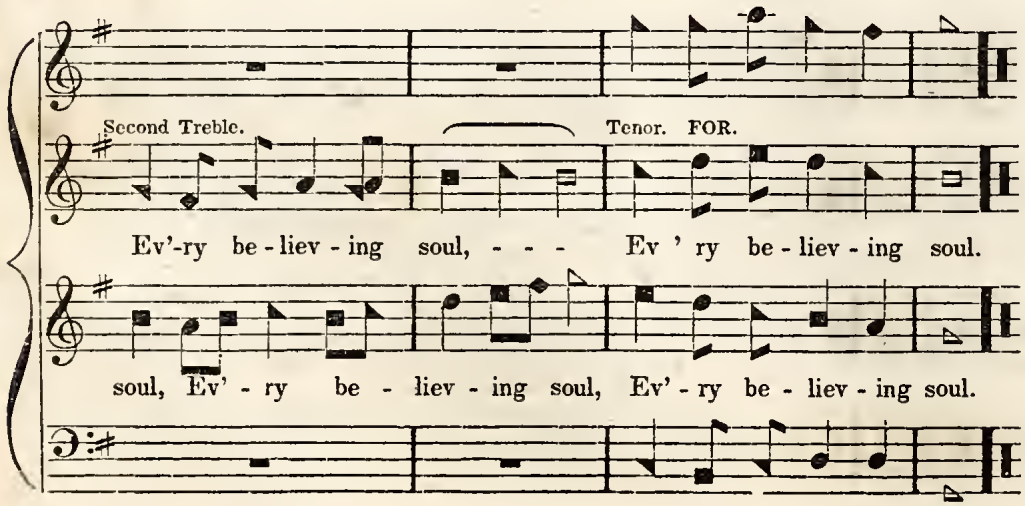
Hymn 468. HANOVER. C. M.





See, Jesus stands with open arms;
He calls, he bids you come:
O stay not back, though fear alarms!
For yet there still is room.

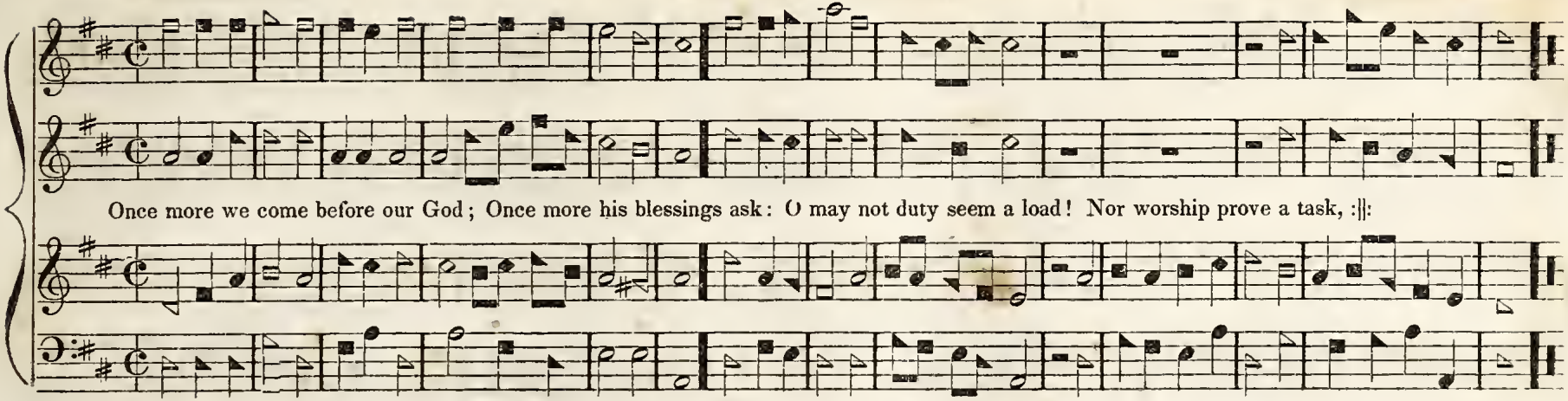
O come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love;
While hope attends the sweet repast,
Of nobler joys above!

There with united heart and voice,
Before the eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In ecstacies unknown.

Into that happy number, Lord,
Us weary sinners take;
Jesus, fulfil thy gracious word,
For thine own mercy's sake.

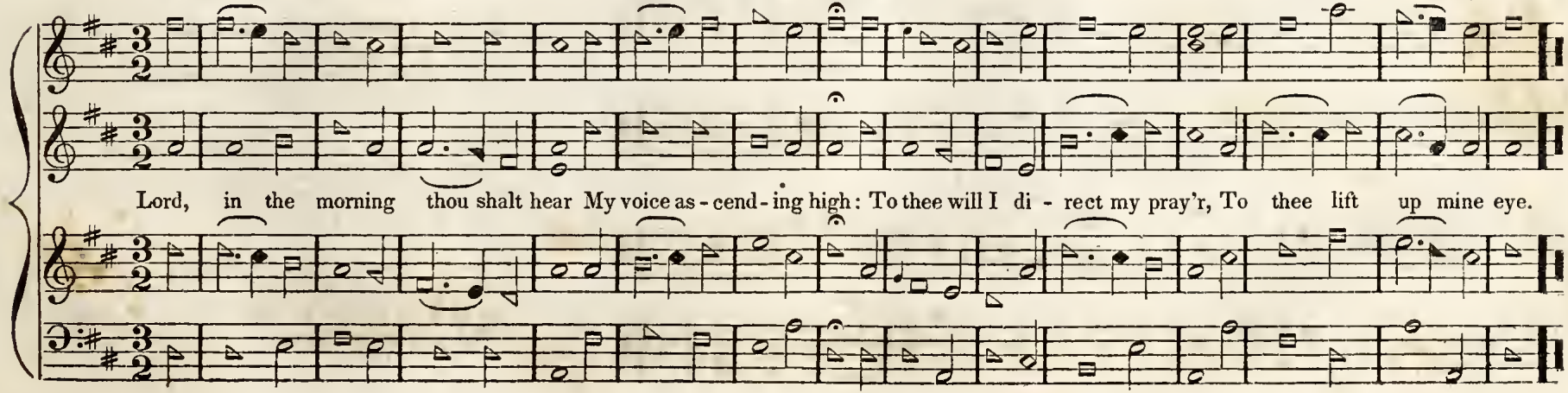
Turn back our nature's rapid tide,
And we shall flow to thee,
While down the stream of time we glide
To our eternity.

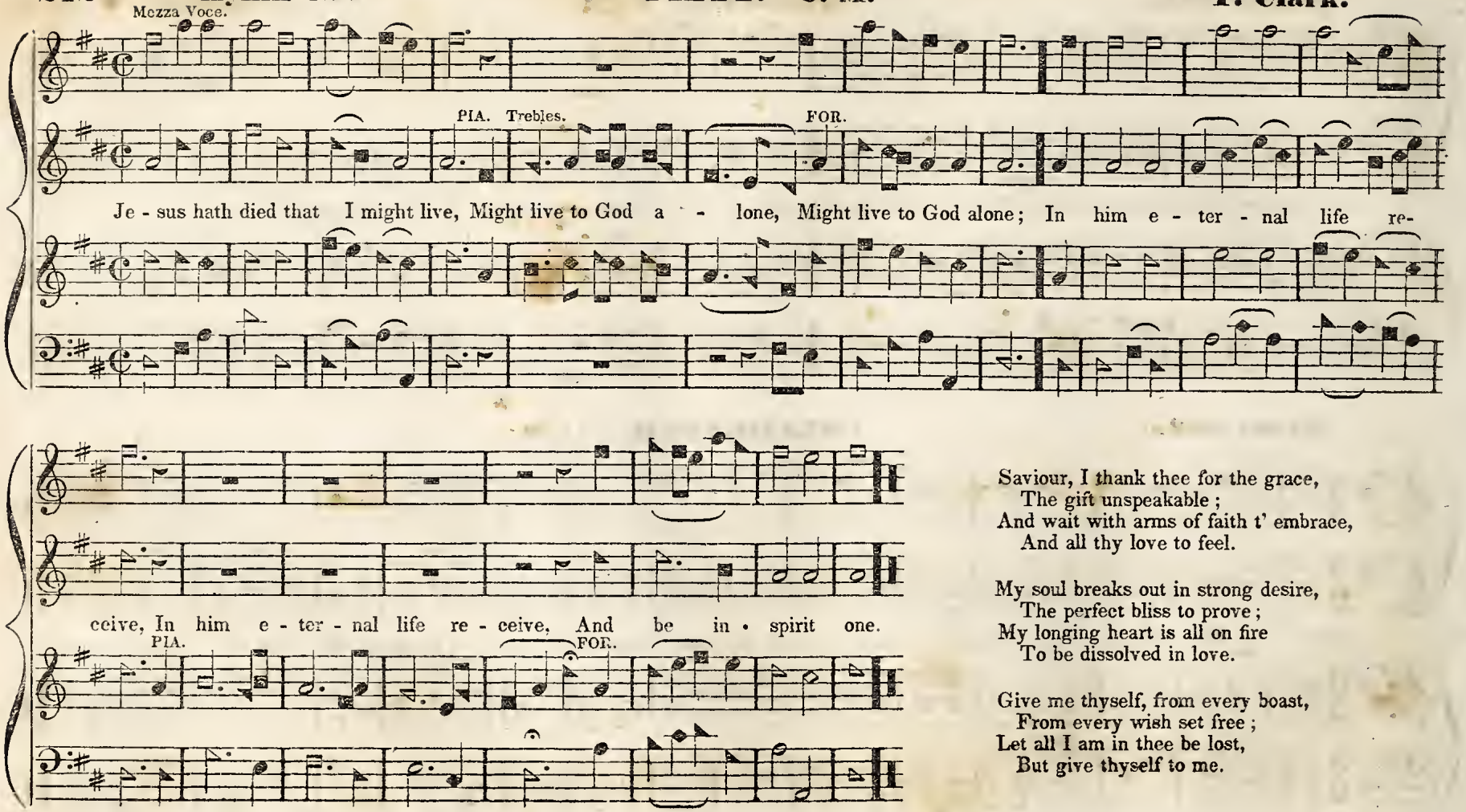
The well of life to us thou art
Of joy the swelling flood;
Wafted by thee, with willing heart,
We swift return to God.

Hymn 475. OLDHAM. C. M.



Hymn 502. COLCHESTER. C. M.

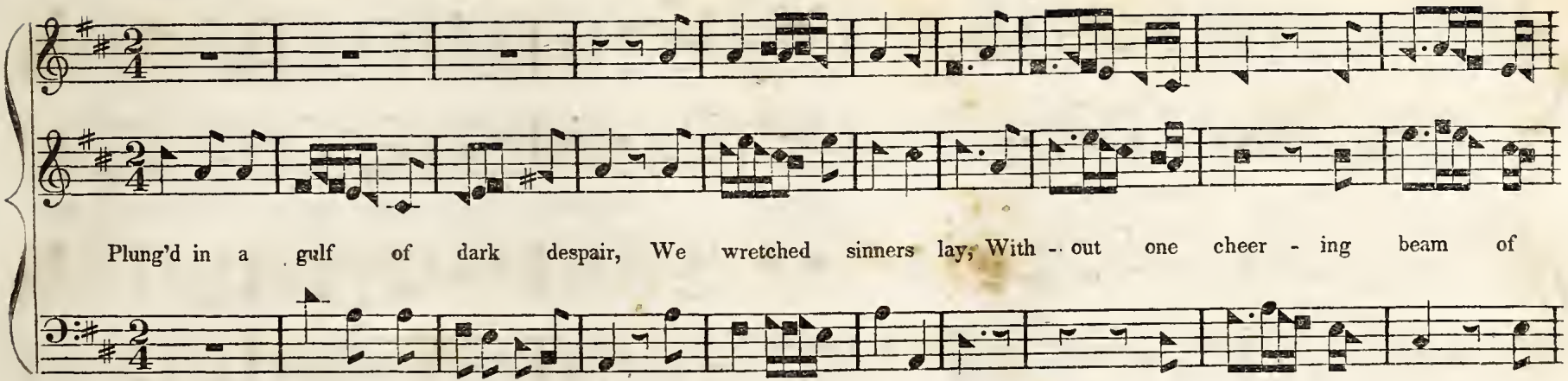
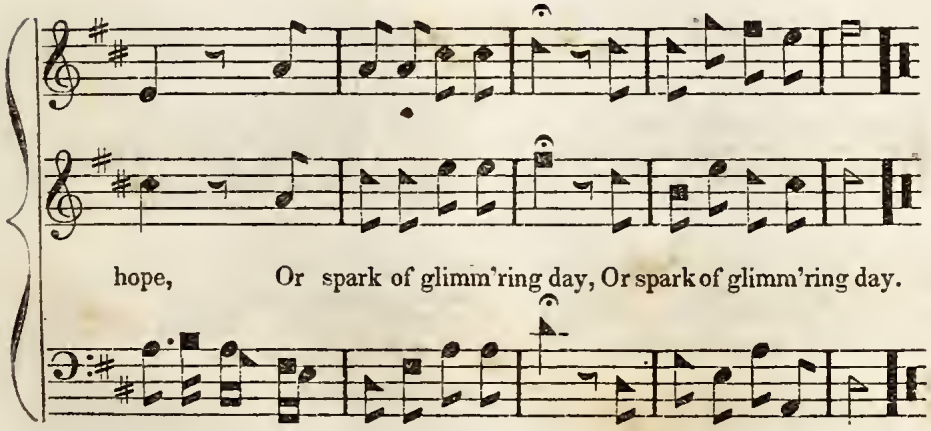



Mezza Voce.
PIA. Trebles.
FOR.
Je - sus hath died that I might live, Might live to God a - lone, Might live to God alone; In him e - ter - nal life re-
ceive, In him e - ter - nal life re - ceive, And be in • spirit one.
PIA.
FOR.

Saviour, I thank thee for the grace,
The gift unspeakable;
And wait with arms of faith t' embrace,
And all thy love to feel.

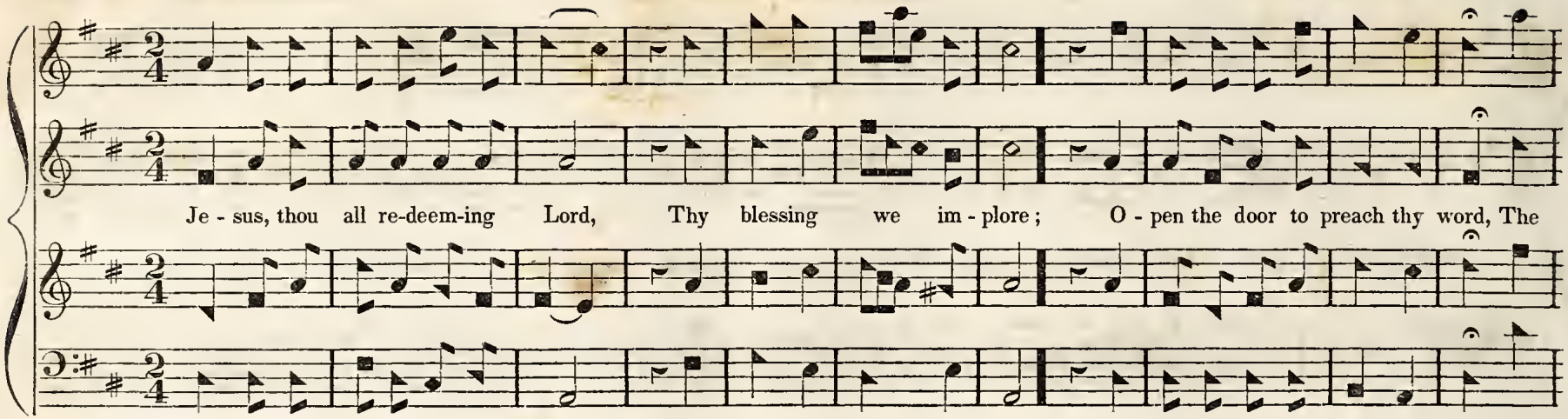
My soul breaks out in strong desire,
The perfect bliss to prove;
My longing heart is all on fire
To be dissolved in love.

Give me thyself, from every boast,
From every wish set free;
Let all I am in thee be lost,
But give thyself to me.



With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and (O amazing love!)
He ran to our relief.

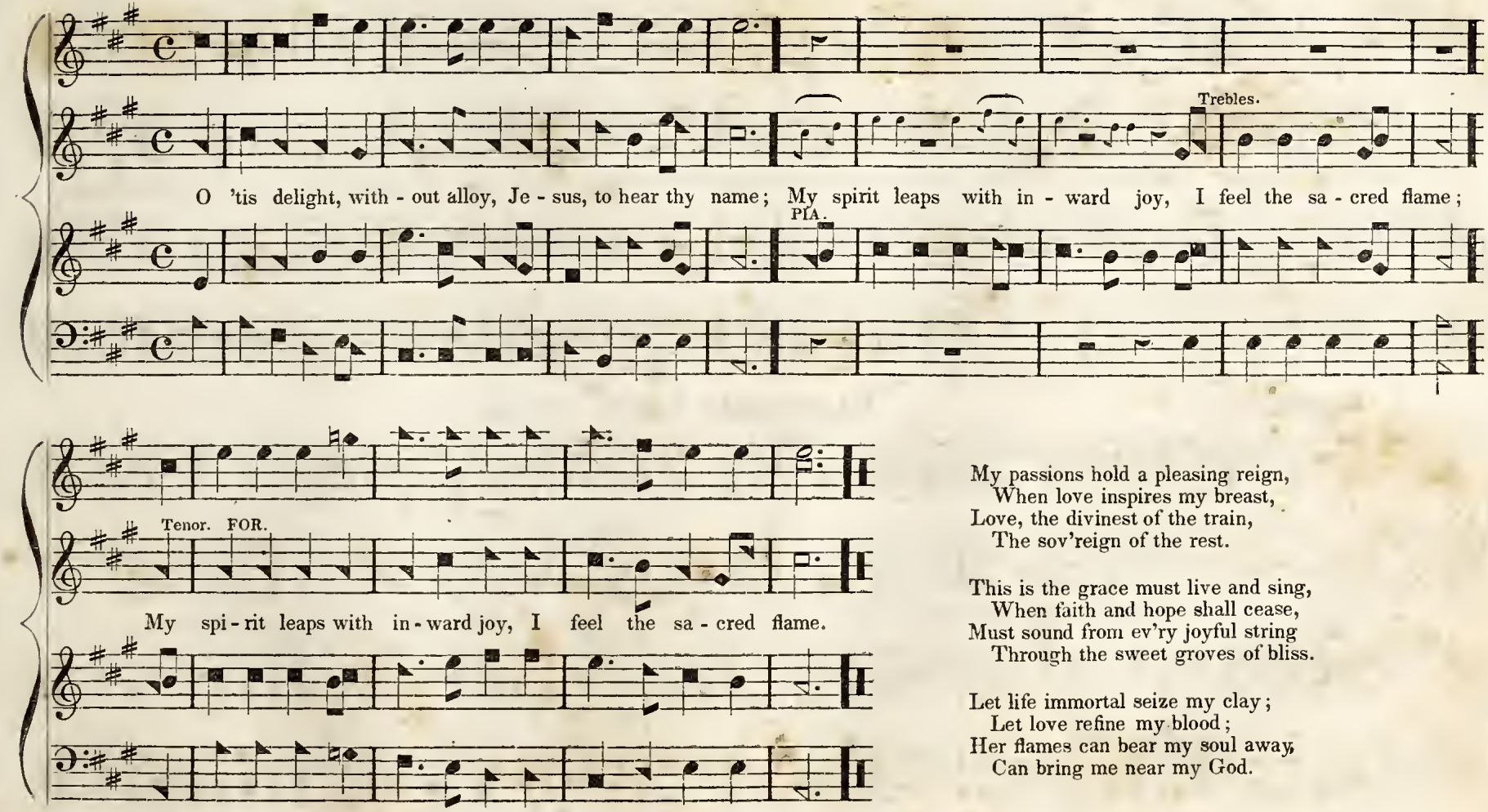
Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste he fled;
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

O for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break!
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

Gather the outcasts in, and save
From sin and Satan's pow'r;
And let them now acceptance have,
And know their gracious hour.

Thy side an open fountain is,
Where all may freely go,
And drink the living streams of bliss,
And wash them white as snow.

Lover of souls! thou know'st to prize
What thou hast bought so dear:
Come, then, and in thy people's eyes,
With all thy wounds appear!

Ready thou art the blood t' apply,
And prove the record true:
And all thy wounds to sinners cry,
"I suffer'd this for you!"

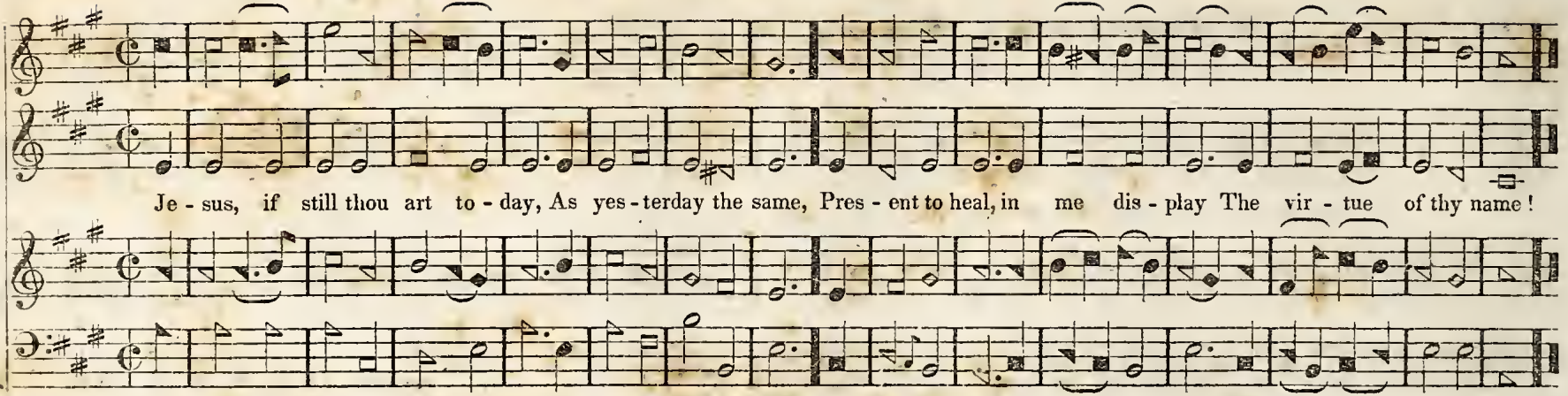

Trebles.
O 'tis delight, with - out alloy, Je - sus, to hear thy name; My spirit leaps with in - ward joy, I feel the sa - cred flame;
PIA.
Tenor. FOR.
My spi - rit leaps with in - ward joy, I feel the sa - cred flame.

My passions hold a pleasing reign,
When love inspires my breast,
Love, the divinest of the train,
The sov'reign of the rest.

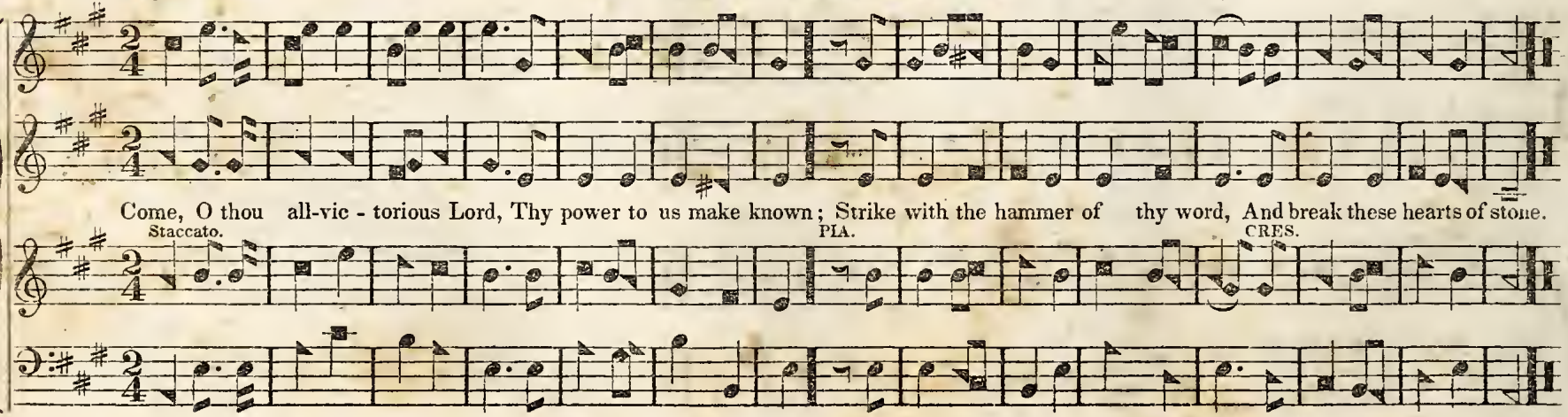
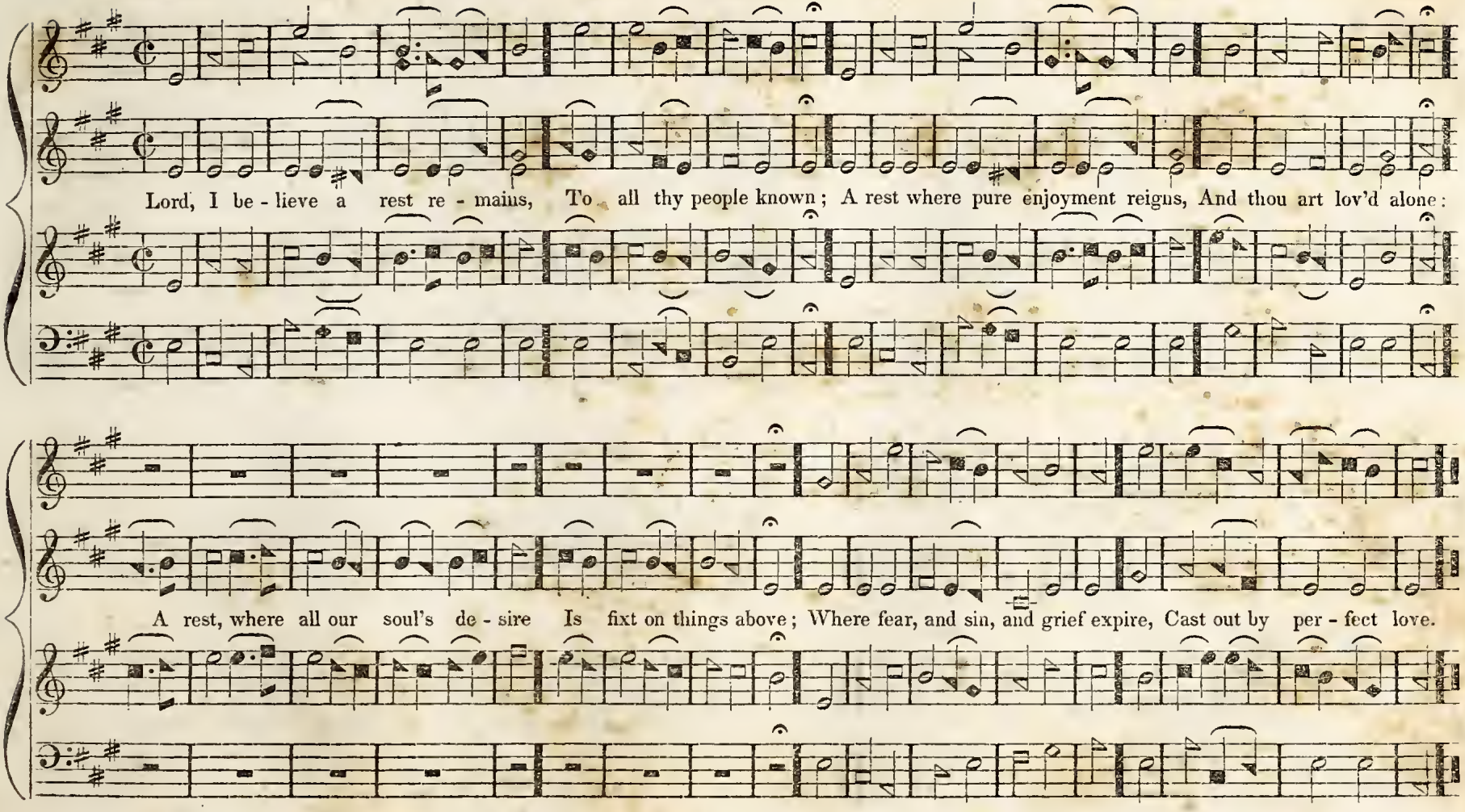
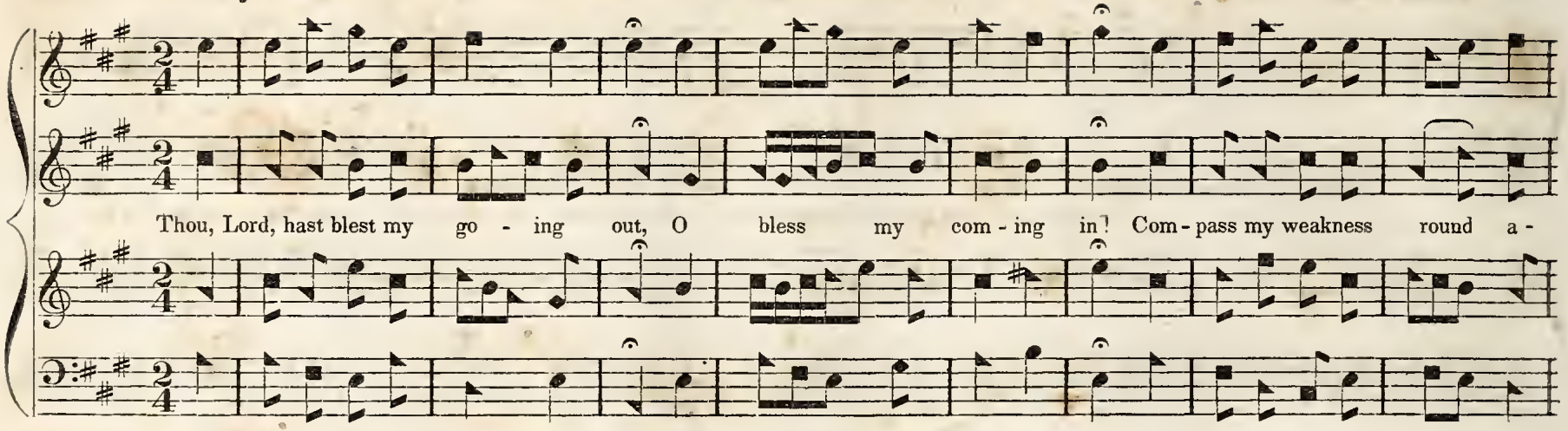
This is the grace must live and sing,
When faith and hope shall cease,
Must sound from ev'ry joyful string
Through the sweet groves of bliss.

Let life immortal seize my clay;
Let love refine my blood;
Her flames can bear my soul away,
Can bring me near my God.

Hymn 63. FRANKLIN. C. M. L. Mason.



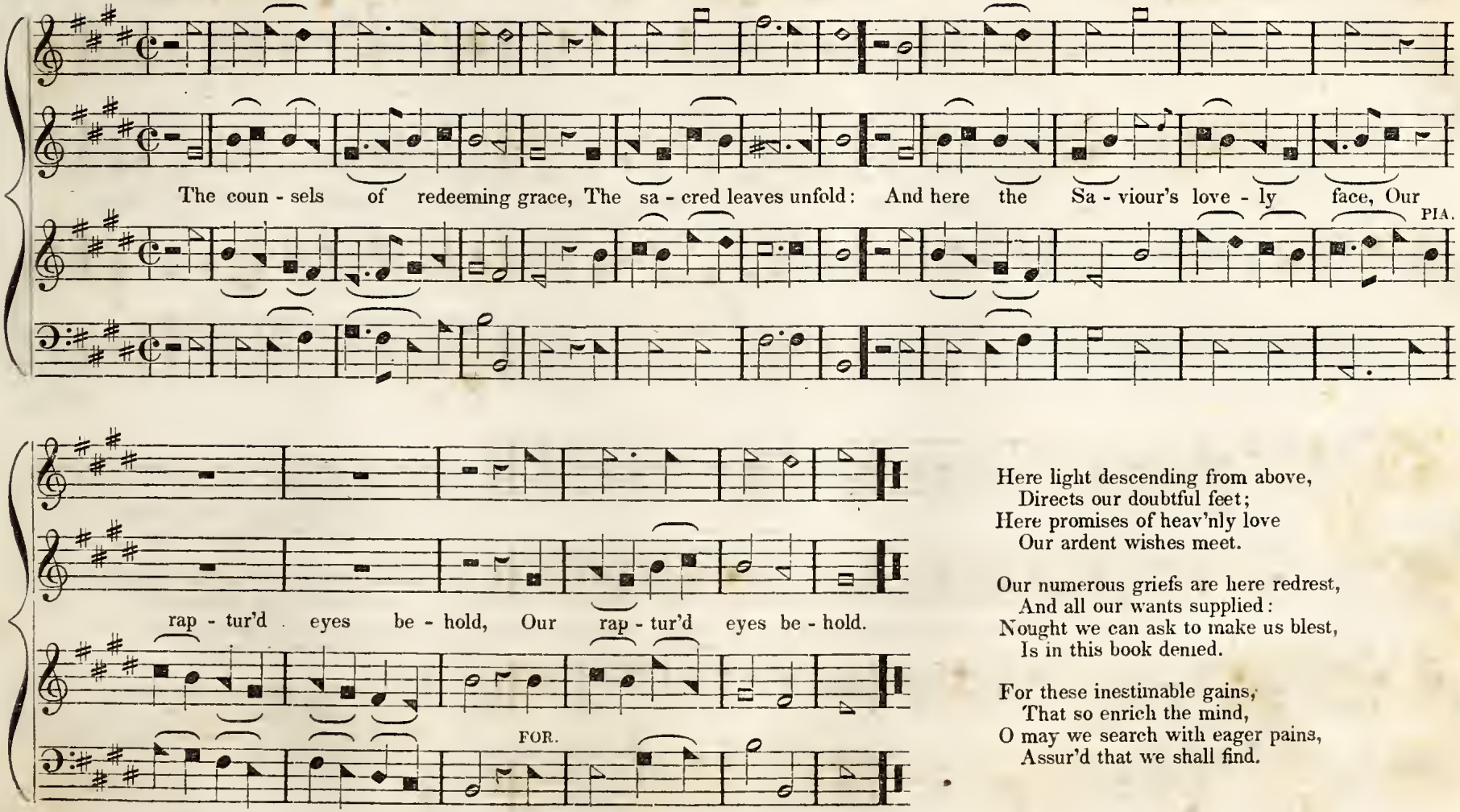
Hymn 22. REMEMBRANCE. C. M.


Come, O thou all-vic - torious Lord, Thy power to us make known; Strike with the hammer of thy word, And break these hearts of stone.
Staccato.
PIA.
CRES.

Lord, I be - lieve a rest re - mains, To all thy people known; A rest where pure enjoyment reigns, And thou art lov'd alone:
A rest, where all our soul's de - sire Is fixt on things above; Where fear, and sin, and grief expire, Cast out by per - fect love.

Still hide me in thy secret place,
Thy tabernacle spread;
Shelter me with preserving grace,
And screen my naked head.

To Thee for refuge may I run,
From sin's alluring snare:
Ready its first approach to shun,
And watching unto pray'r.

O that I never, never more
Might from thy ways depart!
Here let me give my wand'rings o'er,
By giving thee my heart.

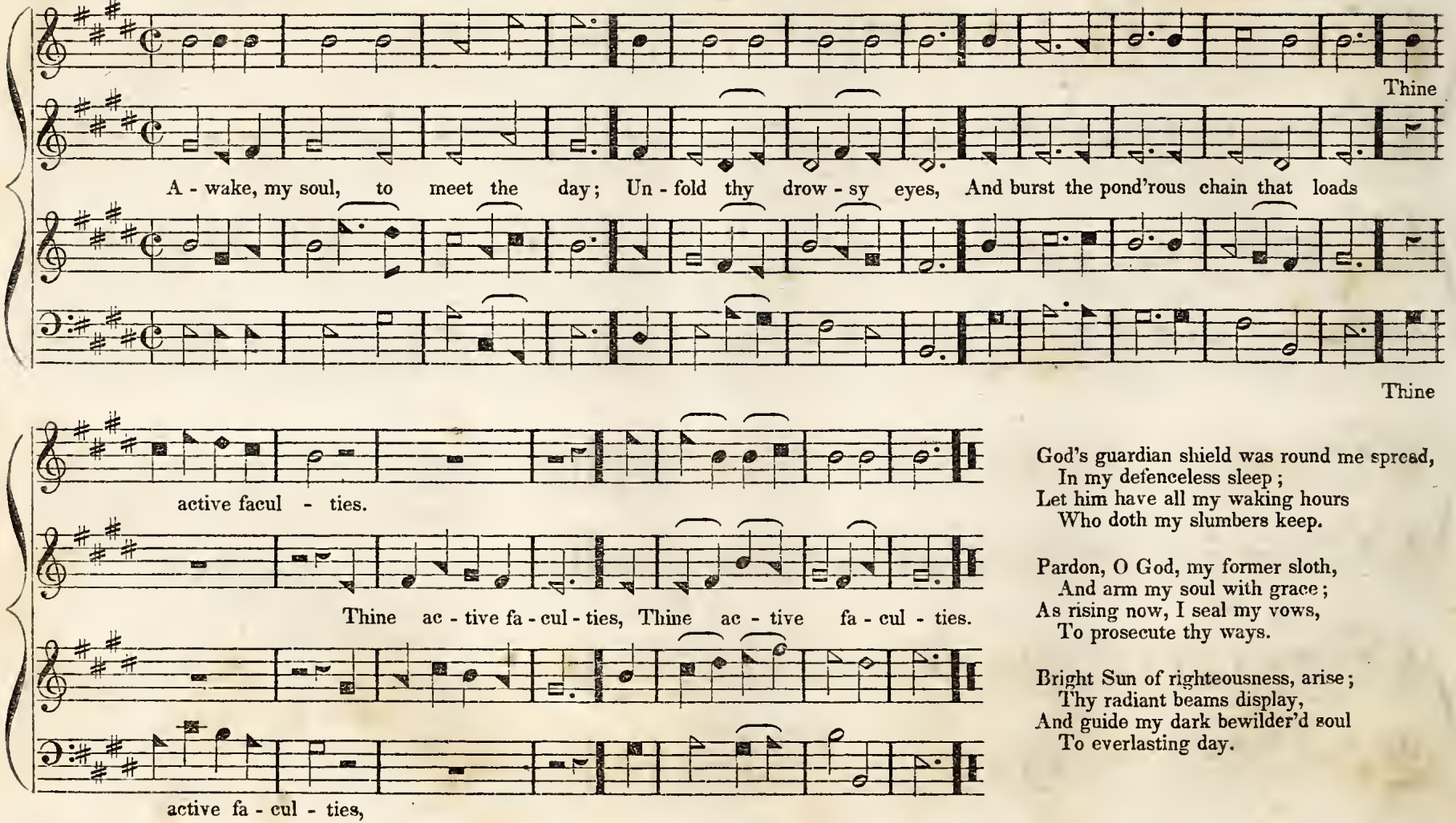
Fix my new heart on things above,
And then from earth release;
I ask not life, but let me love,
And lay me down in peace.


The coun - sels of redeeming grace, The sa - cred leaves unfold: And here the Sa - viour's love - ly face, Our
PIA.
rap - tur'd eyes be - hold, Our rap - tur'd eyes be - hold.
FOR.

Here light descending from above,
Directs our doubtful feet;
Here promises of heav'nly love
Our ardent wishes meet.

Our numerous griefs are here redrest,
And all our wants supplied:
Nought we can ask to make us blest,
Is in this book denied.

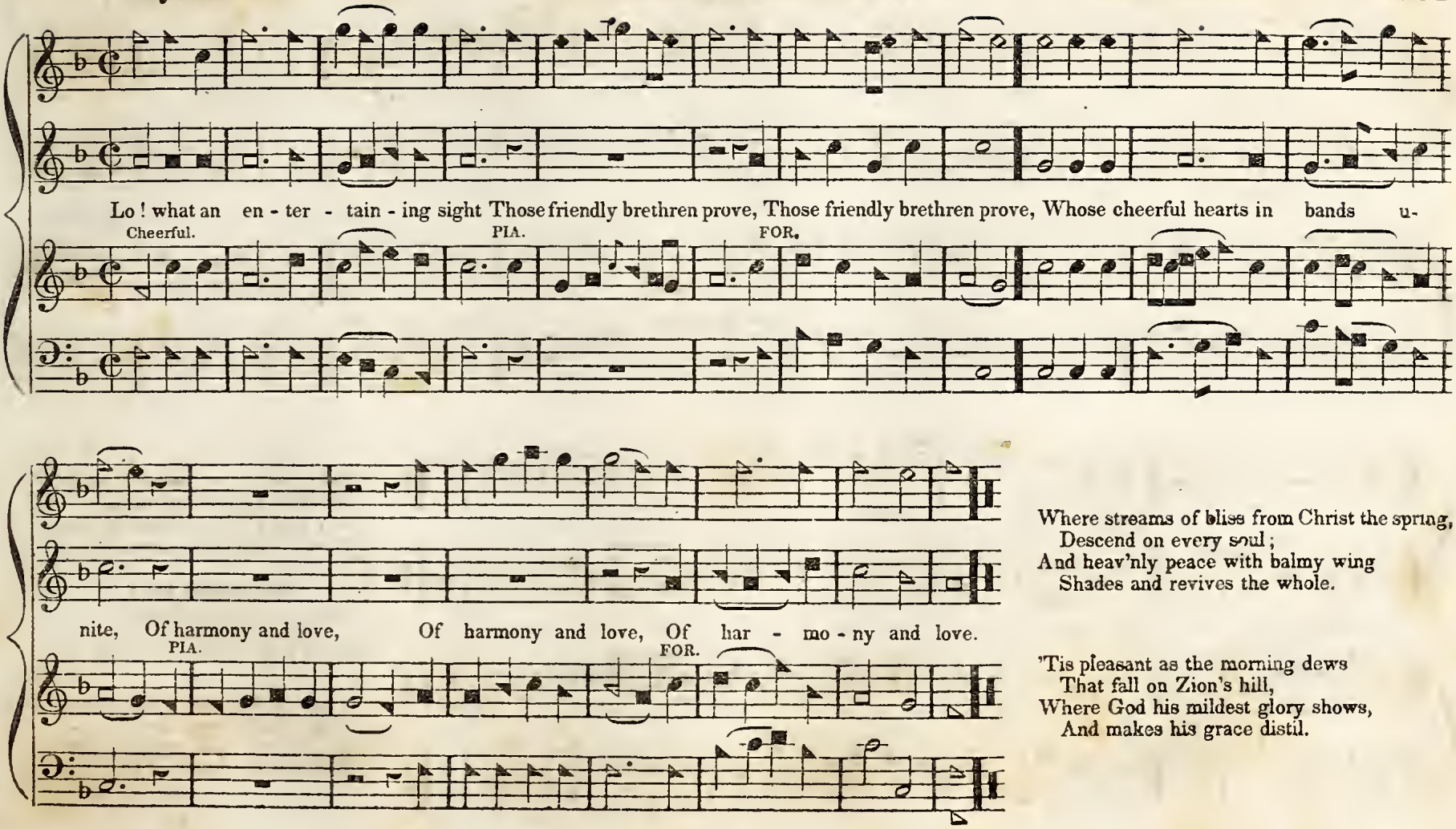
For these inestimable gains,
That so enrich the mind,
O may we search with eager pains,
Assur'd that we shall find.


Thine
A - wake, my soul, to meet the day; Un - fold thy drow - sy eyes, And burst the pond'rous chain that loads
Thine
active facul - ties.
Thine ac - tive fa - cul - ties, Thine ac - tive fa - cul - ties.
active fa - cul - ties,

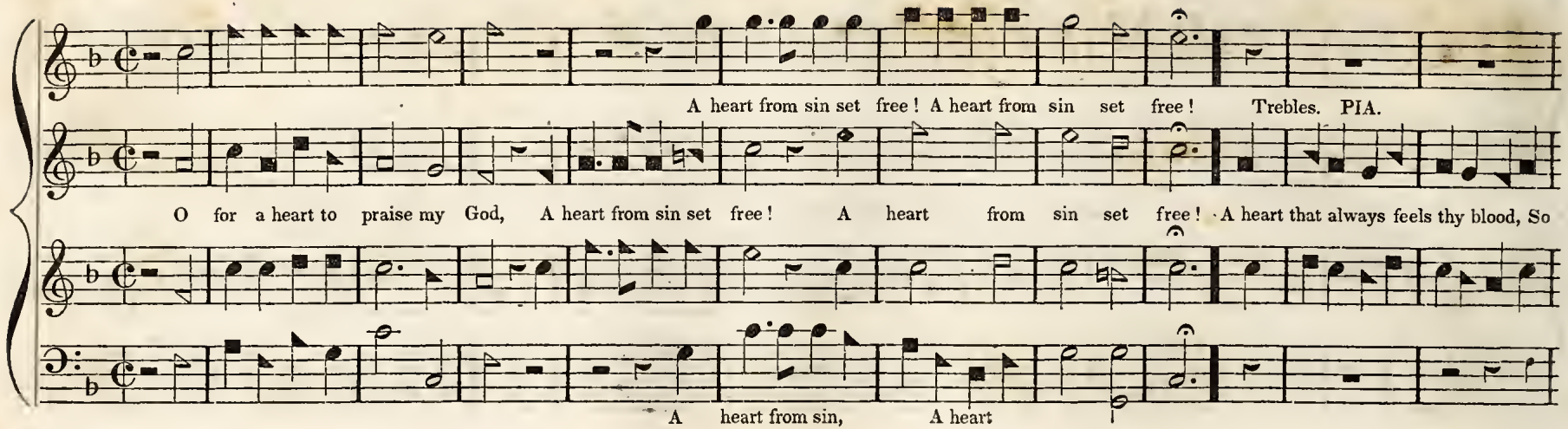
God's guardian shield was round me spread,
In my defenceless sleep;
Let him have all my waking hours
Who doth my slumbers keep.

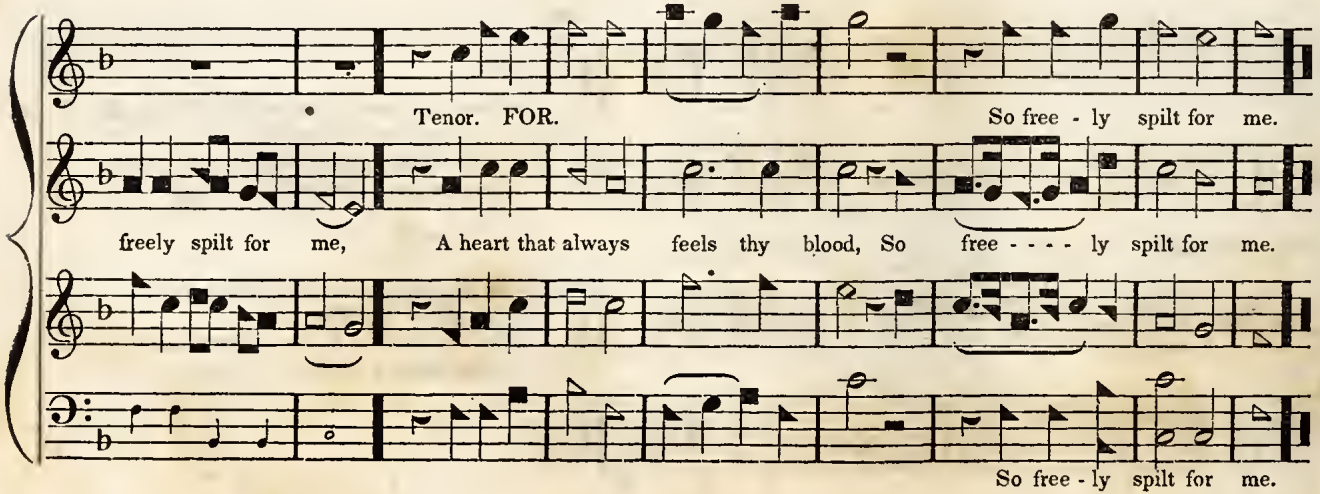
Pardon, O God, my former sloth,
And arm my soul with grace;
As rising now, I seal my vows,
To prosecute thy ways.

Bright Sun of righteousness, arise;
Thy radiant beams display,
And guide my dark bewilder'd soul
To everlasting day.


Lo! what an en - ter - tain - ing sight Those friendly brethren prove, Those friendly brethren prove, Whose cheerful hearts in bands u-
Cheerful.
PIA.
FOR.
nite, Of harmony and love, Of harmony and love, Of har - mo - ny and love.
PIA.
FOR.

Where streams of bliss from Christ the spring,
Descend on every soul;
And heav'nly peace with balmy wing
Shades and revives the whole.

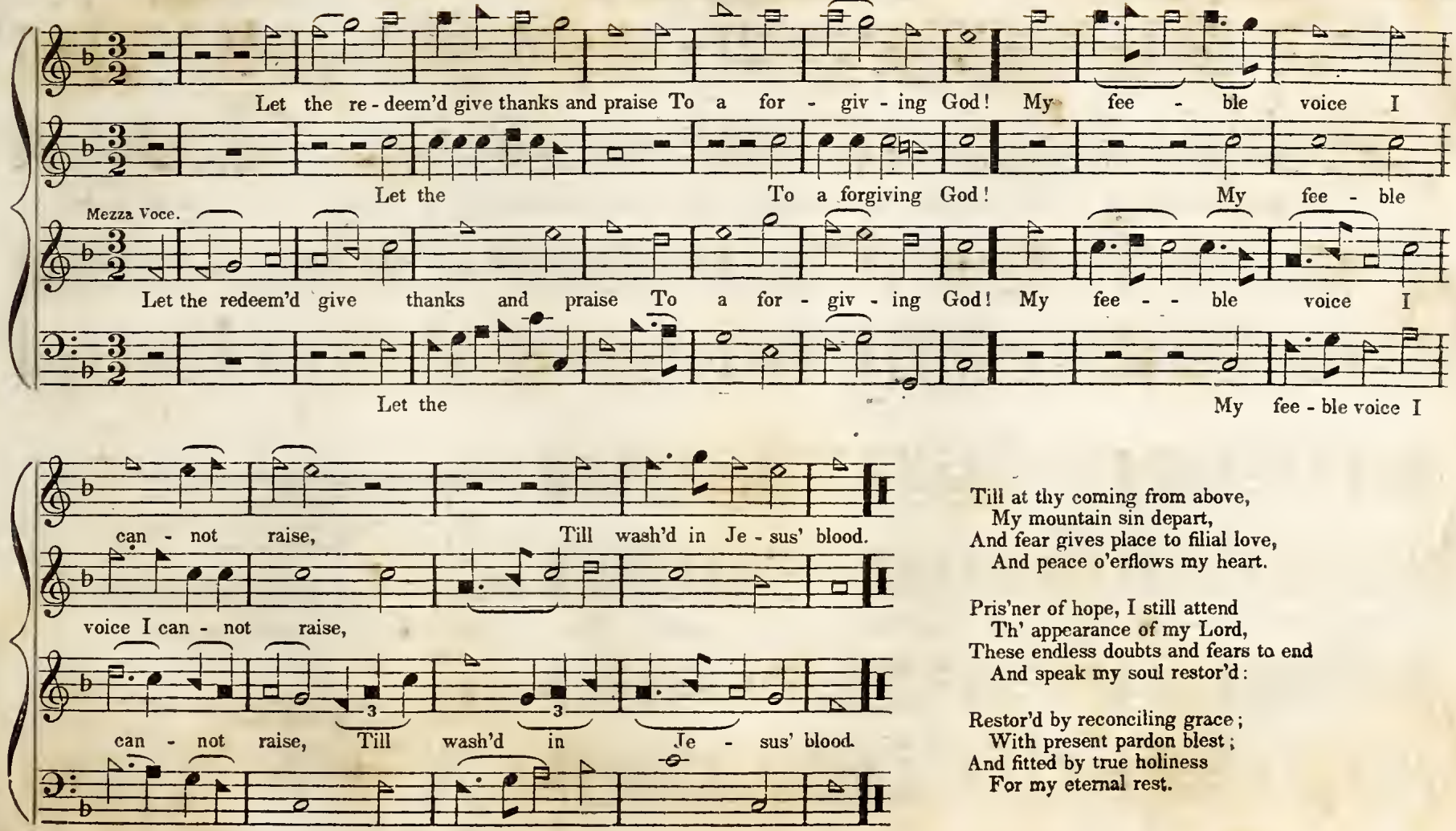
'Tis pleasant as the morning dews
That fall on Zion's hill,
Where God his mildest glory shows,
And makes his grace distil.

A heart from sin set free! A heart from sin set free! Trebles. PIA.
O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free! A heart from sin set free! A heart that always feels thy blood, So
A heart from sin, A heart


Tenor. FOR. So free - ly spilt for me.
freely spilt for me, A heart that always feels thy blood, So free - - - - ly spilt for me.
So free - ly spilt for me.

A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne:
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

O for a lowly contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean!
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within.

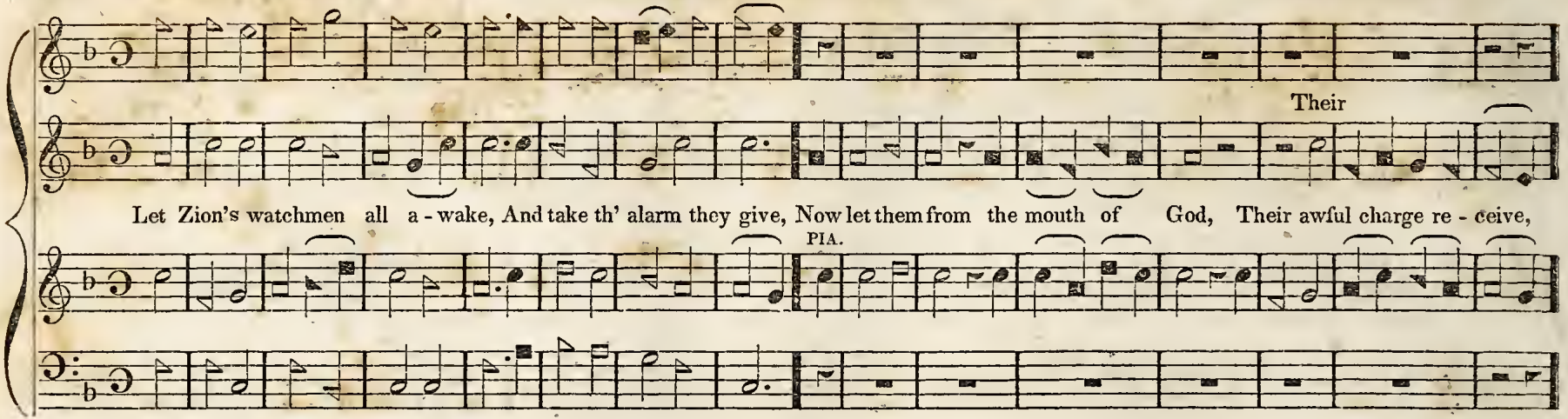
Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of love.

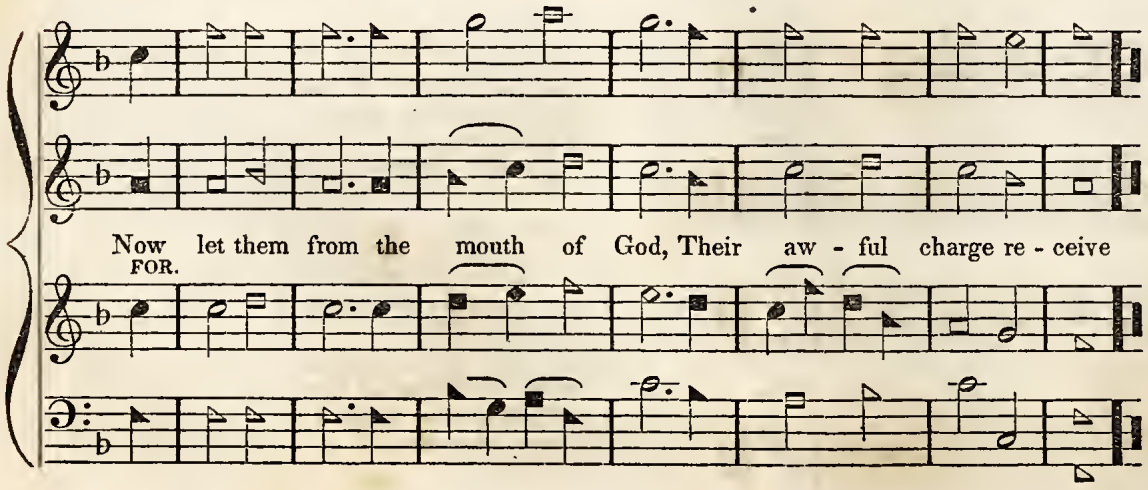

Let the re - deem'd give thanks and praise To a for - giv - ing God! My fee - ble voice I
Let the To a forgiving God! My fee - ble
Mezza Voce.
Let the redeem'd give thanks and praise To a for - giv - ing God! My fee - - ble voice I
Let the My fee - ble voice I
can - not raise, Till wash'd in Je - sus' blood.
voice I can - not raise,
can - not raise, Till wash'd in Je - sus' blood.

Till at thy coming from above,
My mountain sin depart,
And fear gives place to filial love,
And peace o'erflows my heart.

Pris'ner of hope, I still attend
Th' appearance of my Lord,
These endless doubts and fears to end
And speak my soul restor'd:

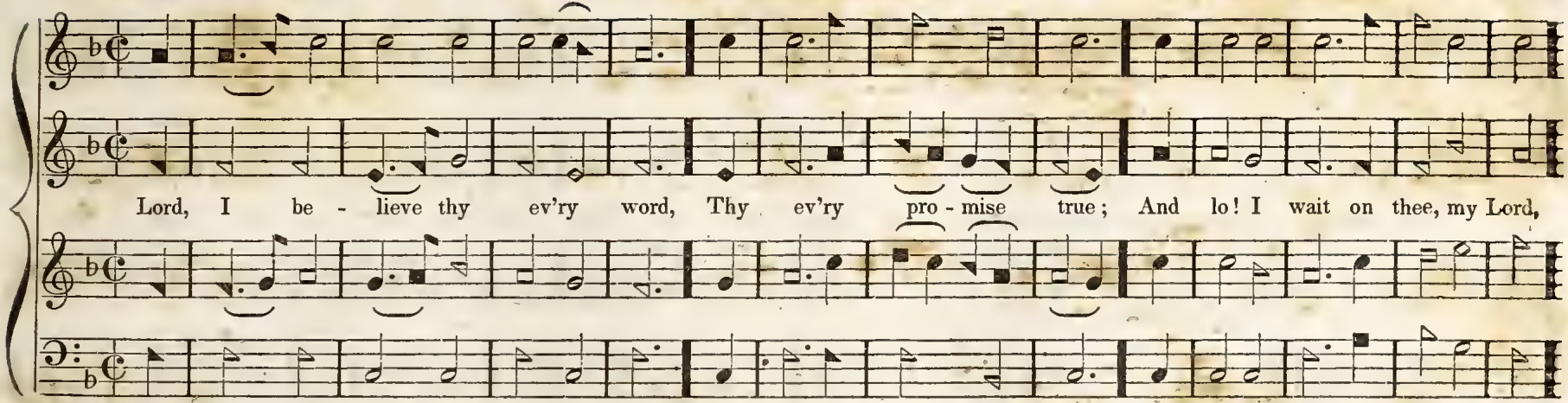
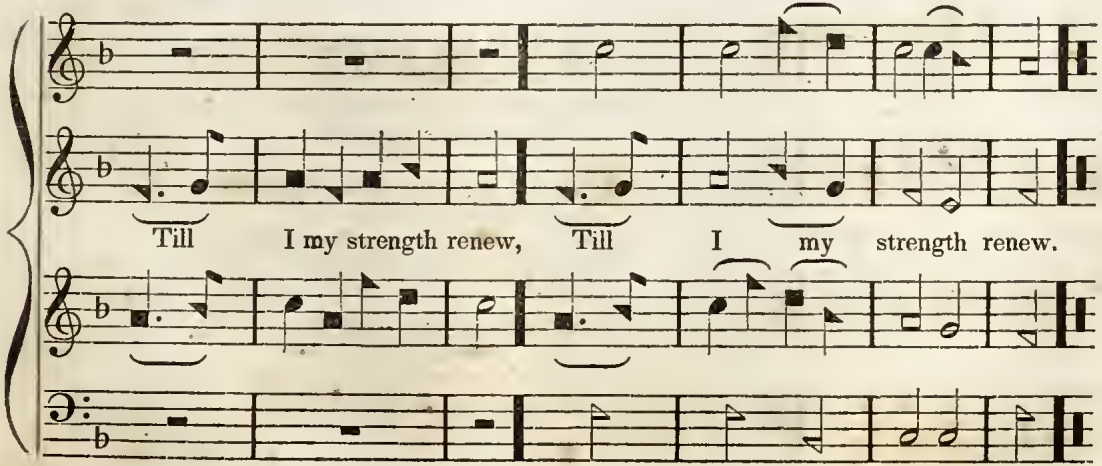
Restor'd by reconciling grace;
With present pardon blest;
And fitted by true holiness
For my eternal rest.


Their
Let Zion's watchmen all a - wake, And take th' alarm they give, Now let them from the mouth of God, Their awful charge re - ceive,
PIA.



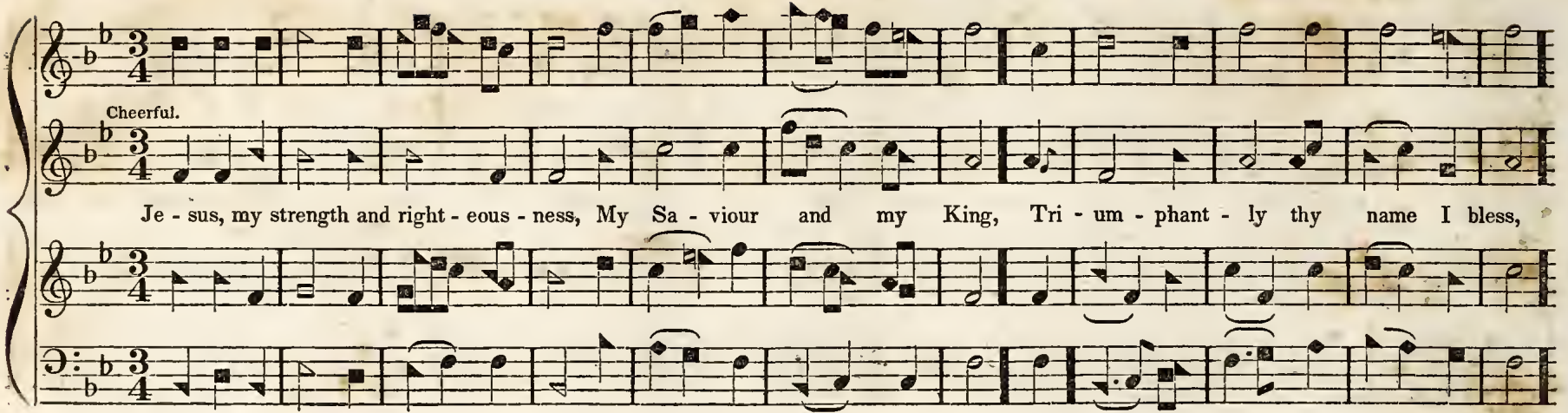
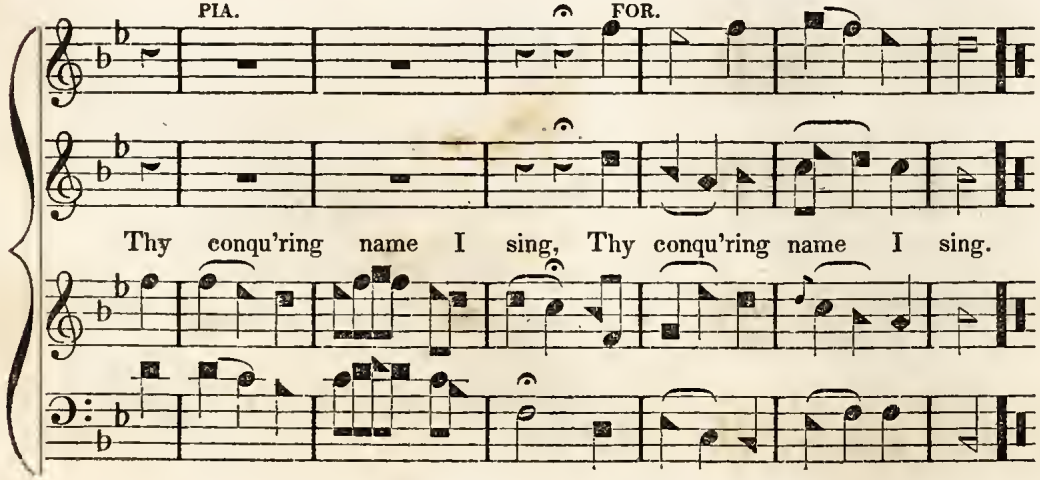
'Tis not a cause of small import,
The pastor's care demands;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And fill'd a Saviour's hands.

They watch for souls, for which the Lord
Did heav'nly bliss forego!
For souls, which must for ever live,
In raptures, or in wo.

May they that Jesus whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer see,
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee.



If in this feeble flesh I may
Awhile show forth thy praise,
Jesus, support the tott'ring clay,
And lengthen out my days.

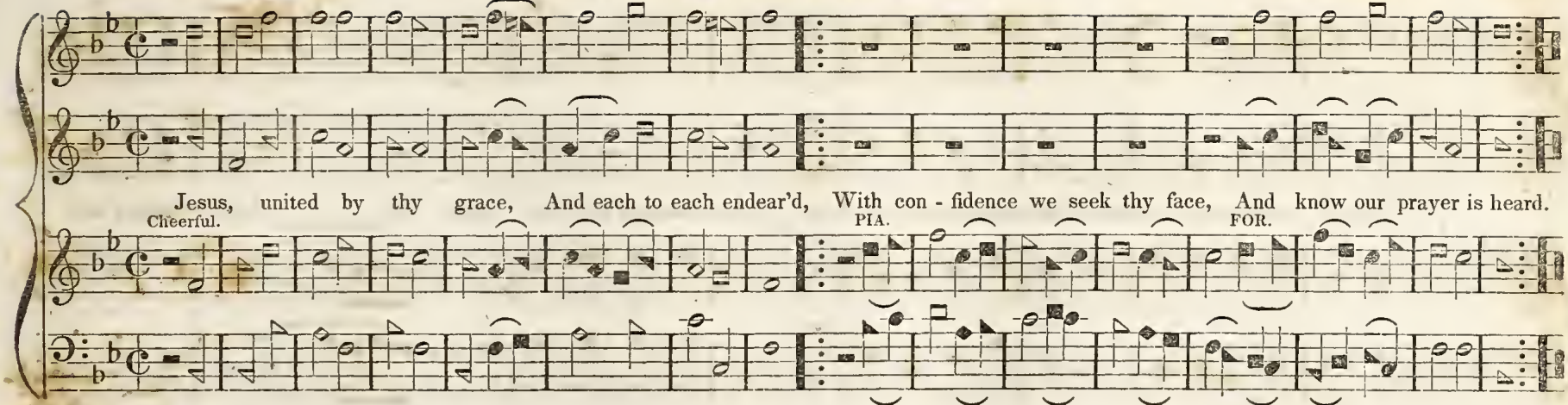
If such a worm as I can spread
The common Saviour's name,
Let Him who rais'd thee from the dead,
Quicken my mortal frame.

Spare me, till I my strength of soul,
Till I thy love retrieve;
Till faith shall make my spirit whole,
And perfect soundness give.



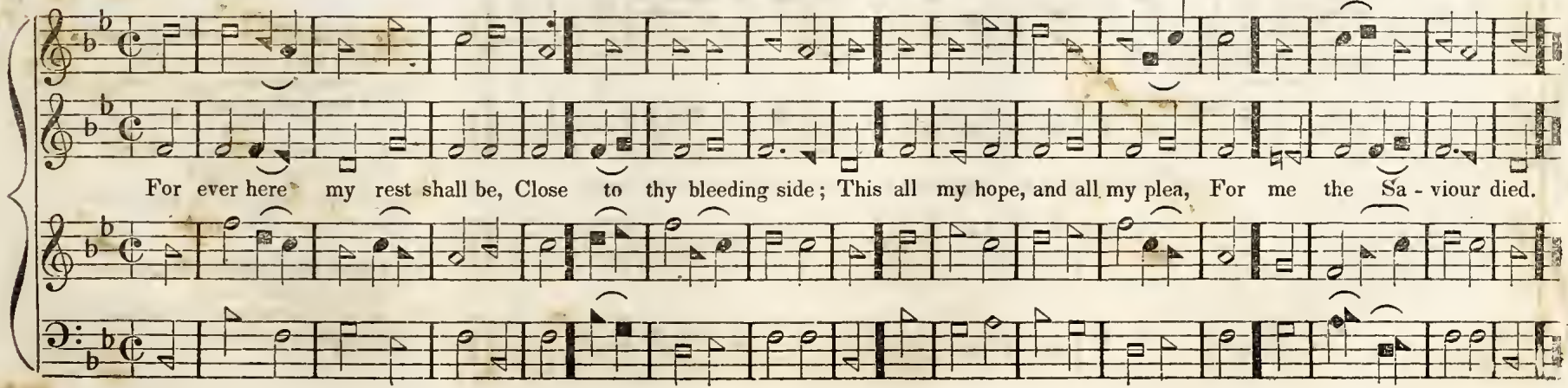
Thou, Lord, hast magnified thy name,
Thou hast maintain'd thy cause,
And I enjoy the glorious shame,
The scandal of thy cross.

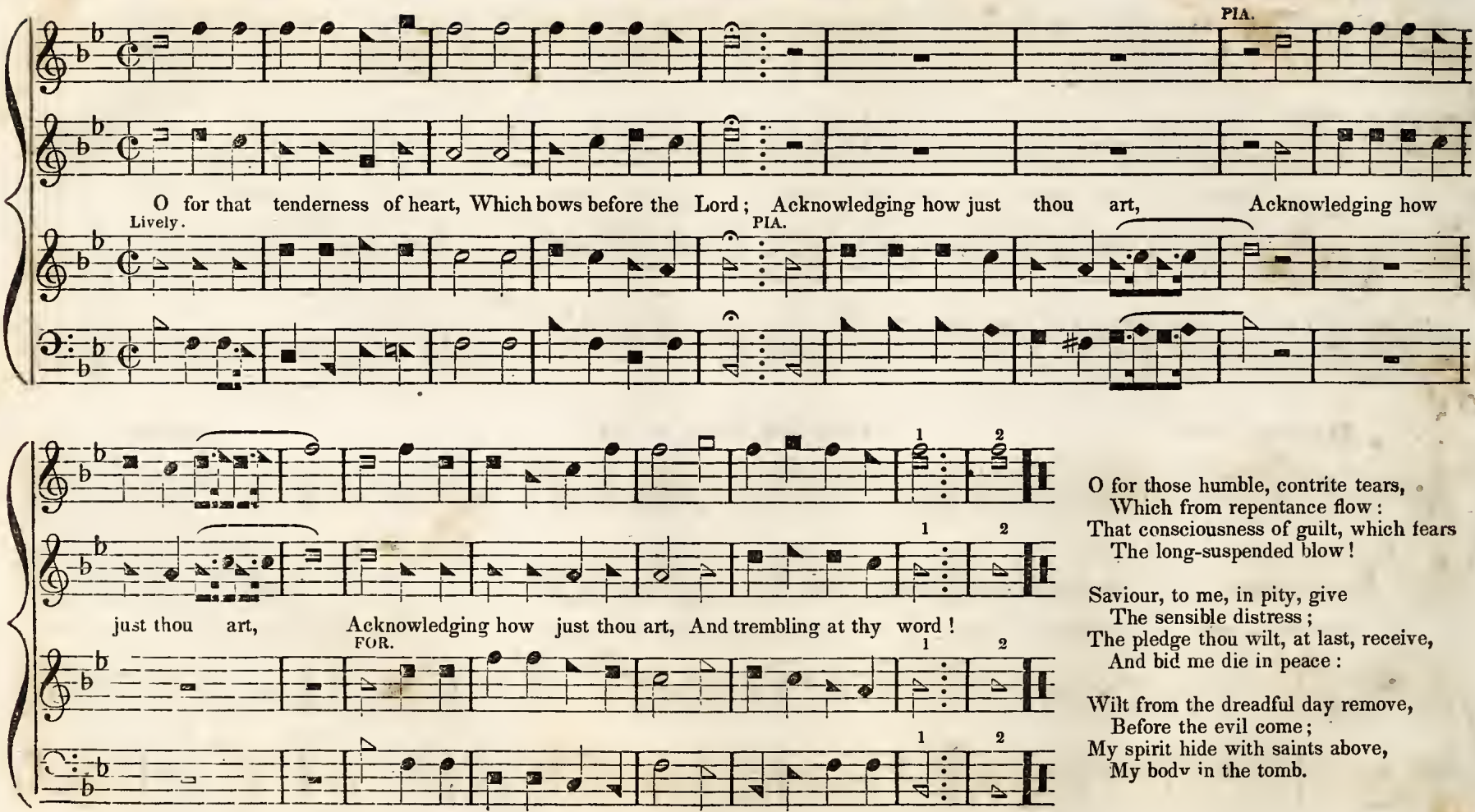
Thou gavest me to speak thy word,
In the appointed hour:
I have proclaim'd my dying Lord,
And felt thy Spirit's power.

Superior to my foes I stood,
Above their smile or frown;
On all the strangers to thy blood
With pitying love look down.


Jesus, united by thy grace, And each to each endear'd, With con - fidence we seek thy face, And know our prayer is heard.
Cheerful.
PIA.
FOR.

Hymn 305. STEPHENS. C. M. Jones.

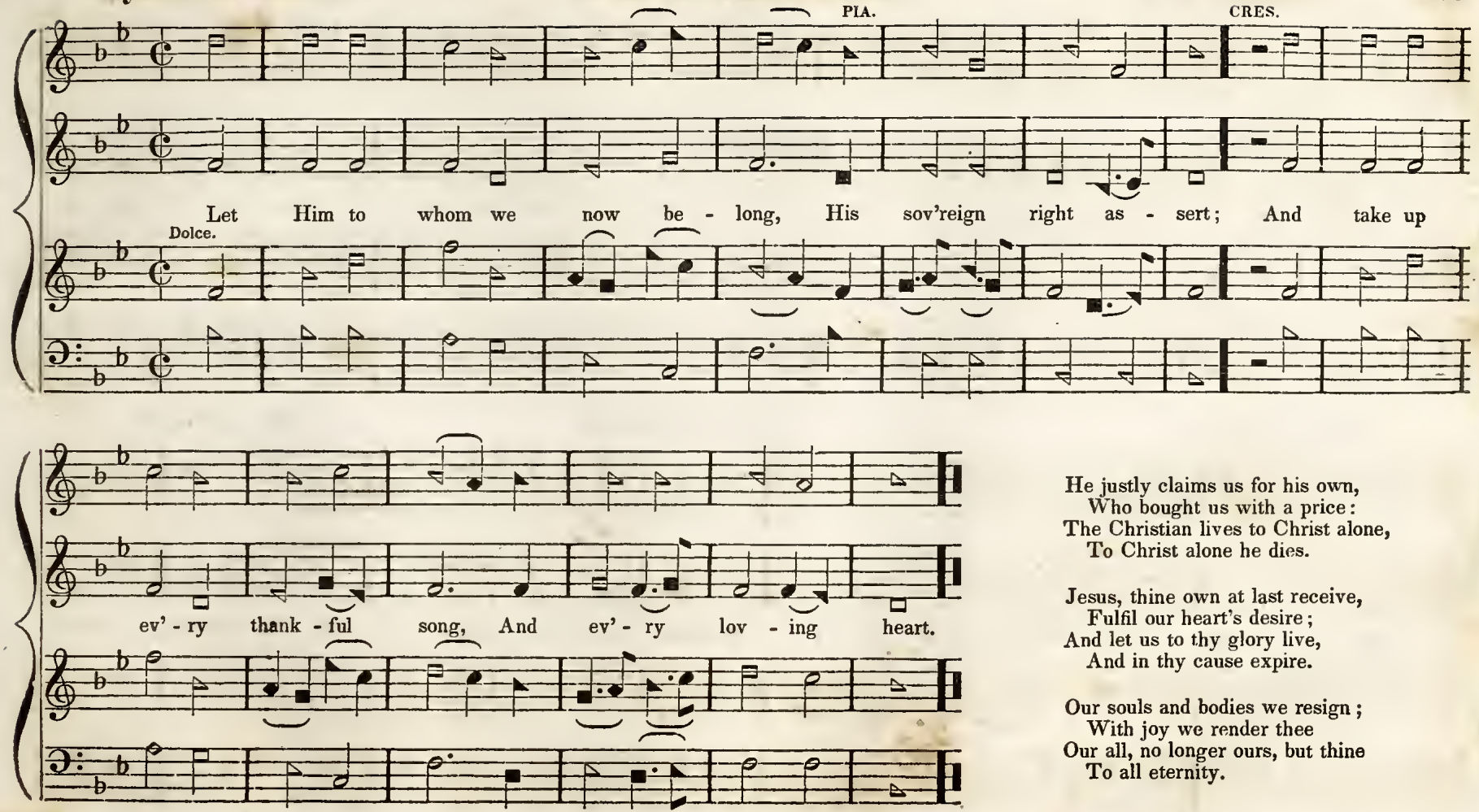



PIA.
O for that tenderness of heart, Which bows before the Lord; Acknowledging how just thou art, Acknowledging how
Lively.
PIA.
1
2
just thou art, Acknowledging how just thou art, And trembling at thy word!
FOR.

O for those humble, contrite tears,
Which from repentance flow:
That consciousness of guilt, which fears
The long-suspended blow!

Saviour, to me, in pity, give
The sensible distress;
The pledge thou wilt, at last, receive,
And bid me die in peace:

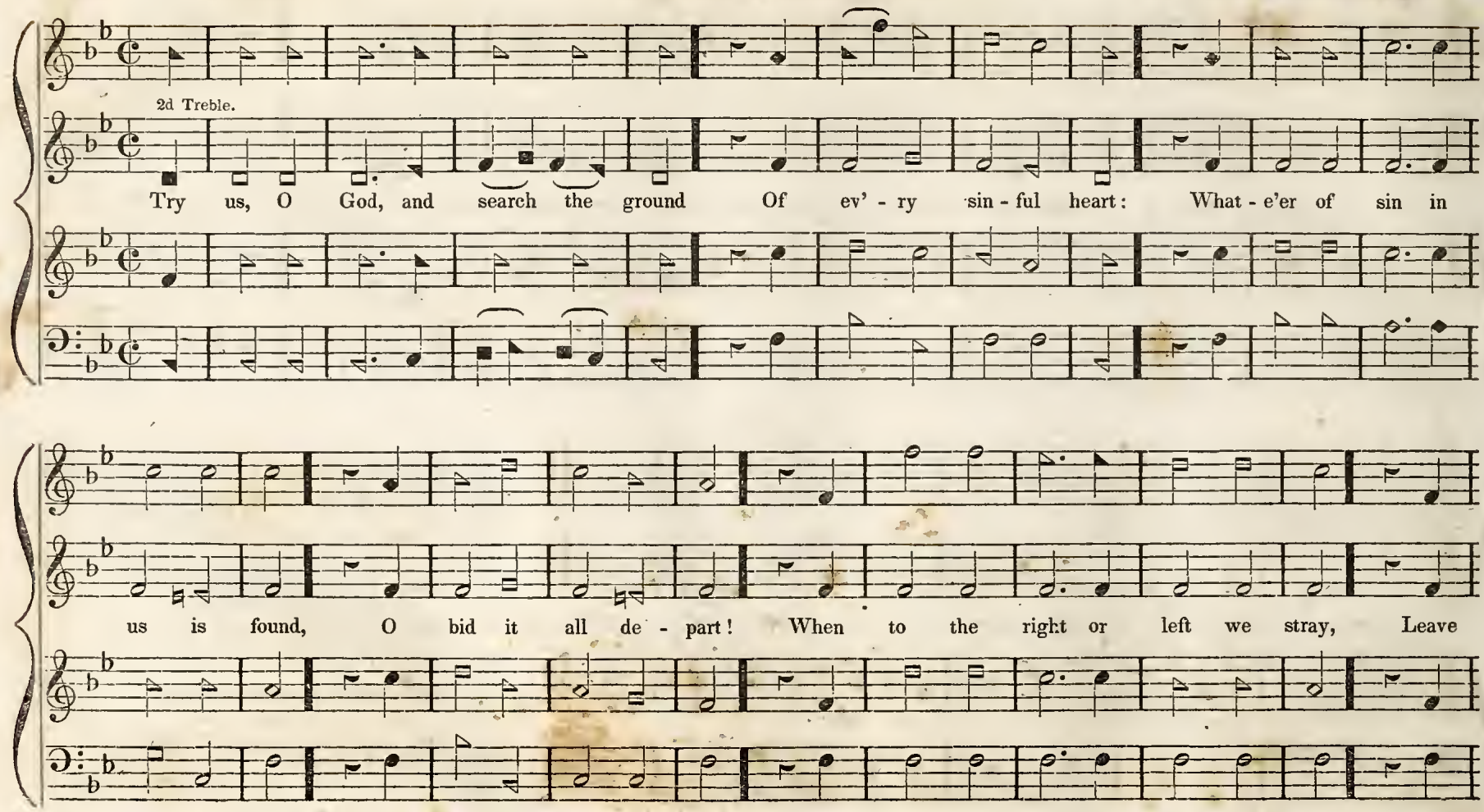
Wilt from the dreadful day remove,
Before the evil come;
My spirit hide with saints above,
My body in the tomb.

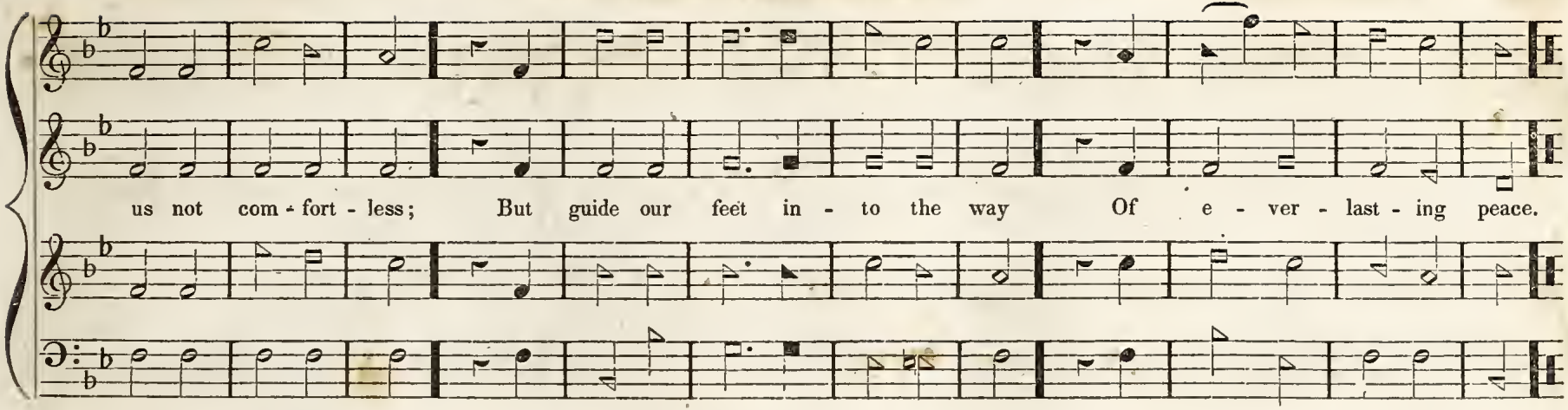

PIA.
CRES.
Let Him to whom we now be - long, His sov'reign right as - sert; And take up
Dolce.
ev' - ry thank - ful song, And ev' - ry lov - ing heart.

He justly claims us for his own,
Who bought us with a price:
The Christian lives to Christ alone,
To Christ alone he dies.

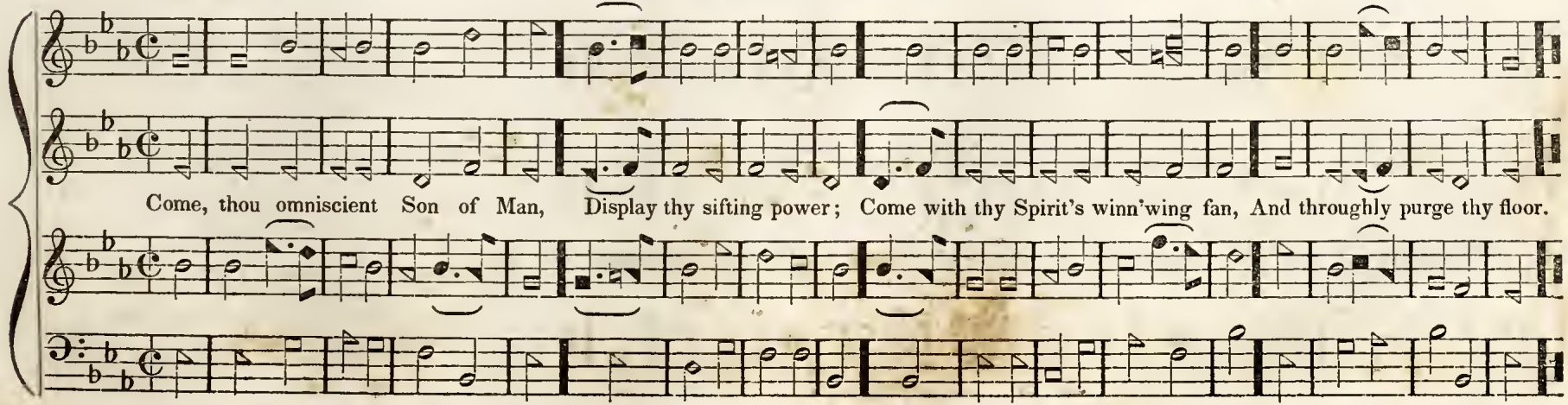
Jesus, thine own at last receive,
Fulfil our heart's desire;
And let us to thy glory live,
And in thy cause expire.

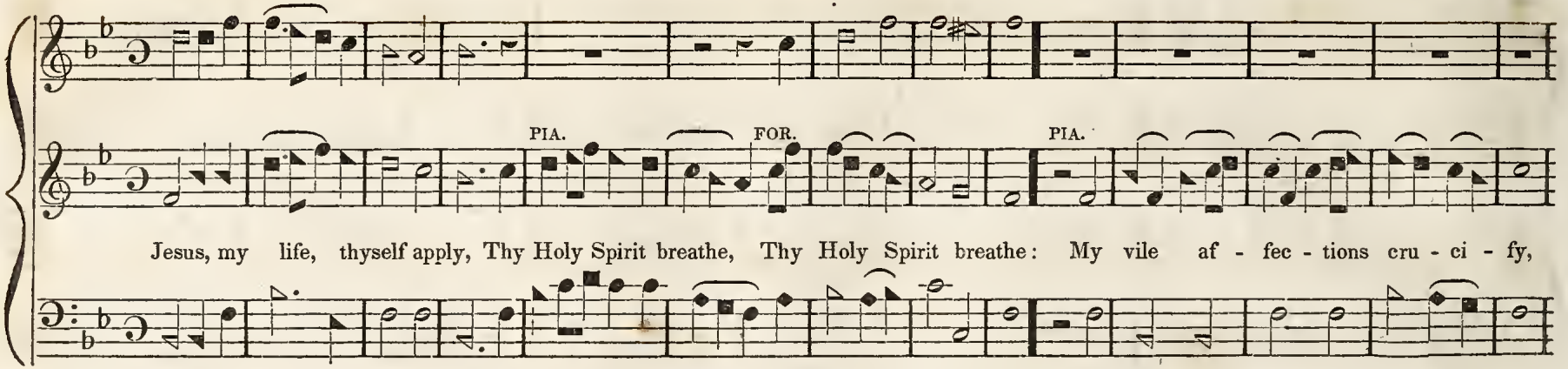
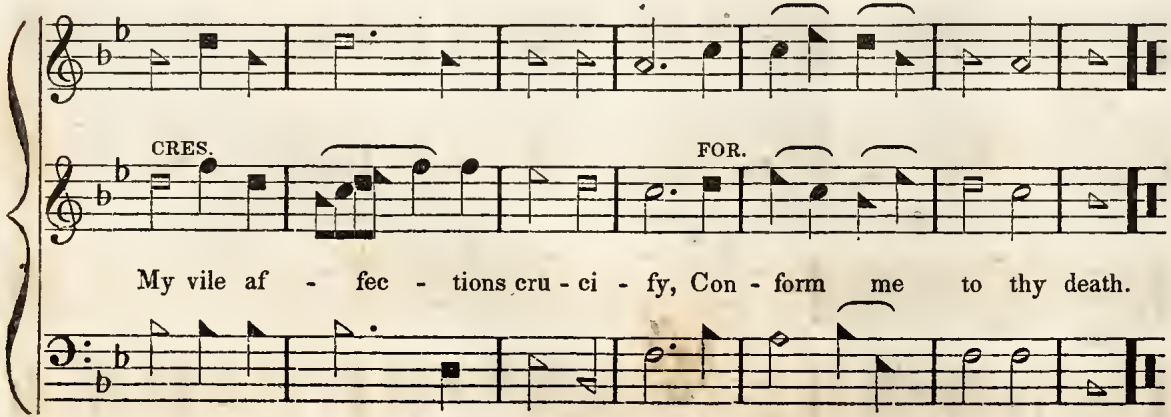
Our souls and bodies we resign;
With joy we render thee
Our all, no longer ours, but thine
To all eternity.


2d Treble.
Try us, O God, and search the ground Of ev' - ry sin - ful heart: What - e'er of sin in
us is found, O bid it all de - part! When to the right or left we stray, Leave



Hymn 327. **BLANDFORD. C. M.** **T. Jackson.**

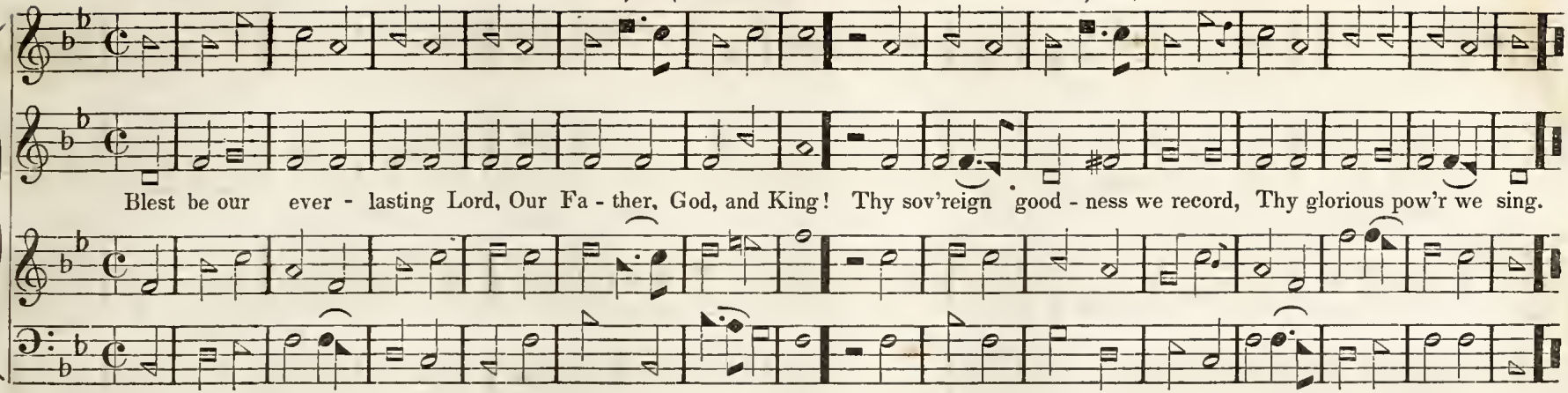

Come, thou omniscient Son of Man, Display thy sifting power; Come with thy Spirit's winn'wing fan, And throughly purge thy floor.

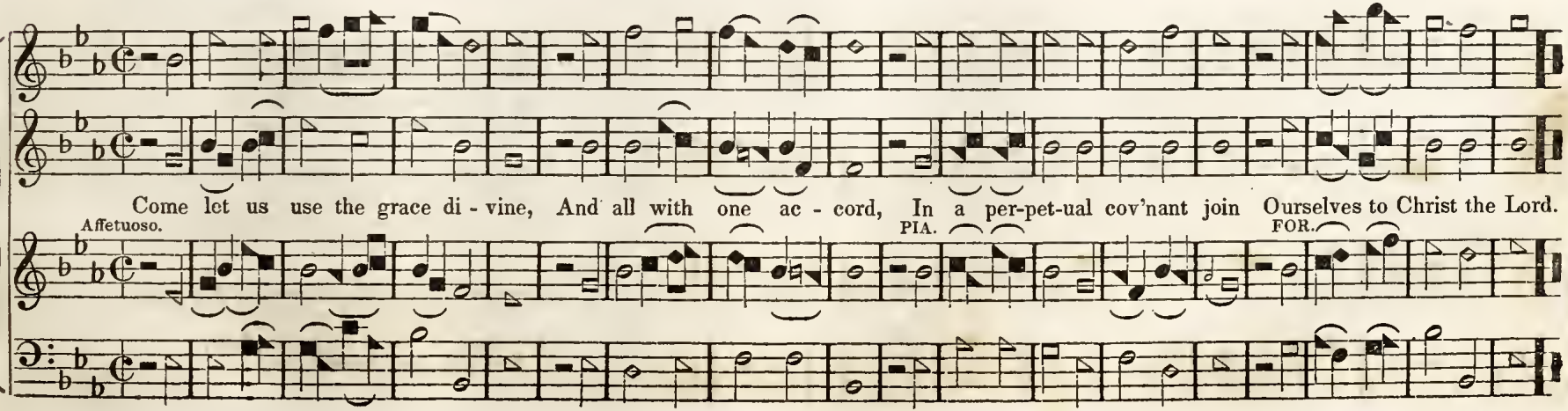


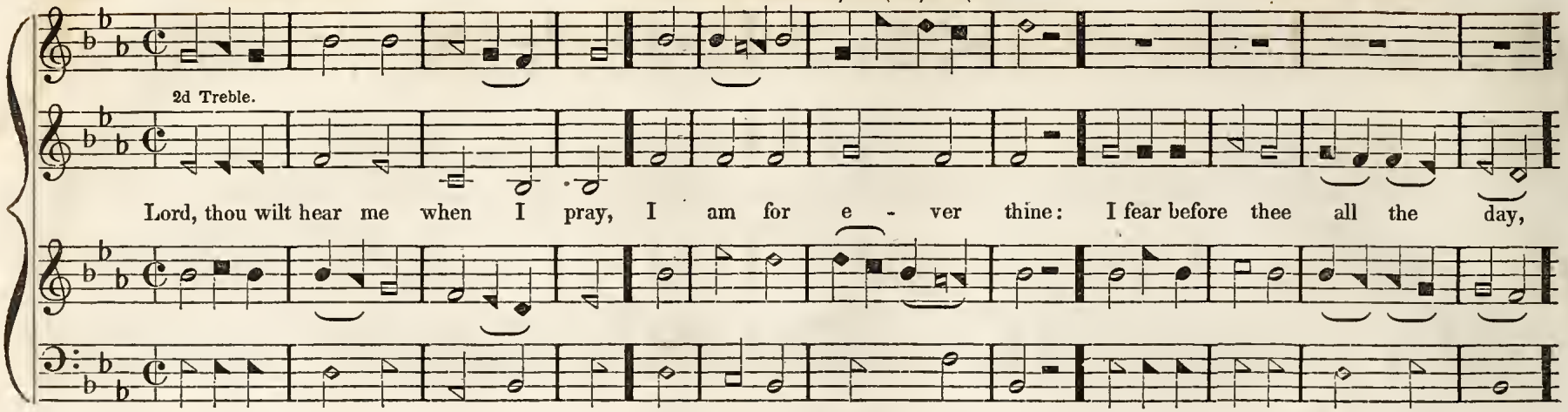
Conqu'ror of hell, and earth, and sin,
Still with the rebel strive:
Enter my soul and work within,
And kill and make alive.

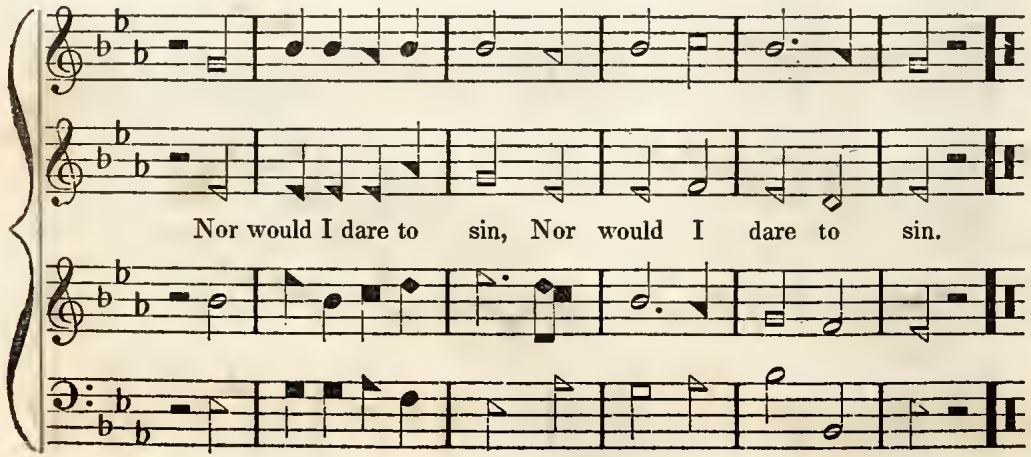
More of thy life, and more I have,
As the old Adam dies:
Bury me, Saviour, in thy grave,
That I with thee may rise.

Reign in me, Lord, thy foes control,
Who would not own thy sway;
Diffuse thine image through my soul,
Shine to the perfect day.

Hymn 211. **NOTTINGHAM. C. M.** **J. Clark.**

Hymn 421. **WARWICK. C. M.** **Stanley.**


Come let us use the grace di - vine, And all with one ac - cord, In a per-pet-ual cov'nant join Ourselves to Christ the Lord.
Affetuoso.
PIA.
FOR.



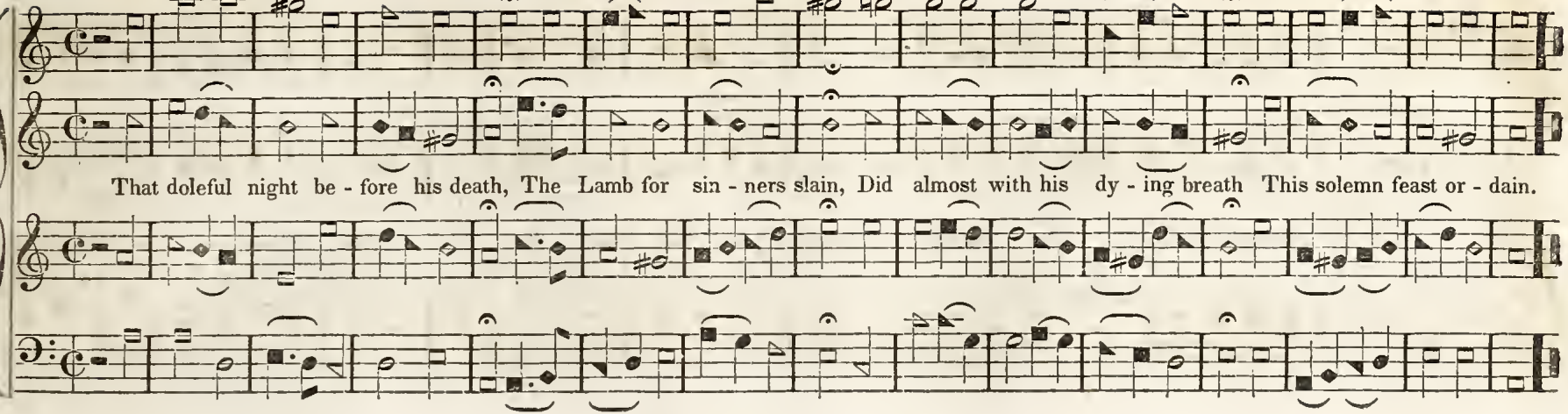


And while I rest my weary head,
From cares and business free,
'Tis sweet conversing on my bed
With my own heart and thee.

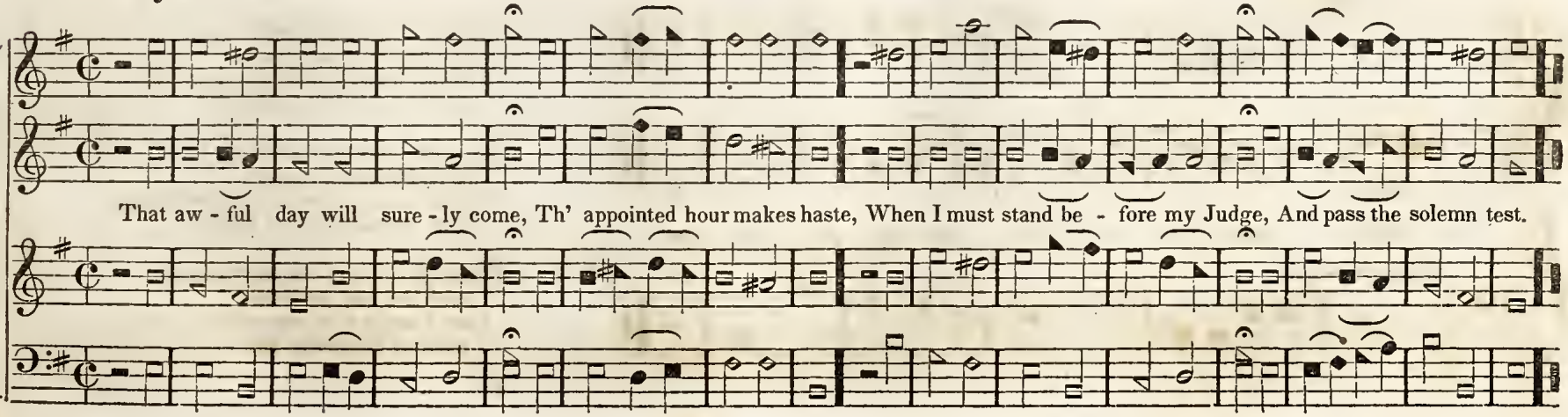
I pay this evening sacrifice;
And when my work is done,
Great God, my faith and hope relies
Upon thy grace alone.

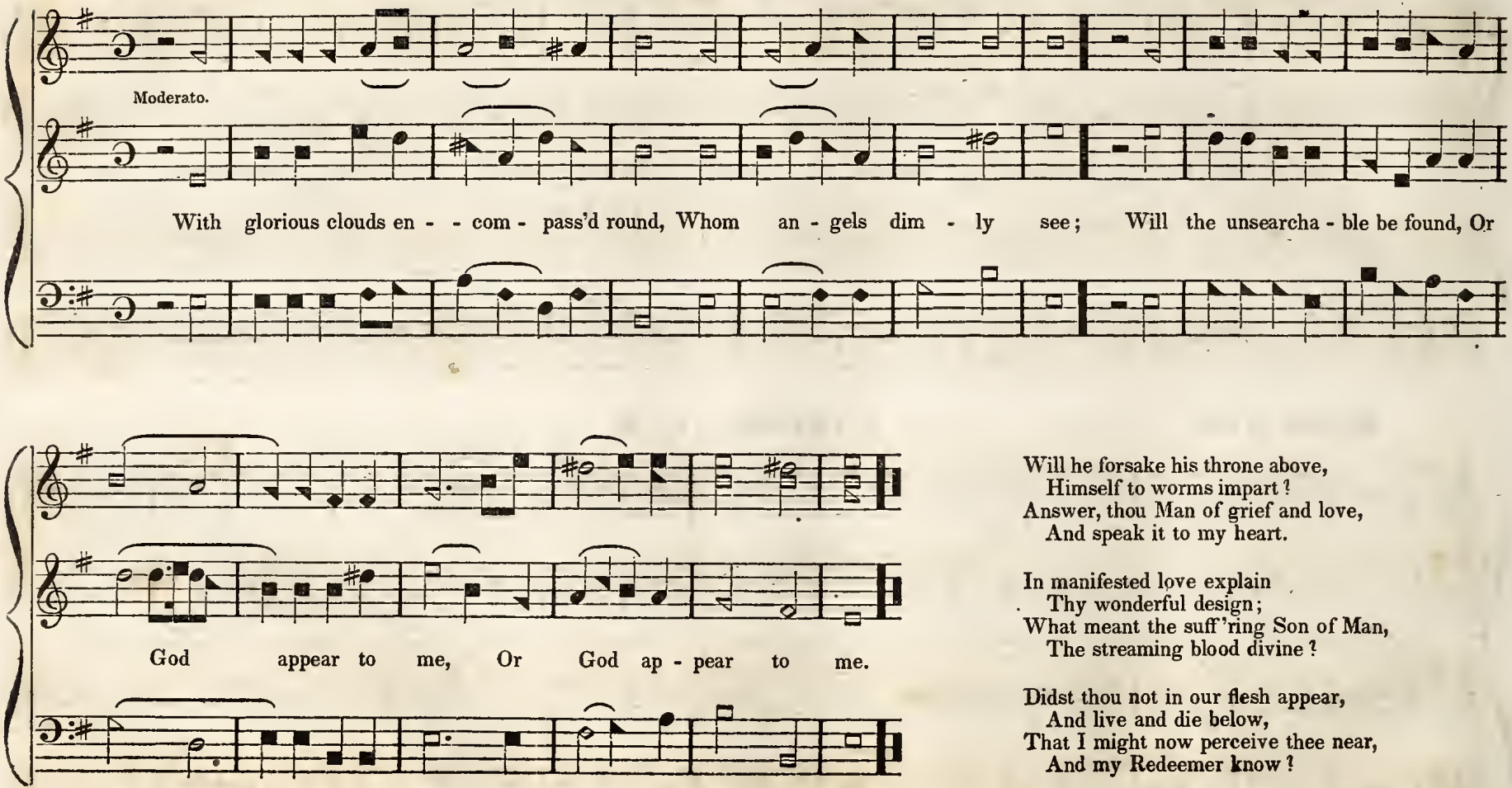
Thus, with my thoughts compos'd to peace,
I 'll give mine eyes to sleep;
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep.

Hymn 230. **WALSAL. C. M.**


That doleful night be - fore his death, The Lamb for sin - ners slain, Did almost with his dy - ing breath This solemn feast or - dain.

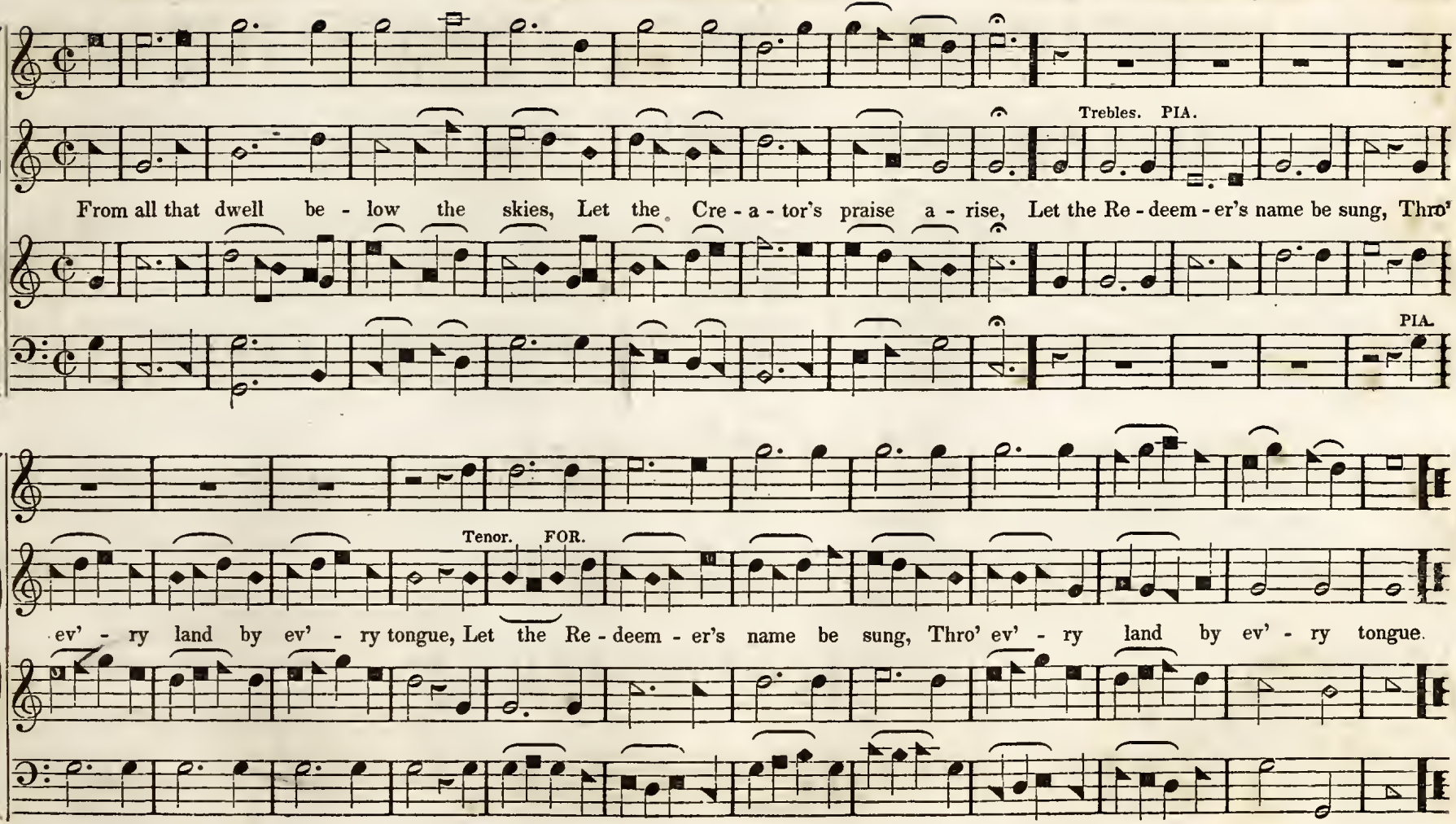
Hymn 579. **BANGOR. C. M.**



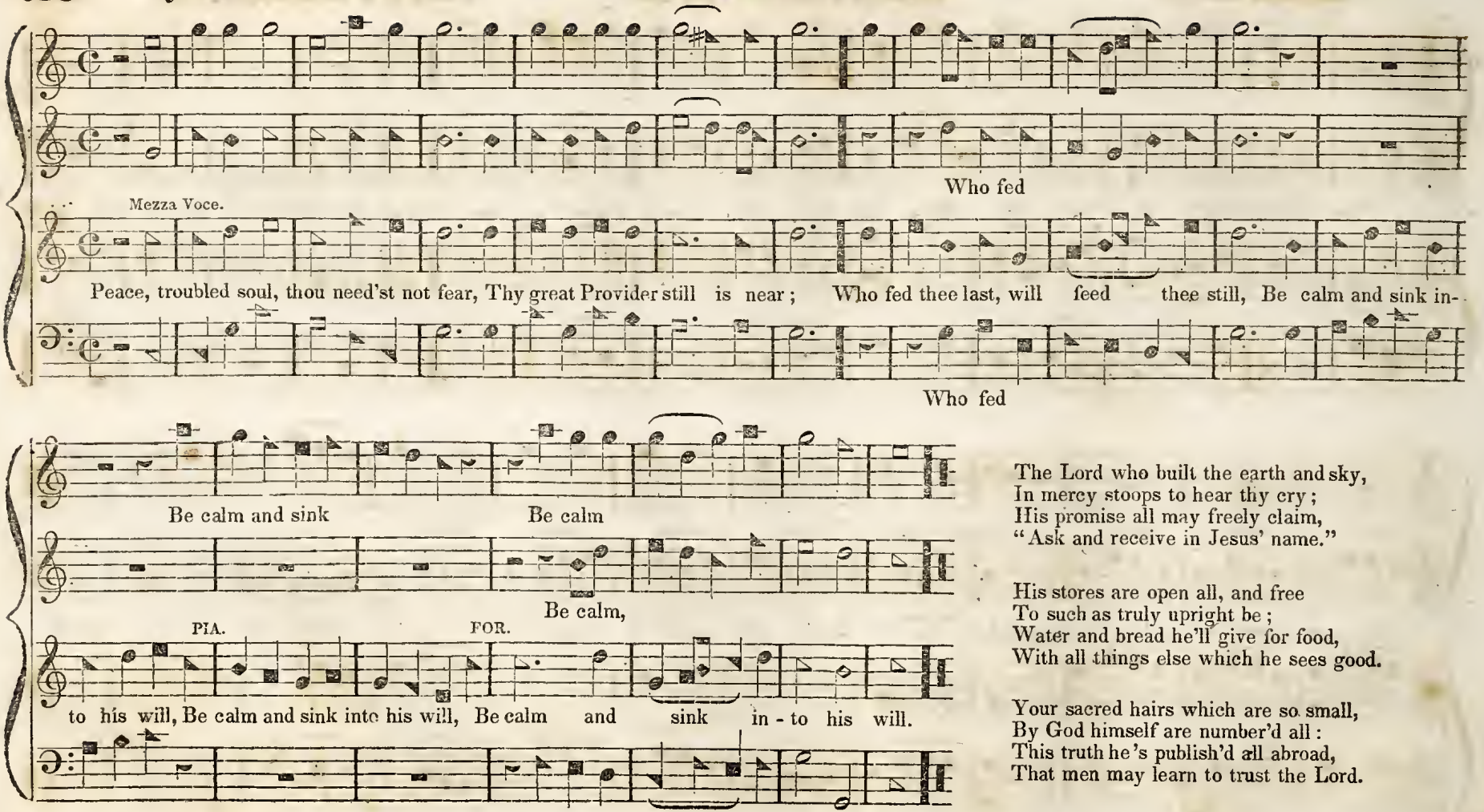

Moderato.
With glorious clouds en - - com - pass'd round, Whom an - gels dim - ly see; Will the unsearcha - ble be found, Or
God appear to me, Or God ap - pear to me.

Will he forsake his throne above,
Himself to worms impart?
Answer, thou Man of grief and love,
And speak it to my heart.

In manifested love explain
Thy wonderful design;
What meant the suff'ring Son of Man,
The streaming blood divine?

Didst thou not in our flesh appear,
And live and die below,
That I might now perceive thee near,
And my Redeemer know?

Trebles. PIA.
From all that dwell be - low the skies, Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise, Let the Re - deem - er's name be sung, Thro'
PIA.
Tenor. FOR.
ev' - ry land by ev' - ry tongue, Let the Re - deem - er's name be sung, Thro' ev' - ry land by ev' - ry tongue.

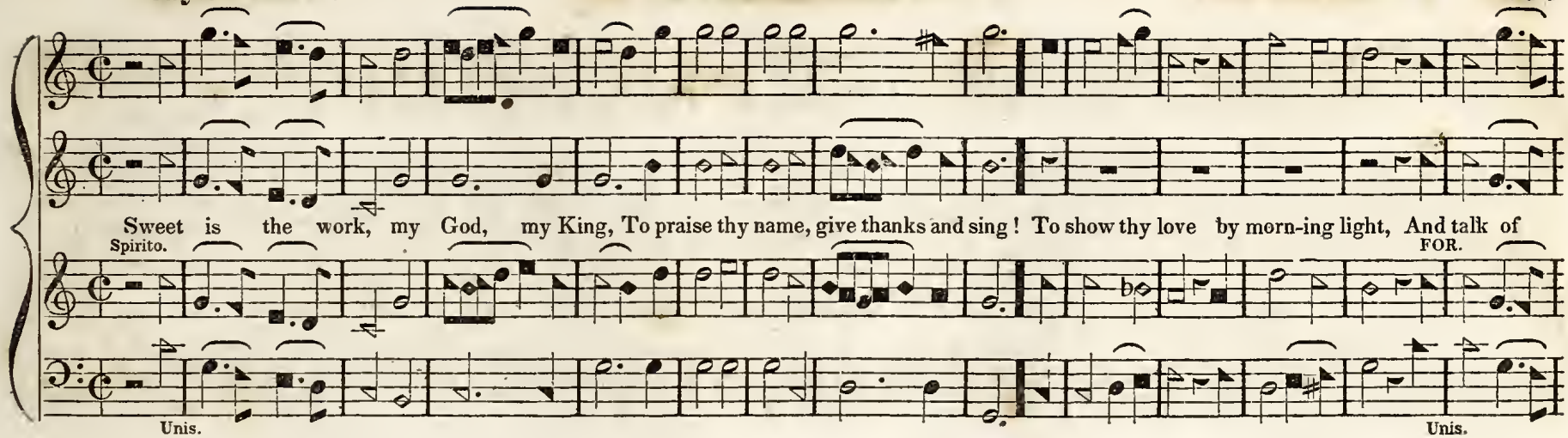
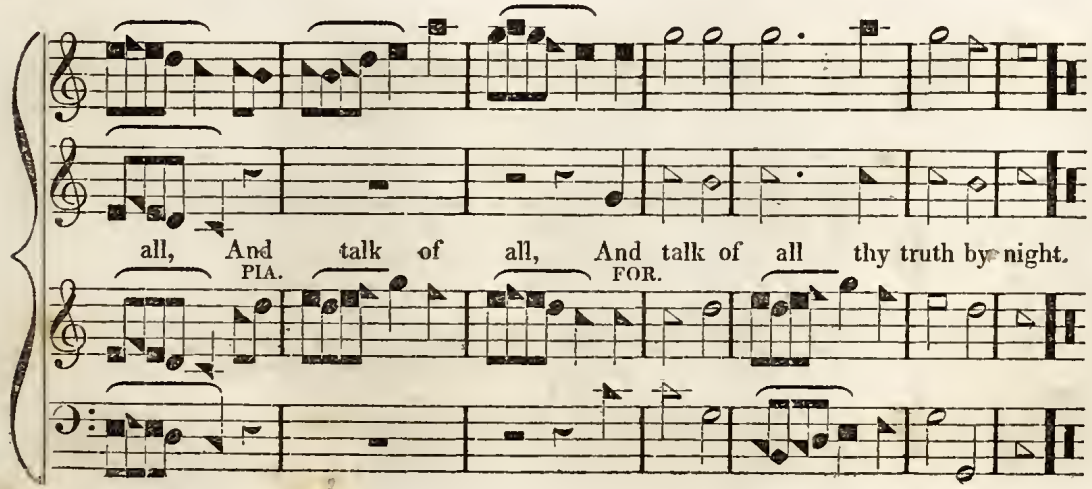
GUARDIAN. L. M.


Who fed
Mezza Voce.
Peace, troubled soul, thou need'st not fear, Thy great Provider still is near; Who fed thee last, will feed thee still, Be calm and sink in-
Who fed
Be calm and sink
Be calm
Be calm,
PIA.
FOR.
to his will, Be calm and sink into his will, Be calm and sink in - to his will.

The Lord who built the earth and sky,
In mercy stoops to hear thy cry;
His promise all may freely claim,
"Ask and receive in Jesus' name."

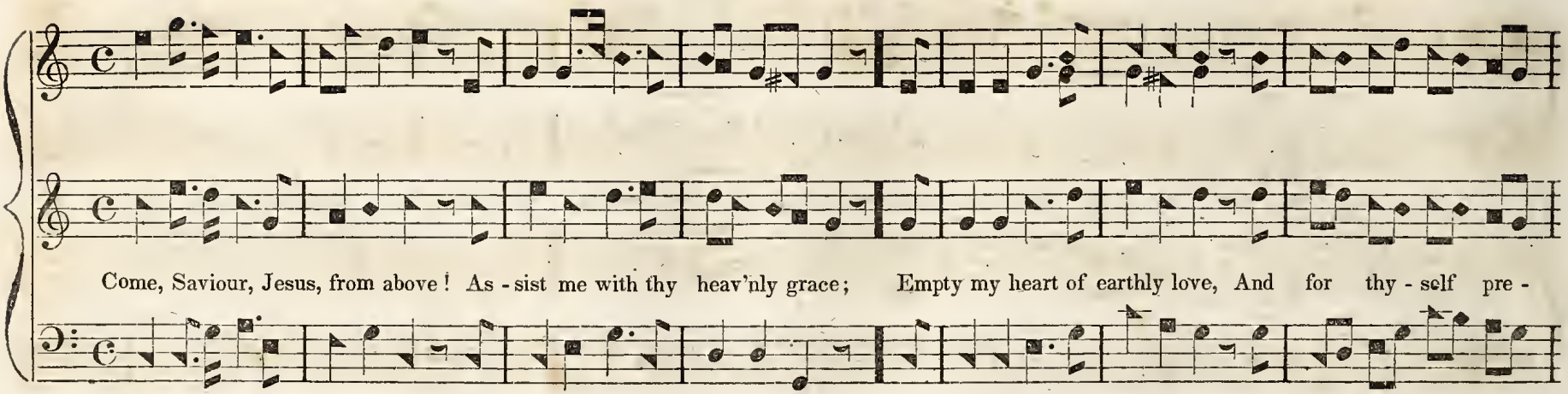
His stores are open all, and free
To such as truly upright be;
Water and bread he'll give for food,
With all things else which he sees good.

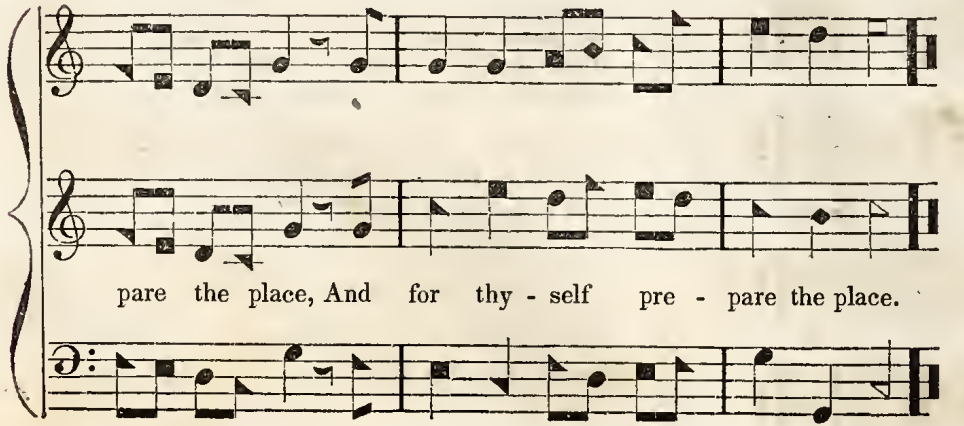
Your sacred hairs which are so small,
By God himself are number'd all:
This truth he's publish'd all abroad,
That men may learn to trust the Lord.


Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name, give thanks and sing! To show thy love by morn-ing light, And talk of
Spirito.
FOR.
Unis.
Unis.

Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares shall seize my breast:
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

When grace has purified my heart,
Then shall I share a glorious part;
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desir'd or wish'd below;
And ev'ry hour find sweet employ,
In that eternal world of joy.

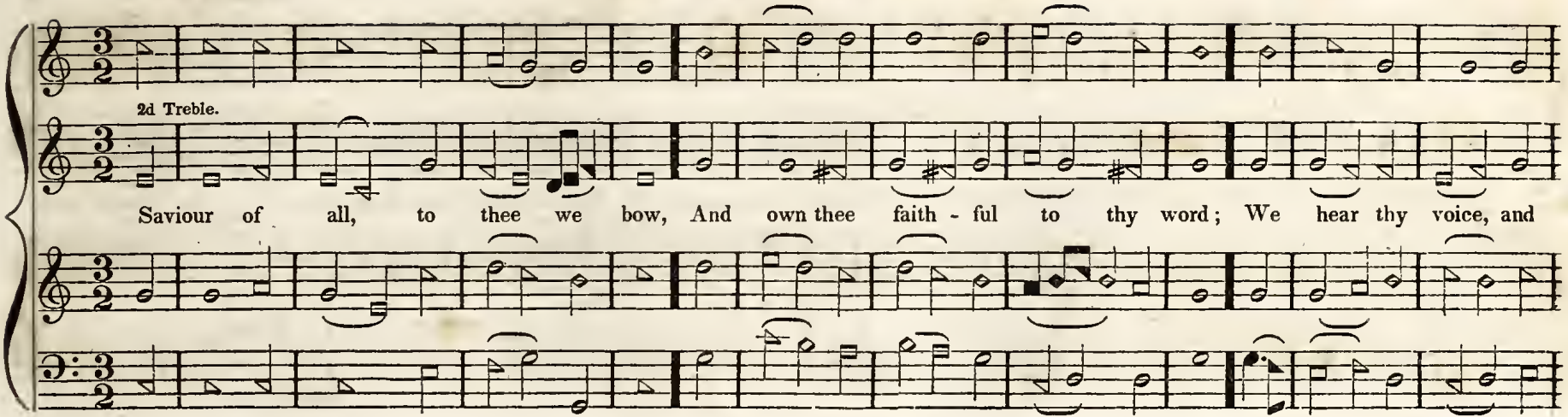
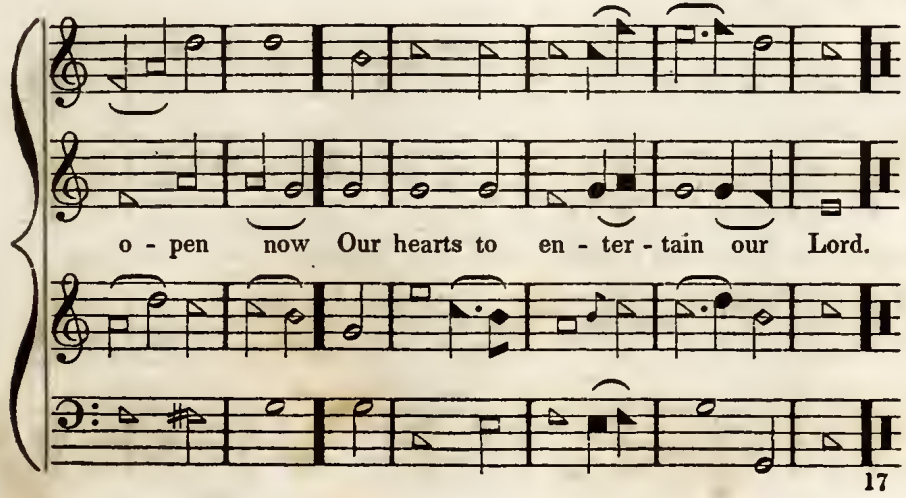




O let thy sacred presence fill,
And set my longing spirit free;
Which pants to have no other will,
But night and day to feast on thee.

While in this region here below,
No other good will I pursue:
I'll bid this world of noise and show,
With all its glitt'ring snares, adieu.

That path with humble speed I'll seek,
In which my Saviour's footsteps shine,
Nor will I hear, nor will I speak,
Of any other love but thine.

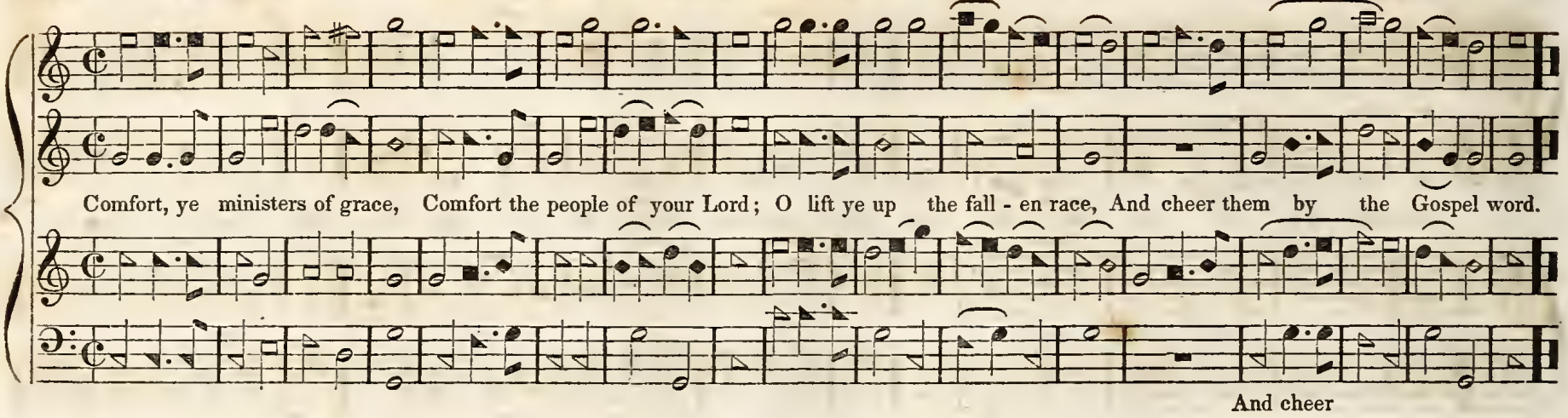


17

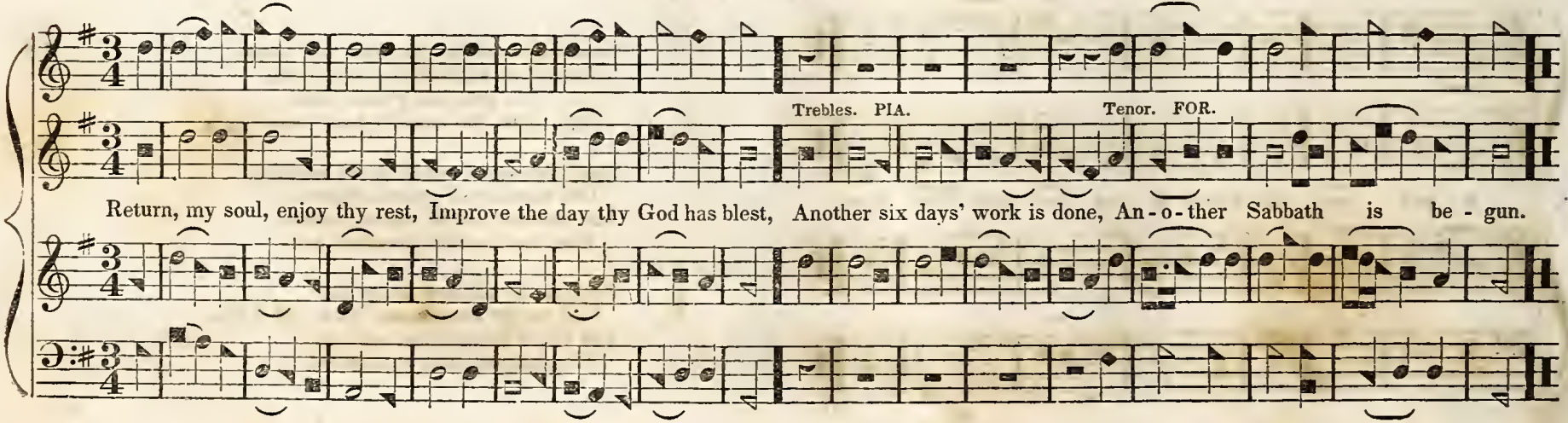
Come in, come in, thou heav'nly Guest,
Delight in what thyself hast given;
On thy own gifts and graces feast,
And make the contrite heart thy heav'n.

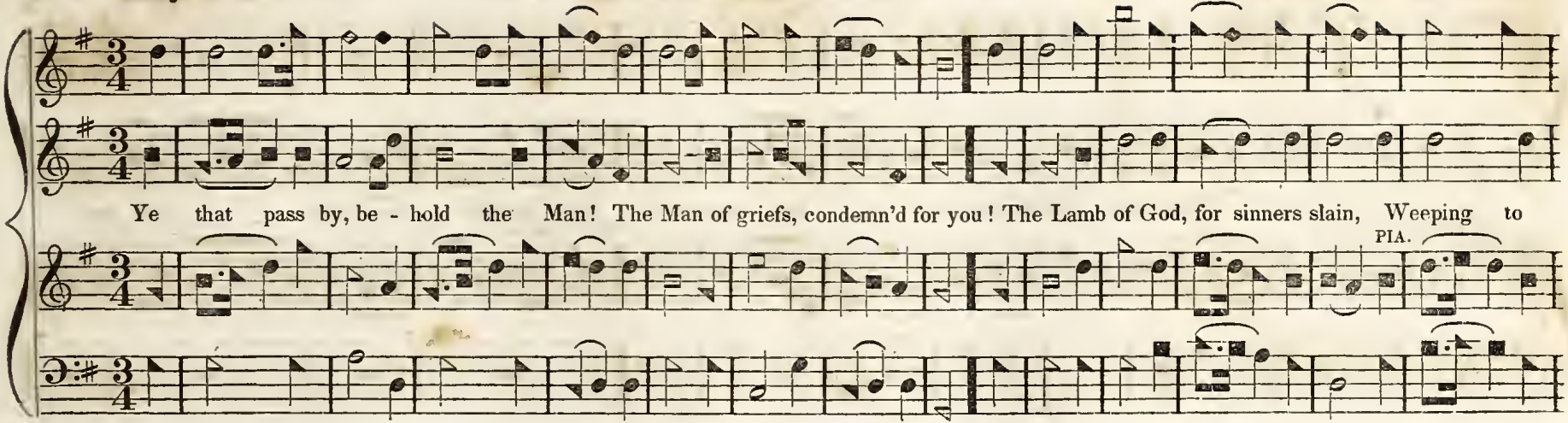
Smell the sweet odour of our prayers,
Our sacrifice of praise approve;
And treasure up our gracious tears,
Who rest in thy redeeming love.

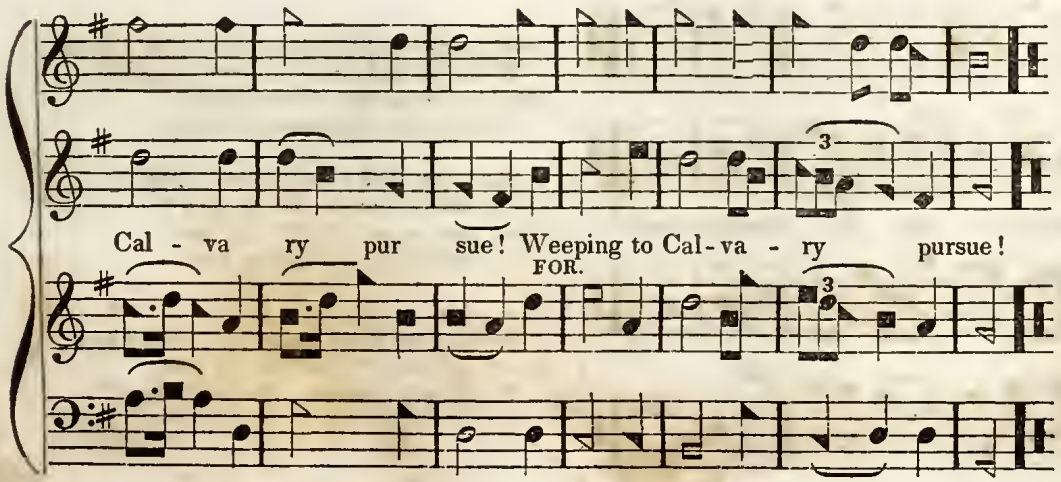
Beneath thy shadow let us sit,
Call us thy friends, and love, and bride,
And bid us freely drink and eat,
Thy dainties, and be satisfied.

Hymn 459. JOB. L. M. W. Arnold.

Comfort, ye ministers of grace, Comfort the people of your Lord; O lift ye up the fall - en race, And cheer them by the Gospel word.
And cheer

Hymn 529. EFFINGHAM. L. M.


Trebles. PIA.
Tenor. FOR.
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest, Improve the day thy God has blest, Another six days' work is done, An - o - ther Sabbath is be - gun.

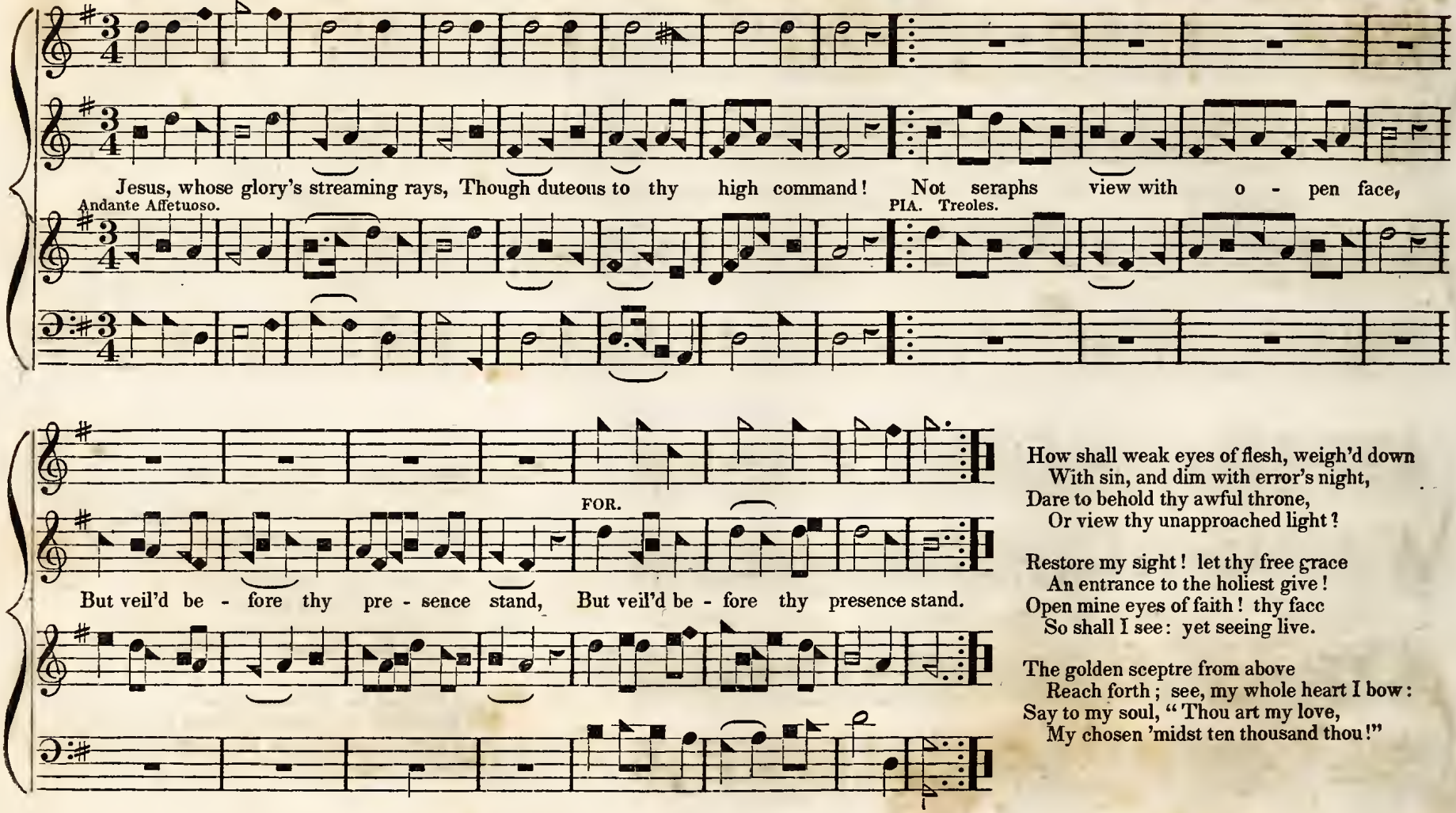




See, how his back the scourges tear,
While to the bloody pillar bound!
The ploughers make long furrows there,
Till all his body is one wound.

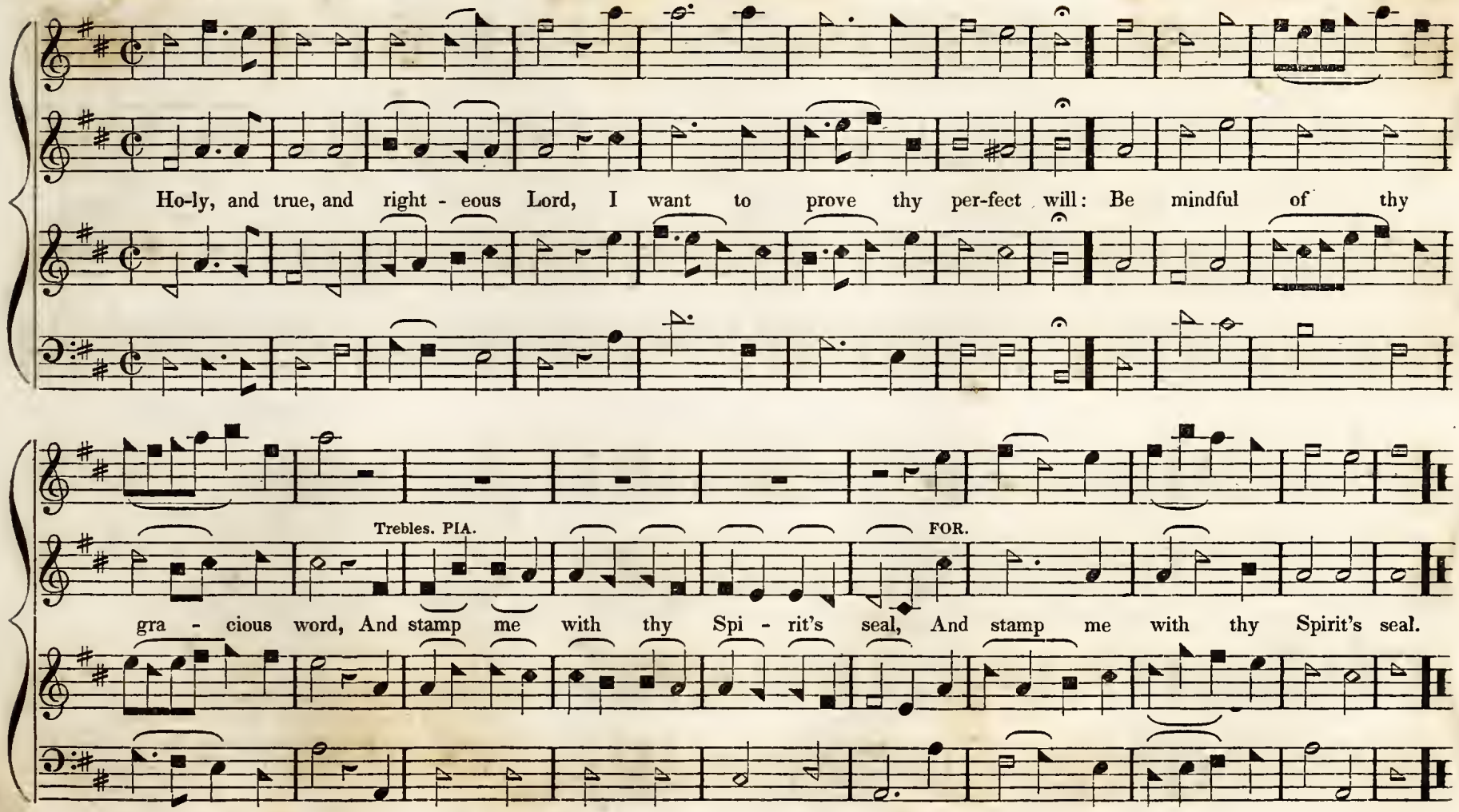
Nor can he thus their hate assuage;
His innocence to death pursu'd,
Must fully glut their utmost rage;
Hark! how they clamour for his blood!

Beneath my load he faints and dies:
I fill'd his soul with pangs unknown;
I caus'd those mortal groans and cries;
I kill'd the Father's only Son!

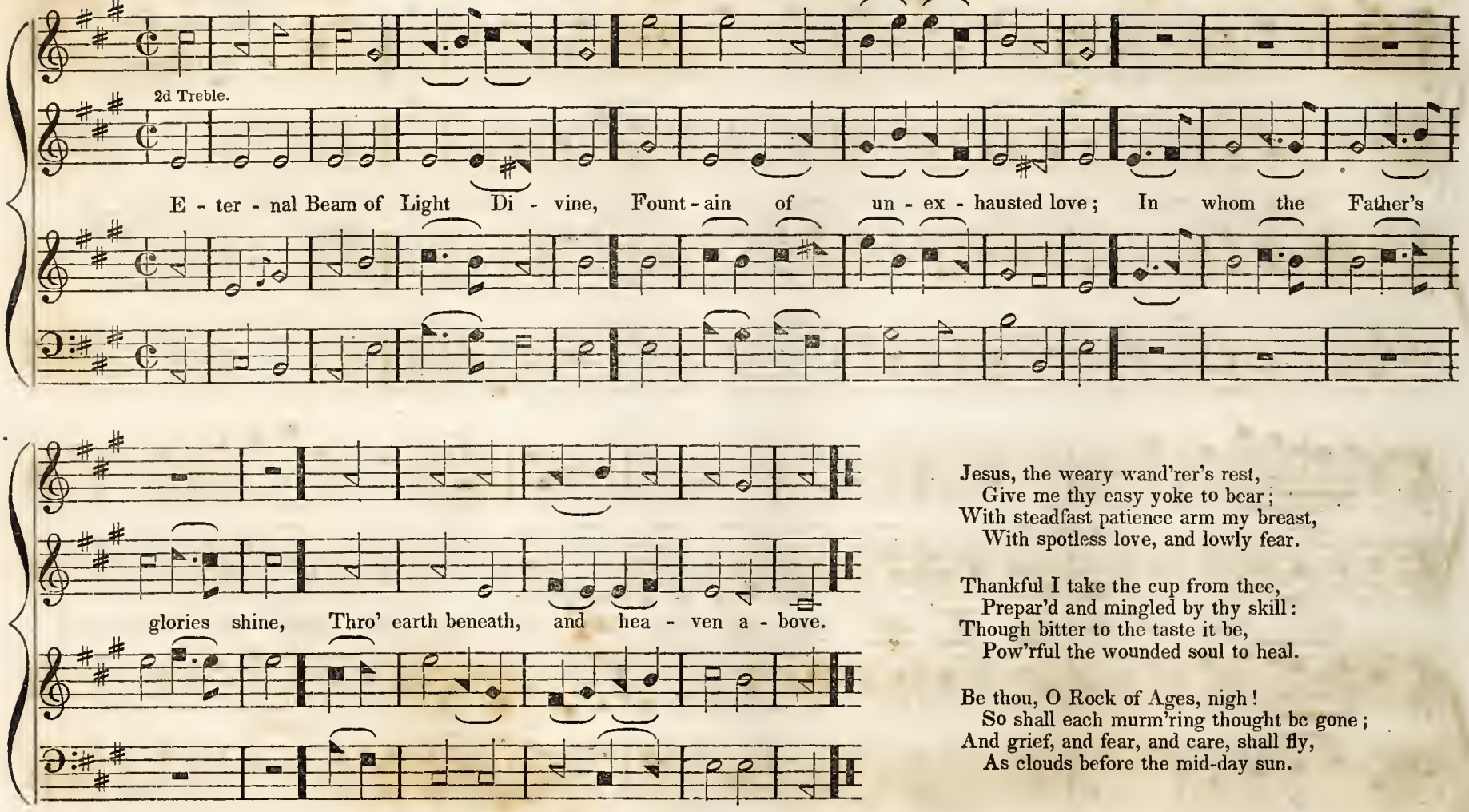

Jesus, whose glory's streaming rays, Though duteous to thy high command! Not seraphs view with o - pen face,
Andante Affetuoso.
PIA. Treoles.
FOR.
But veil'd be - fore thy pre - sence stand, But veil'd be - fore thy presence stand.

How shall weak eyes of flesh, weigh'd down
With sin, and dim with error's night,
Dare to behold thy awful throne,
Or view thy unapproached light?

Restore my sight! let thy free grace
An entrance to the holiest give!
Open mine eyes of faith! thy face
So shall I see: yet seeing live.

The golden sceptre from above
Reach forth; see, my whole heart I bow:
Say to my soul, "Thou art my love,
My chosen 'midst ten thousand thou!"

Ho-ly, and true, and right - eous Lord, I want to prove thy per-fect will: Be mindful of thy
Trebles. PIA.
FOR.
gra - cious word, And stamp me with thy Spi - rit's seal, And stamp me with thy Spirit's seal.

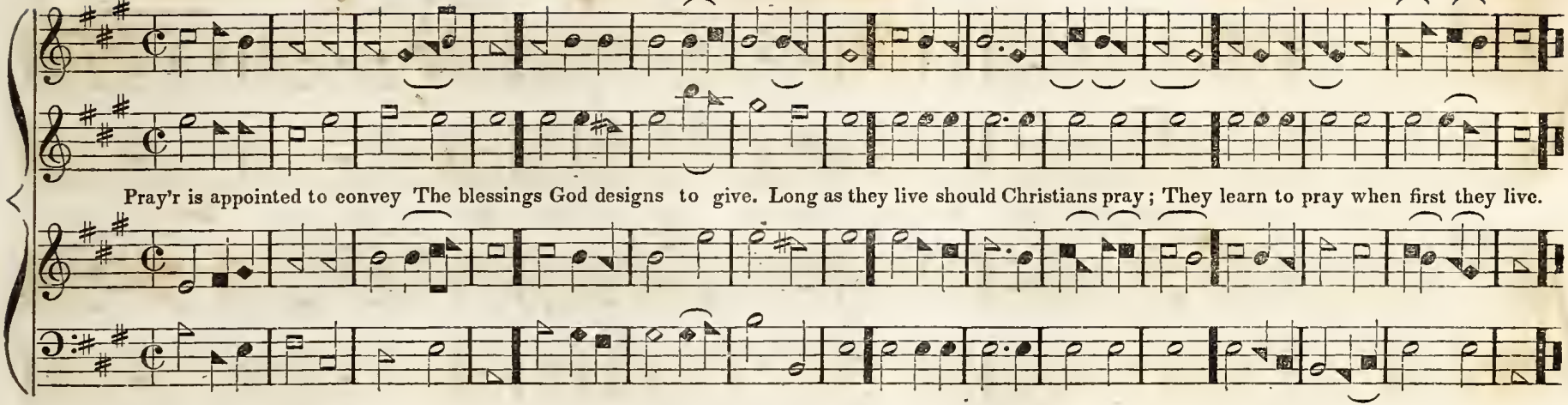
Hymn 397. CHAPEL STREET. L. M. Wm. Mather.


2d Treble.
E - ter - nal Beam of Light Di - vine, Fount - ain of un - ex - hausted love; In whom the Father's
glories shine, Thro' earth beneath, and hea - ven a - bove.

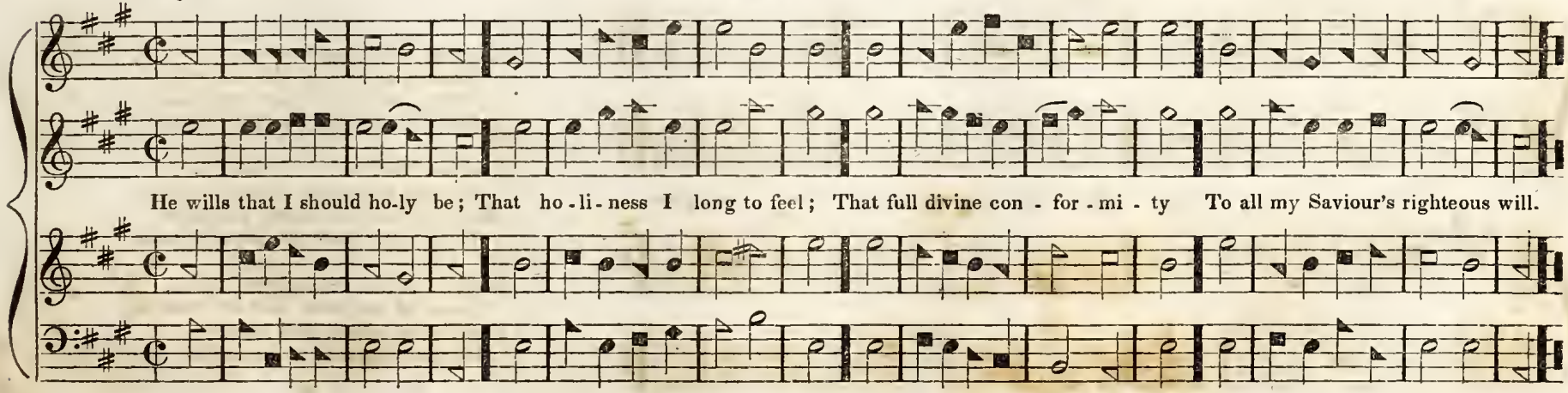
Jesus, the weary wand'rer's rest,
Give me thy easy yoke to bear;
With steadfast patience arm my breast,
With spotless love, and lowly fear.

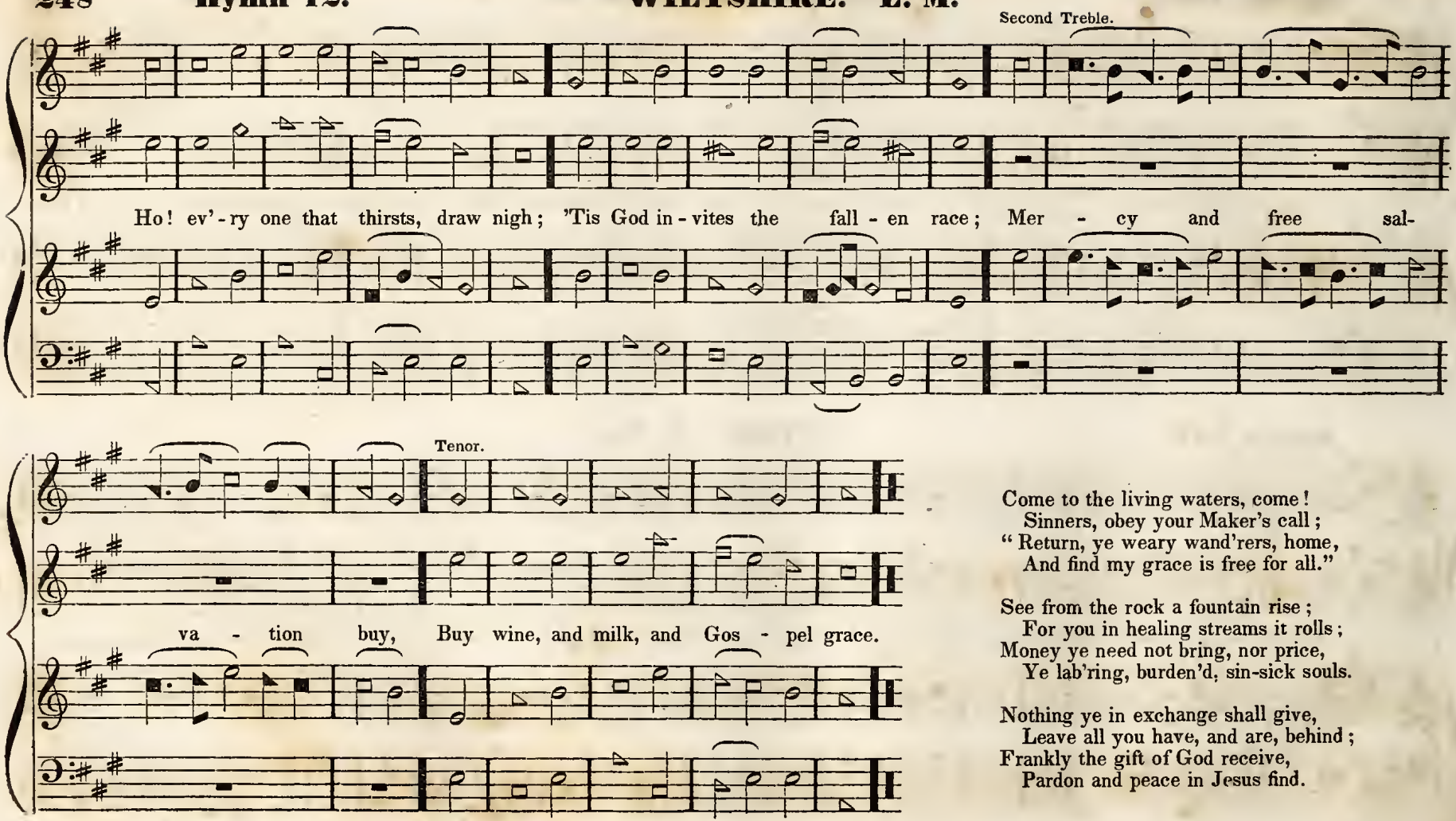
Thankful I take the cup from thee,
Prepar'd and mingled by thy skill:
Though bitter to the taste it be,
Pow'rful the wounded soul to heal.

Be thou, O Rock of Ages, nigh!
So shall each murm'ring thought be gone;
And grief, and fear, and care, shall fly,
As clouds before the mid-day sun.


Pray'r is appointed to convey The blessings God designs to give. Long as they live should Christians pray; They learn to pray when first they live.

Hymn 346. UPTON. L. M.

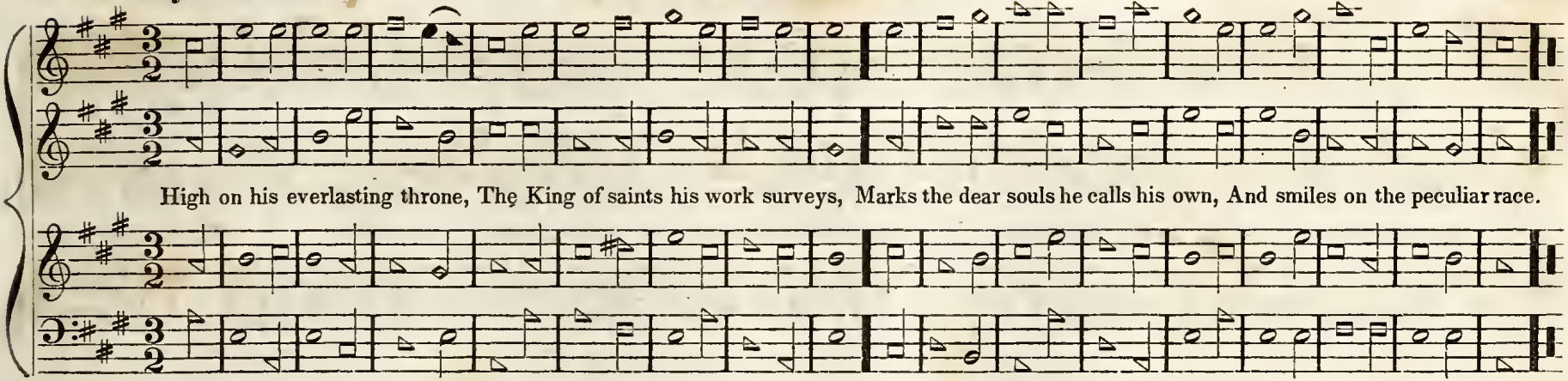



Second Treble.
Ho! ev'-ry one that thirsts, draw nigh; 'Tis God in-vites the fall-en race; Mer-cy and free sal-
Tenor.
va-tion buy, Buy wine, and milk, and Gos-pel grace.

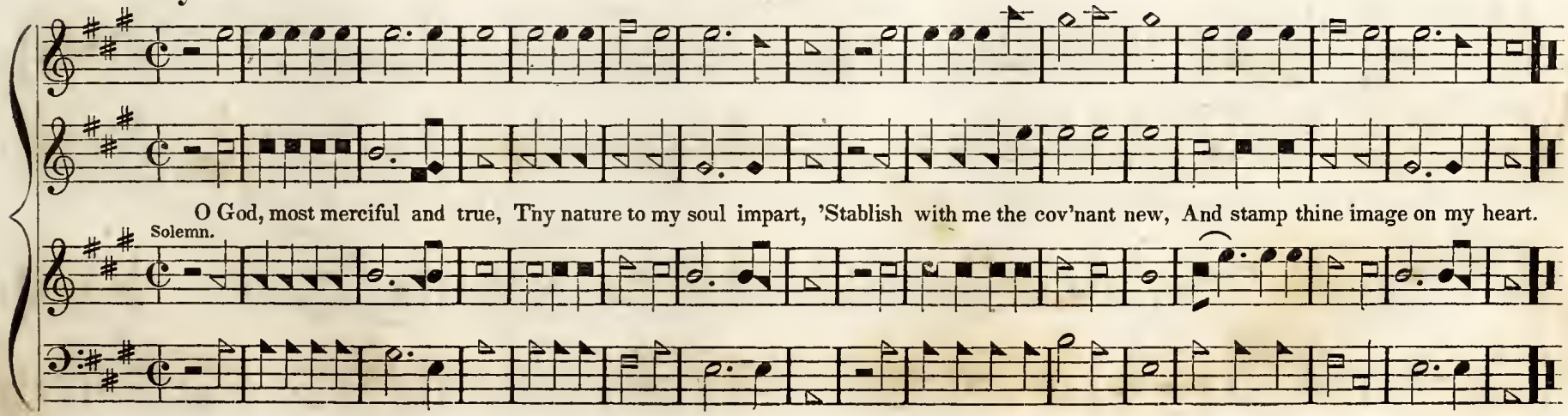
Come to the living waters, come!
Sinners, obey your Maker's call;
"Return, ye weary wand'rers, home,
And find my grace is free for all."

See from the rock a fountain rise;
For you in healing streams it rolls;
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye lab'ring, burden'd, sin-sick souls.

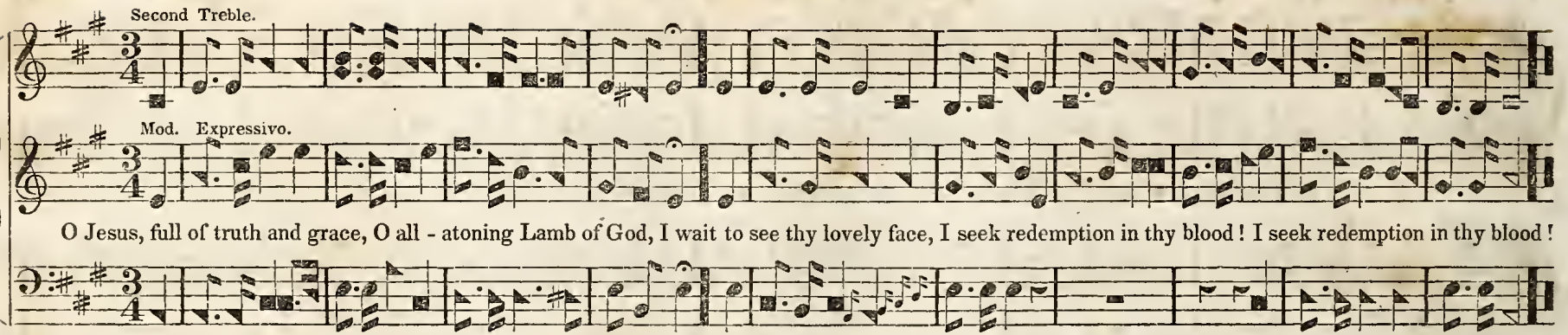
Nothing ye in exchange shall give,
Leave all you have, and are, behind;
Frankly the gift of God receive,
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.


High on his everlasting throne, The King of saints his work surveys, Marks the dear souls he calls his own, And smiles on the peculiar race.

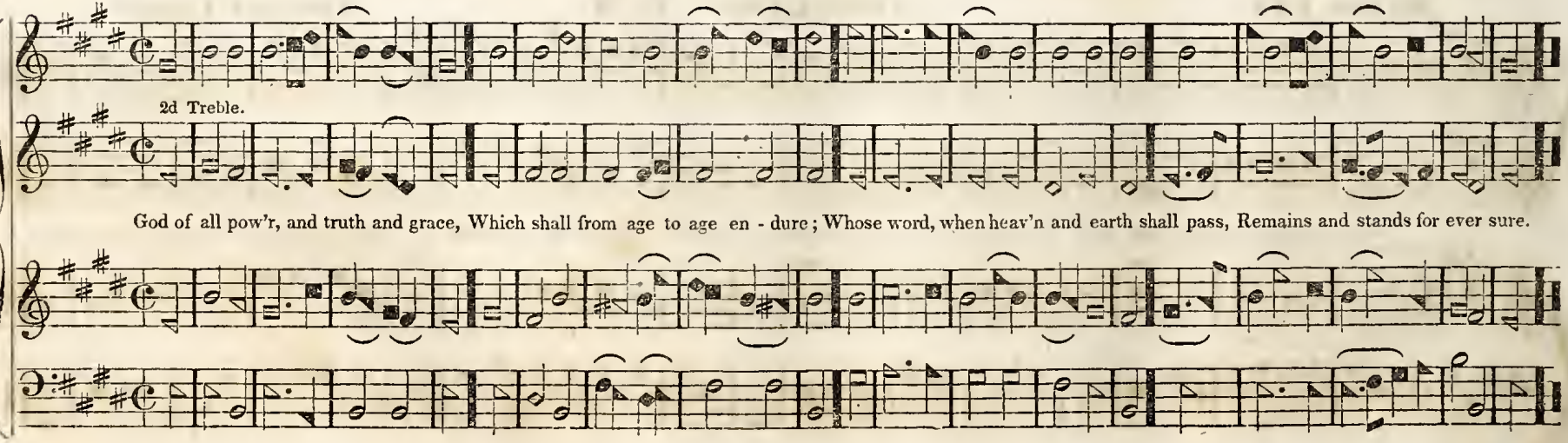
Hymn 134. STERLING. L. M. Ancient Chant.

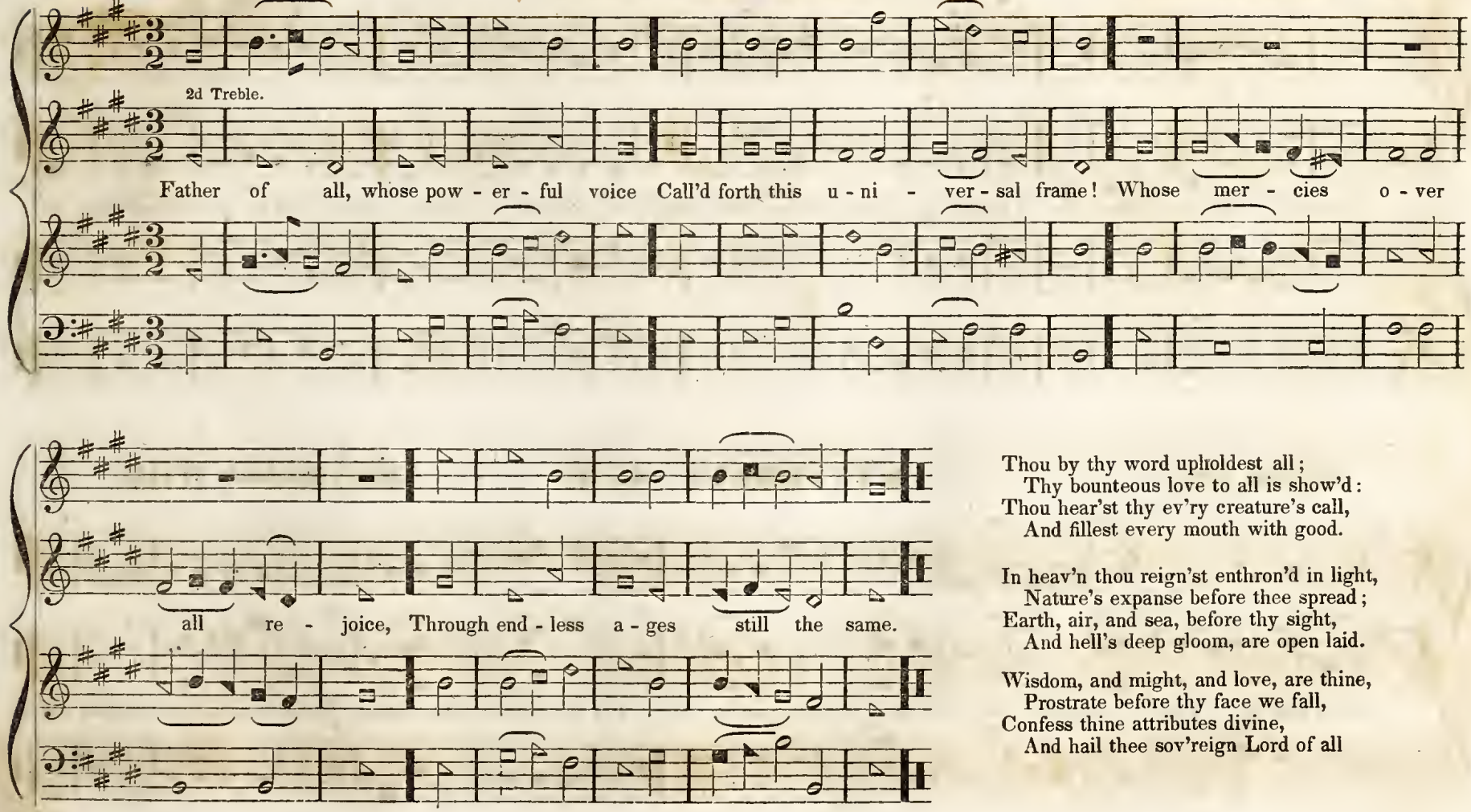

O God, most merciful and true, Thy nature to my soul impart, 'Stablish with me the cov'nant new, And stamp thine image on my heart.
Solemn.

Hymn 300. VANHALL'S HYMN. L. M.


Second Treble.
Mod. Expressivo.
O Jesus, full of truth and grace, O all - atoning Lamb of God, I wait to see thy lovely face, I seek redemption in thy blood! I seek redemption in thy blood!

Hymn 341. DANVERS. L. M. L. Mason.


2d Treble.
God of all pow'r, and truth and grace, Which shall from age to age en - dure; Whose word, when heav'n and earth shall pass, Remains and stands for ever sure.

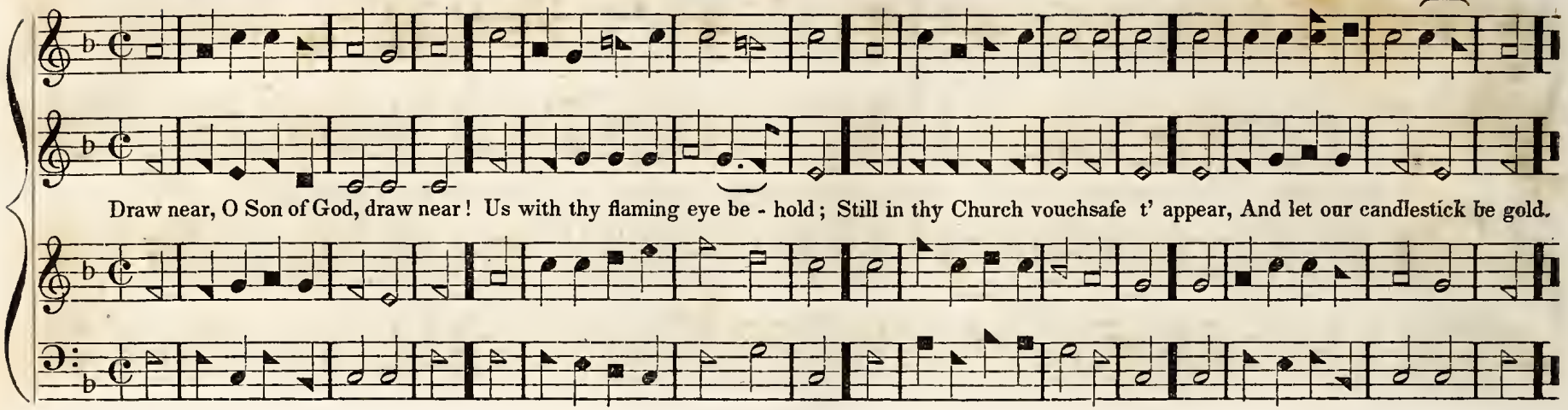

2d Treble.
Father of all, whose pow - er - ful voice Call'd forth this u - ni - ver - sal frame! Whose mer - cies o - ver
all re - joice, Through end - less a - ges still the same.

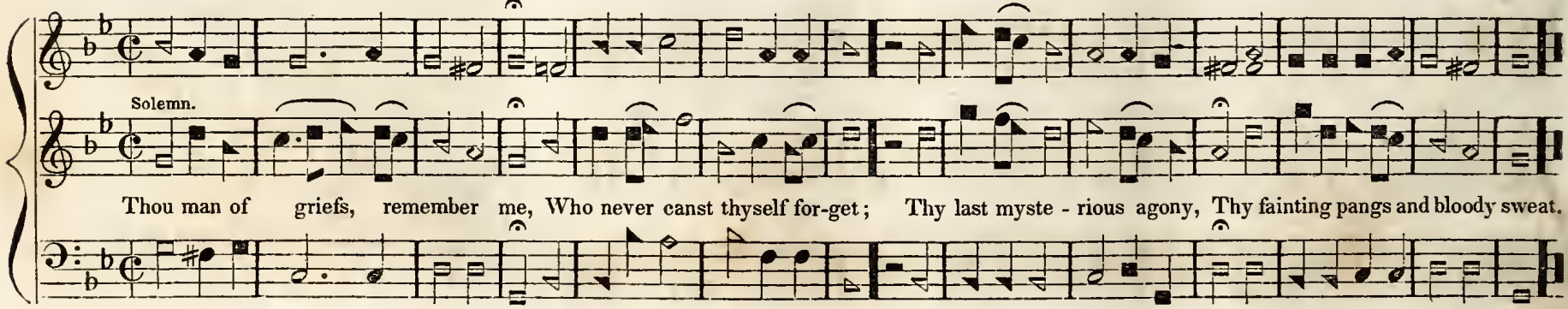
Thou by thy word upholdest all;
Thy bounteous love to all is show'd:
Thou hear'st thy ev'ry creature's call,
And fillest every mouth with good.

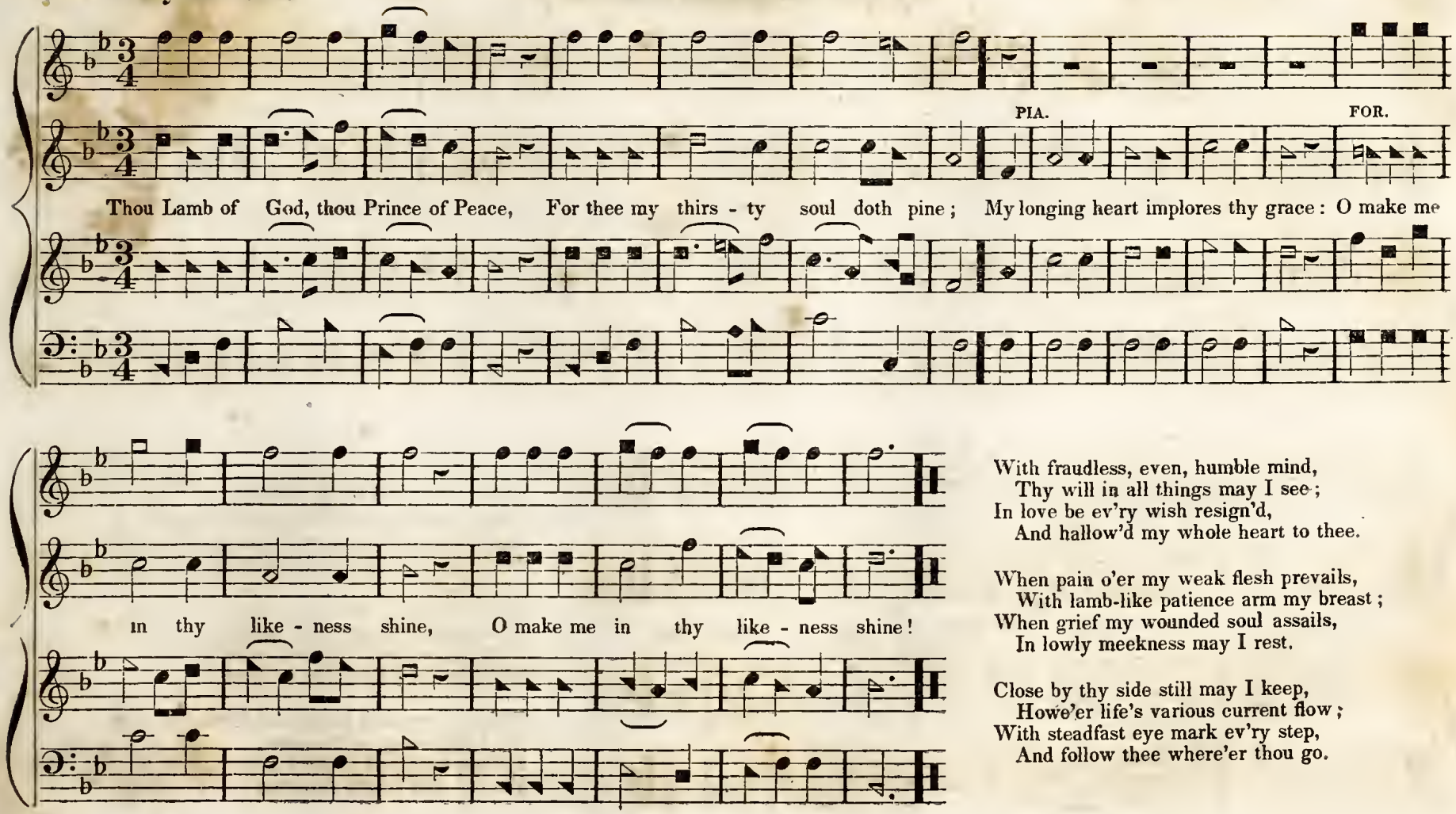
In heav'n thou reign'st enthron'd in light,
Nature's expanse before thee spread;
Earth, air, and sea, before thy sight,
And hell's deep gloom, are open laid.

Wisdom, and might, and love, are thine,
Prostrate before thy face we fall,
Confess thine attributes divine,
And hail thee sov'reign Lord of all

Hymn 461. UXBRIDGE. L. M. L. Mason.


Draw near, O Son of God, draw near! Us with thy flaming eye be - hold; Still in thy Church vouchsafe t' appear, And let our candlestick be gold.

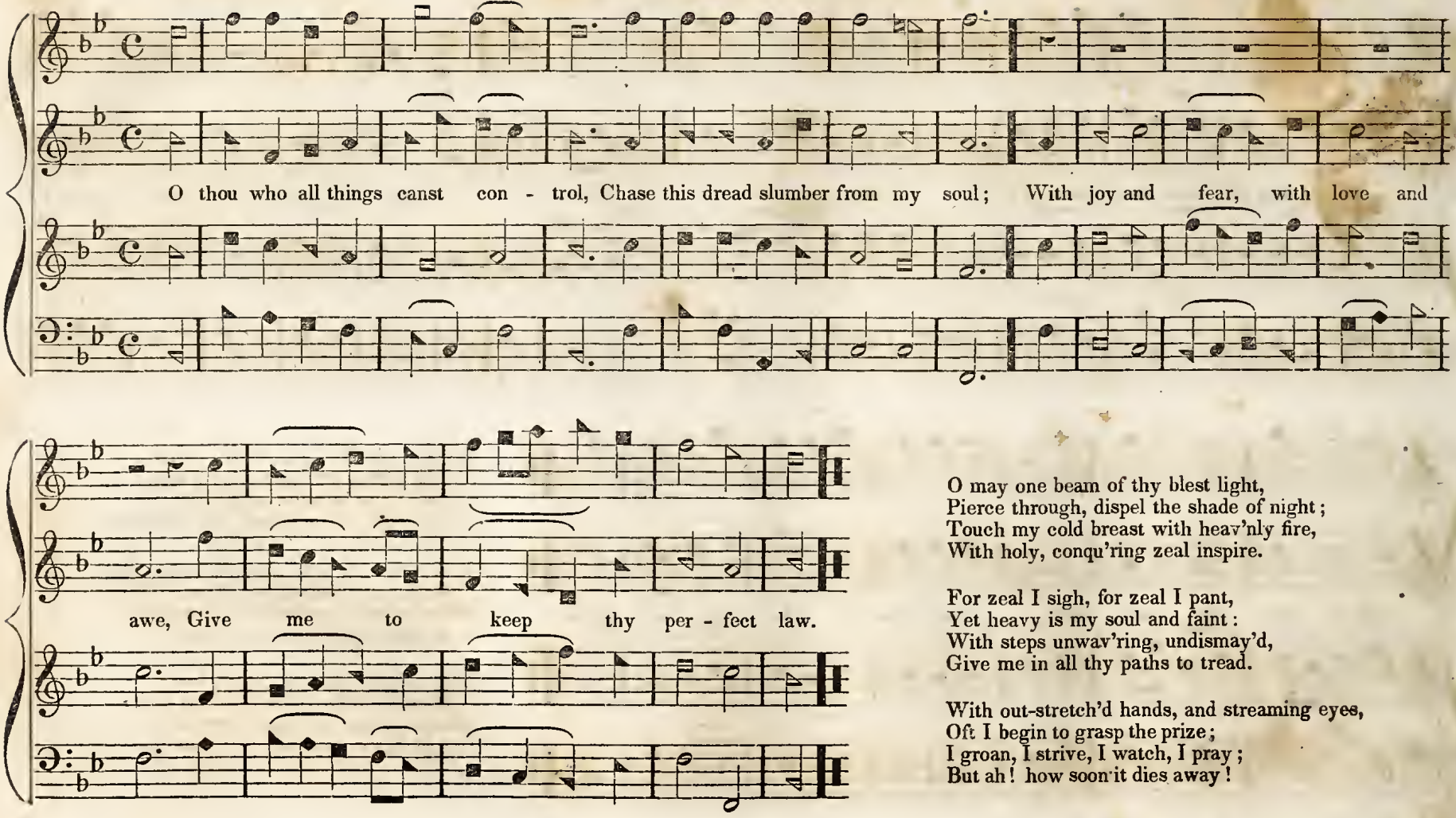
Hymn 48. OTTERBEIN. L. M. Rev. Joshua Wells.

Solemn.
Thou man of griefs, remember me, Who never canst thyself for-get; Thy last myste - rious agony, Thy fainting pangs and bloody sweat.


PIA.
FOR.
Thou Lamb of God, thou Prince of Peace, For thee my thirs - ty soul doth pine; My longing heart implores thy grace: O make me
in thy like - ness shine, O make me in thy like - ness shine!

With fraudless, even, humble mind,
Thy will in all things may I see;
In love be ev'ry wish resign'd,
And hallow'd my whole heart to thee.

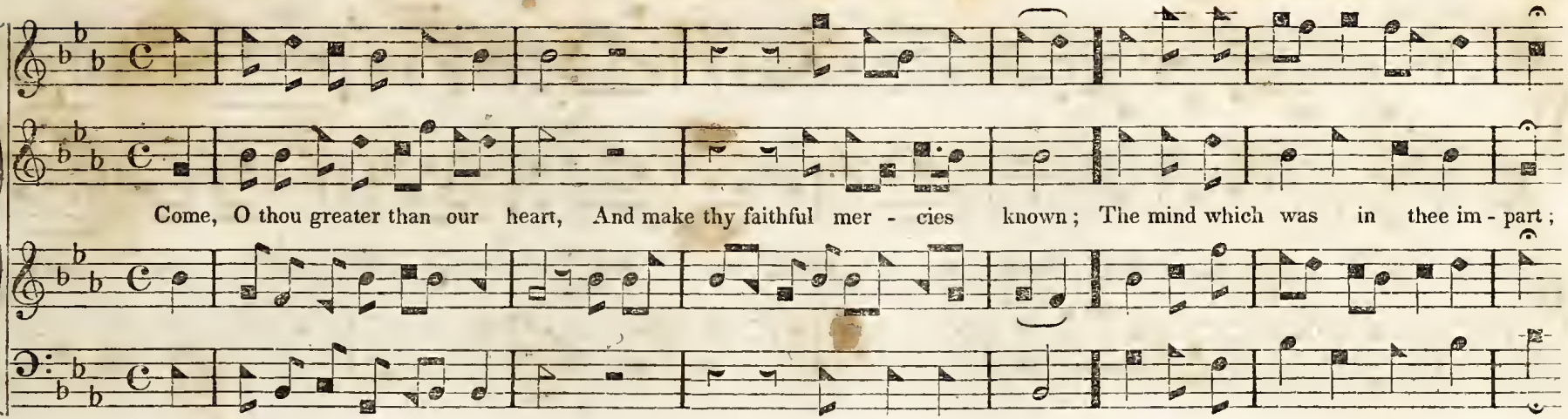
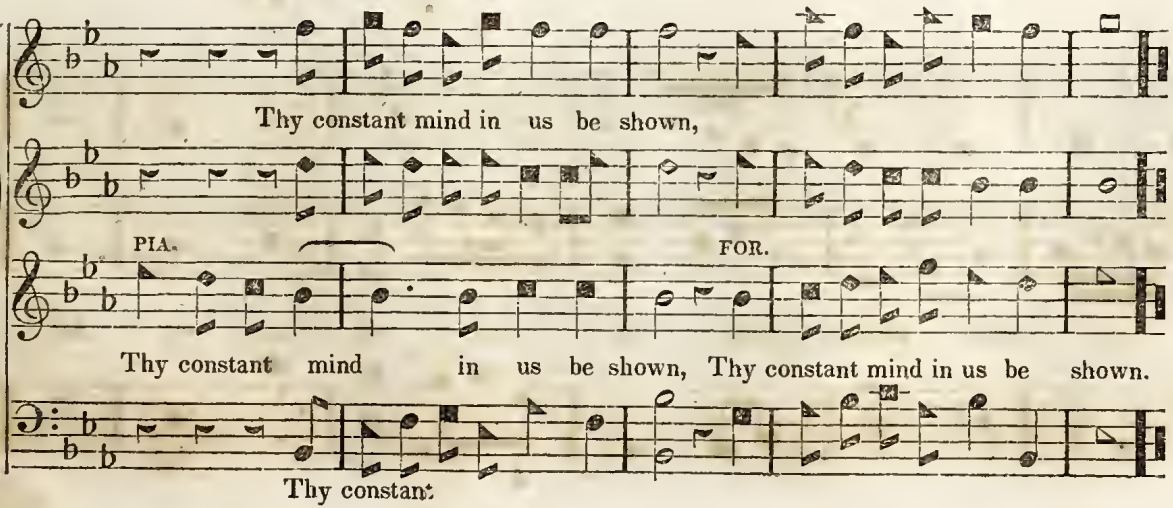
When pain o'er my weak flesh prevails,
With lamb-like patience arm my breast;
When grief my wounded soul assails,
In lowly meekness may I rest.

Close by thy side still may I keep,
Howe'er life's various current flow;
With steadfast eye mark ev'ry step,
And follow thee where'er thou go.


O thou who all things canst con - trol, Chase this dread slumber from my soul; With joy and fear, with love and
awe, Give me to keep thy per - fect law.

O may one beam of thy blest light,
Pierce through, dispel the shade of night;
Touch my cold breast with heav'nly fire,
With holy, conqu'ring zeal inspire.

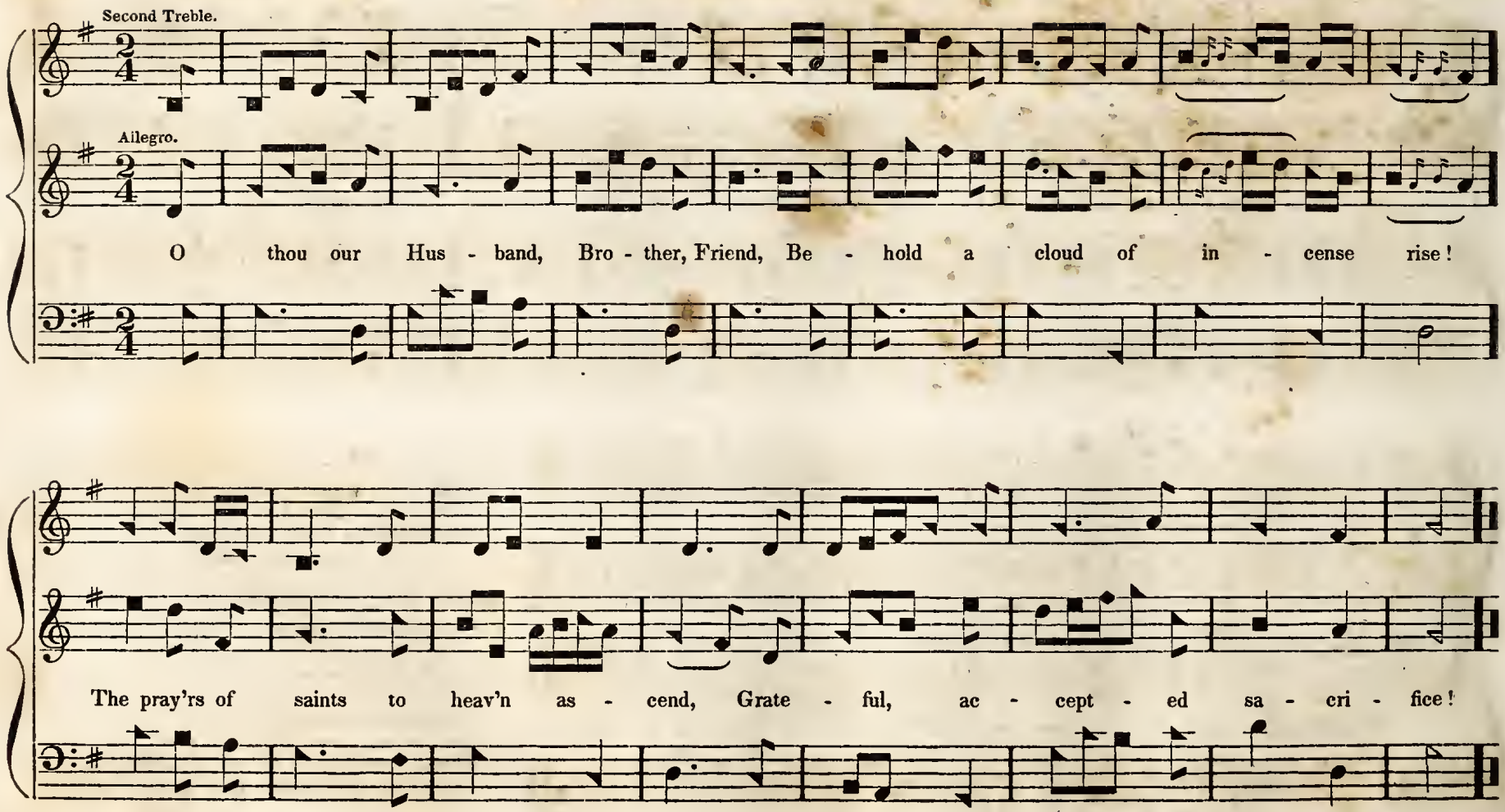
For zeal I sigh, for zeal I pant,
Yet heavy is my soul and faint:
With steps unwav'ring, undismay'd,
Give me in all thy paths to tread.

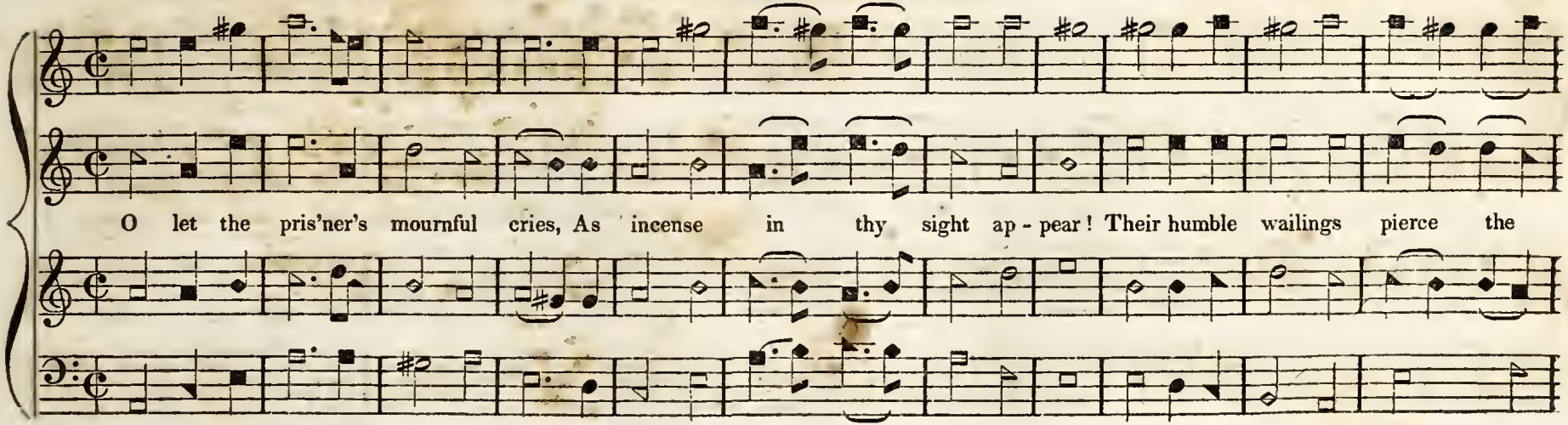
With out-stretch'd hands, and streaming eyes,
Oft I begin to grasp the prize;
I groan, I strive, I watch, I pray;
But ah! how soon it dies away!



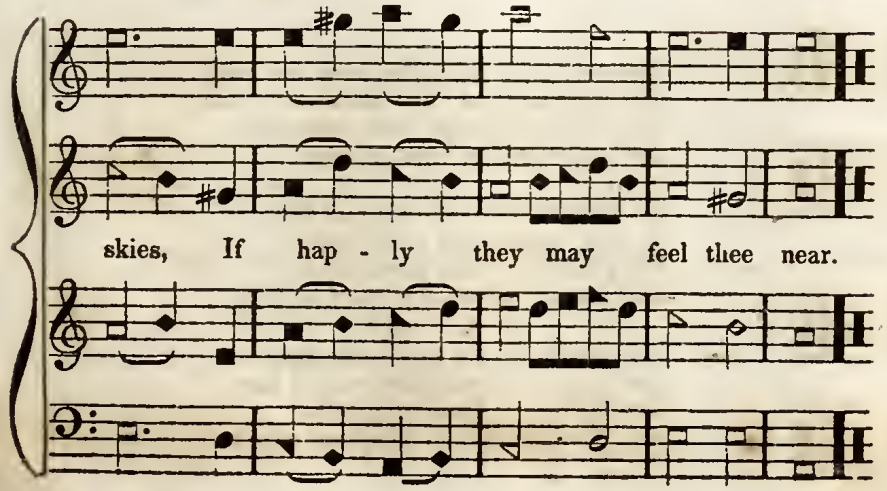
O let us by thy cross abide,
Thee, only thee, resolv'd to know,
The Lamb for sinners crucified,
A world to save from endless wo.

Take us into thy people's rest,
And we from our own works shall cease:
With thy meek spirit arm our breast,
And keep our minds in perfect peace.

Jesus, for this we calmly wait,
O let our eyes behold thee near!
Hasten to make our heaven complete,
Appear, our glorious God, appear!

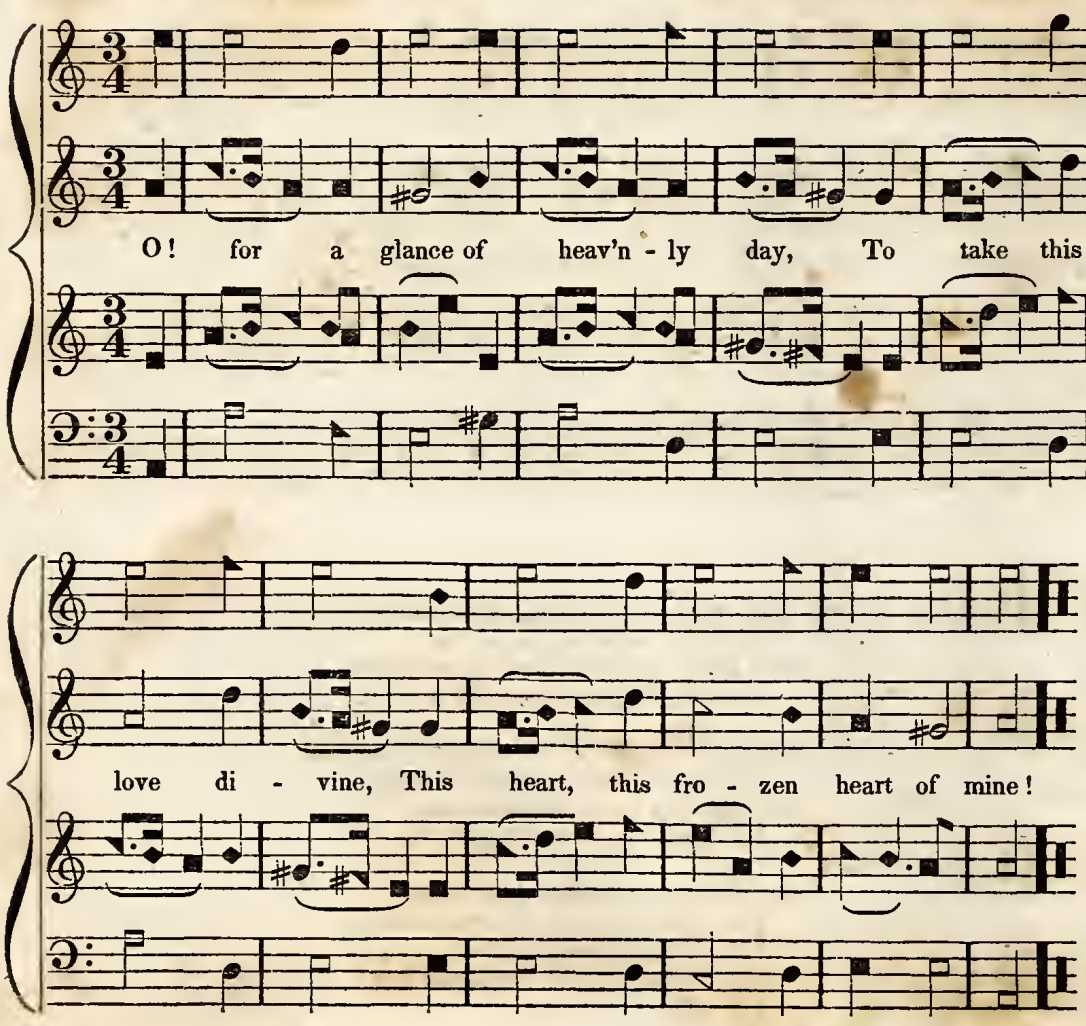

Second Treble.
Allegro.
O thou our Hus - band, Bro - ther, Friend, Be - hold a cloud of in - cense rise!
The pray'rs of saints to heav'n as - cend, Grate - ful, ac - cept - ed sa - cri - fice!





The captive exiles make their moans,
From sin impatient to be free:
Call home, call home thy banish'd ones!
Lead captive their captivity!

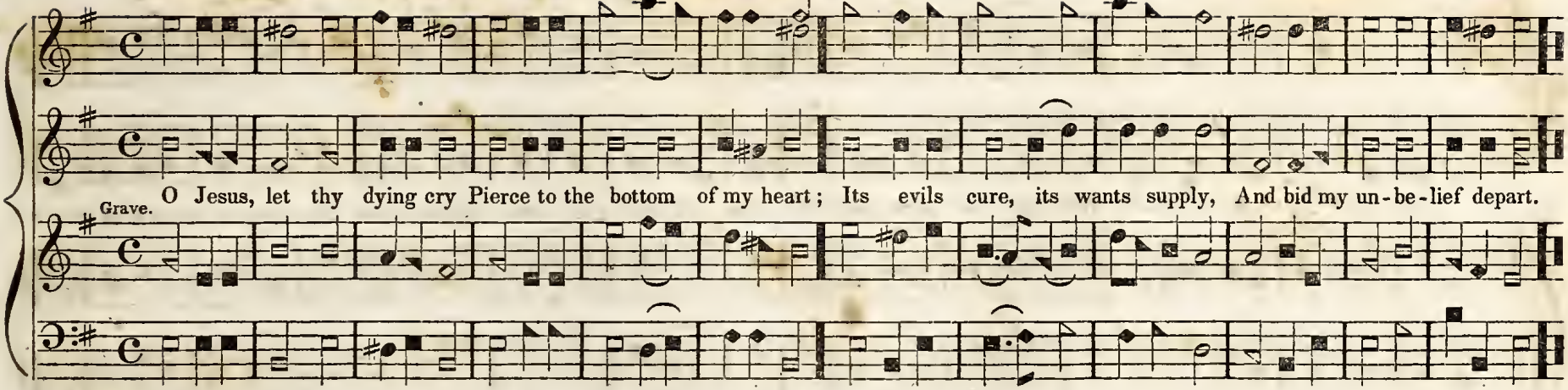
Show them the blood that bought their peace,
The anchor of their steadfast hope;
And bid their guilty terrors cease,
And bring the ransom'd pris'ners up.

Out of the deep regard their cries,
The fallen raise, the mourners cheer;
O Sun of Righteousness, arise,
And scatter all their doubt and fear!

O! for a glance of heav'n - ly day, To take this stubborn heart a - way; And thaw, with beams of
love di - vine, This heart, this fro - zen heart of mine!

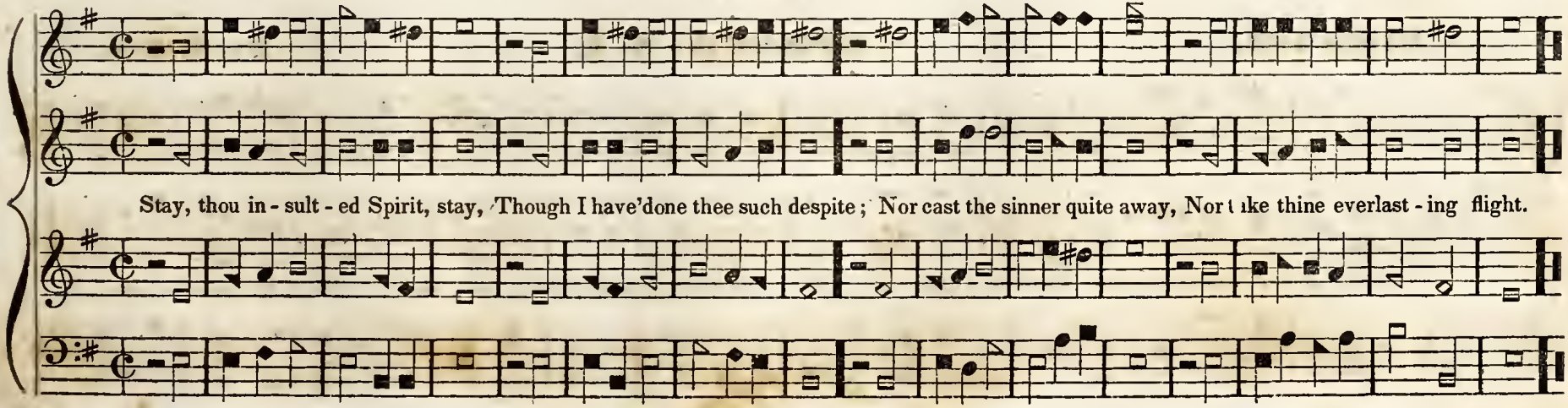
The rocks can rend; the earth can quake;
The seas can roar; the mountains shake;
Of feeling, all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
O Lord, an adamant would melt:
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing moves this heart of mine.

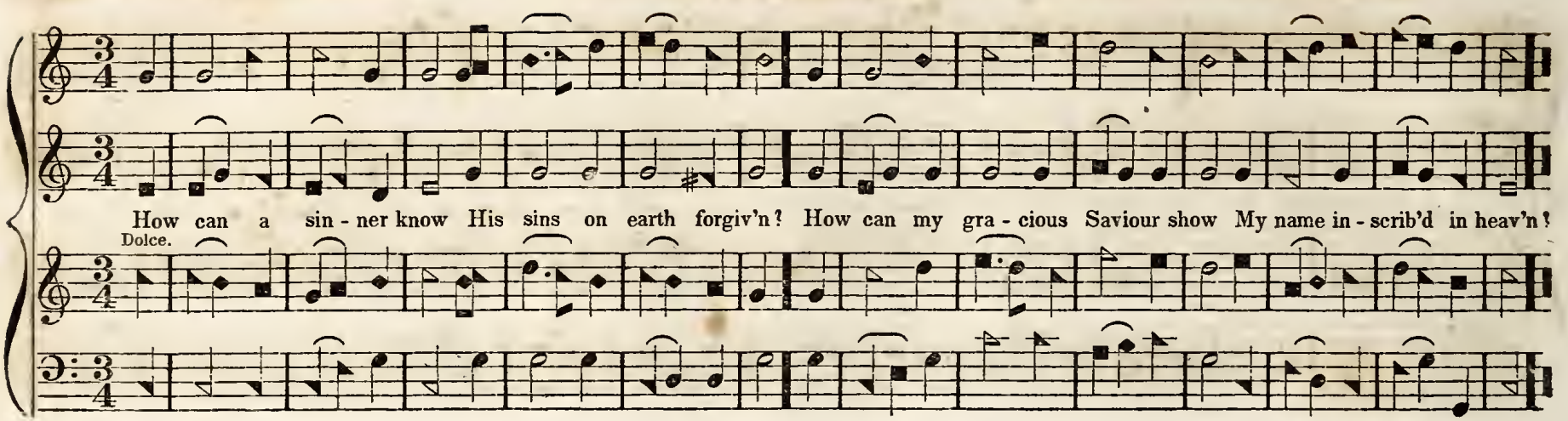
But something yet can do the deed;
And that blest something much I need:
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And melt and change this heart of mine.



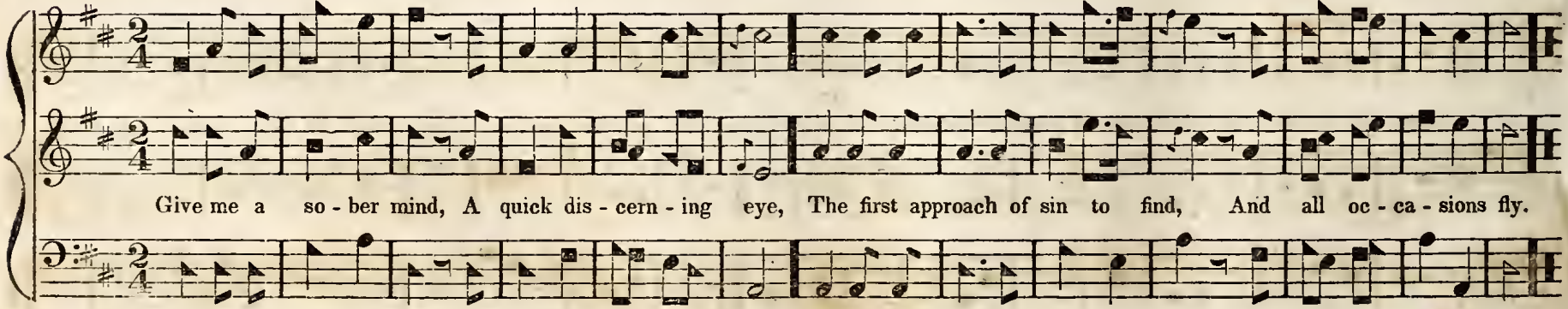
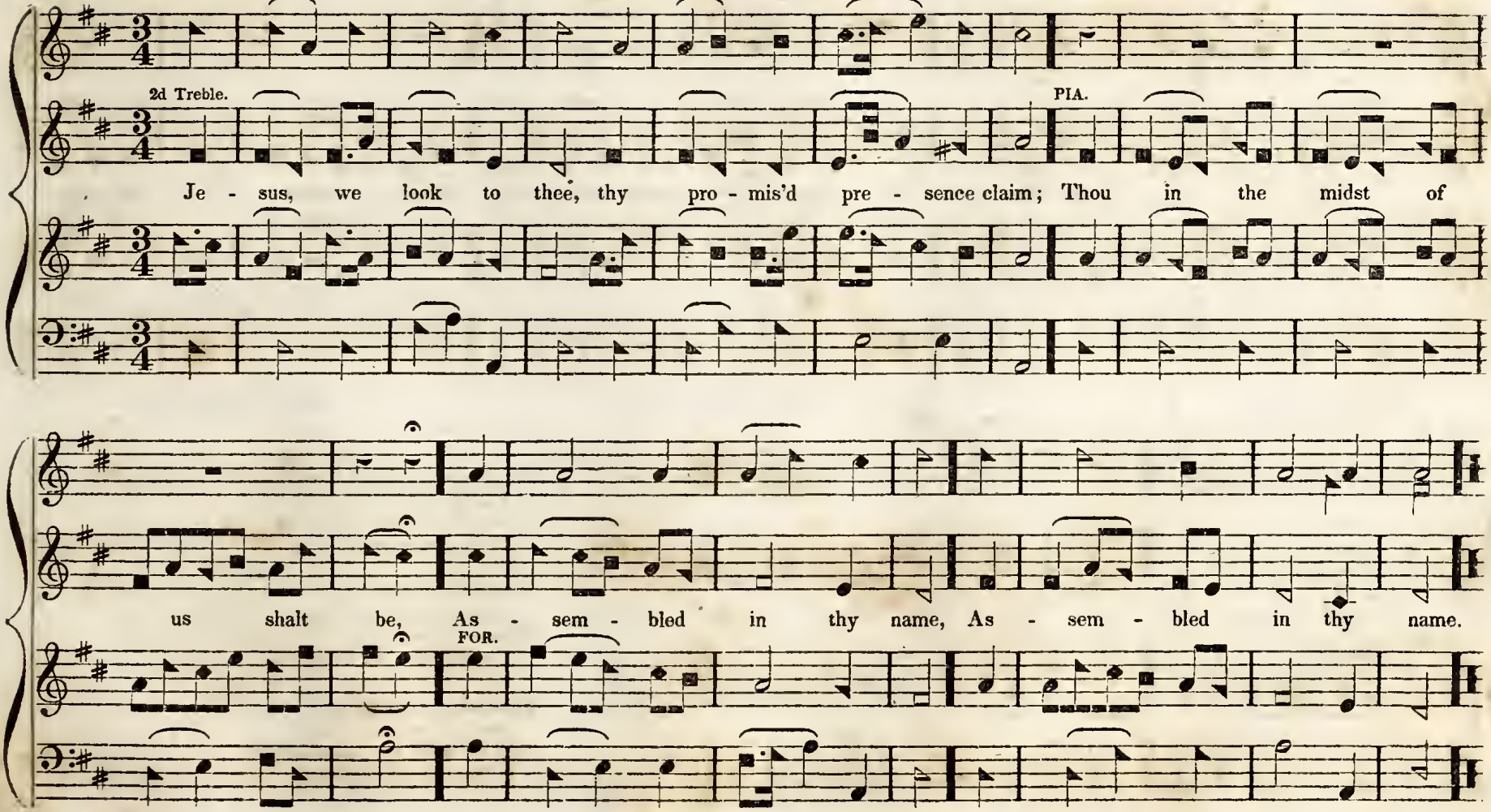
Hymn 40. WINDHAM. L. M. Read.


Stay, thou in-sult-ed Spirit, stay, Though I have'done thee such despite; Nor cast the sinner quite away, Nor take thine everlast-ing flight.

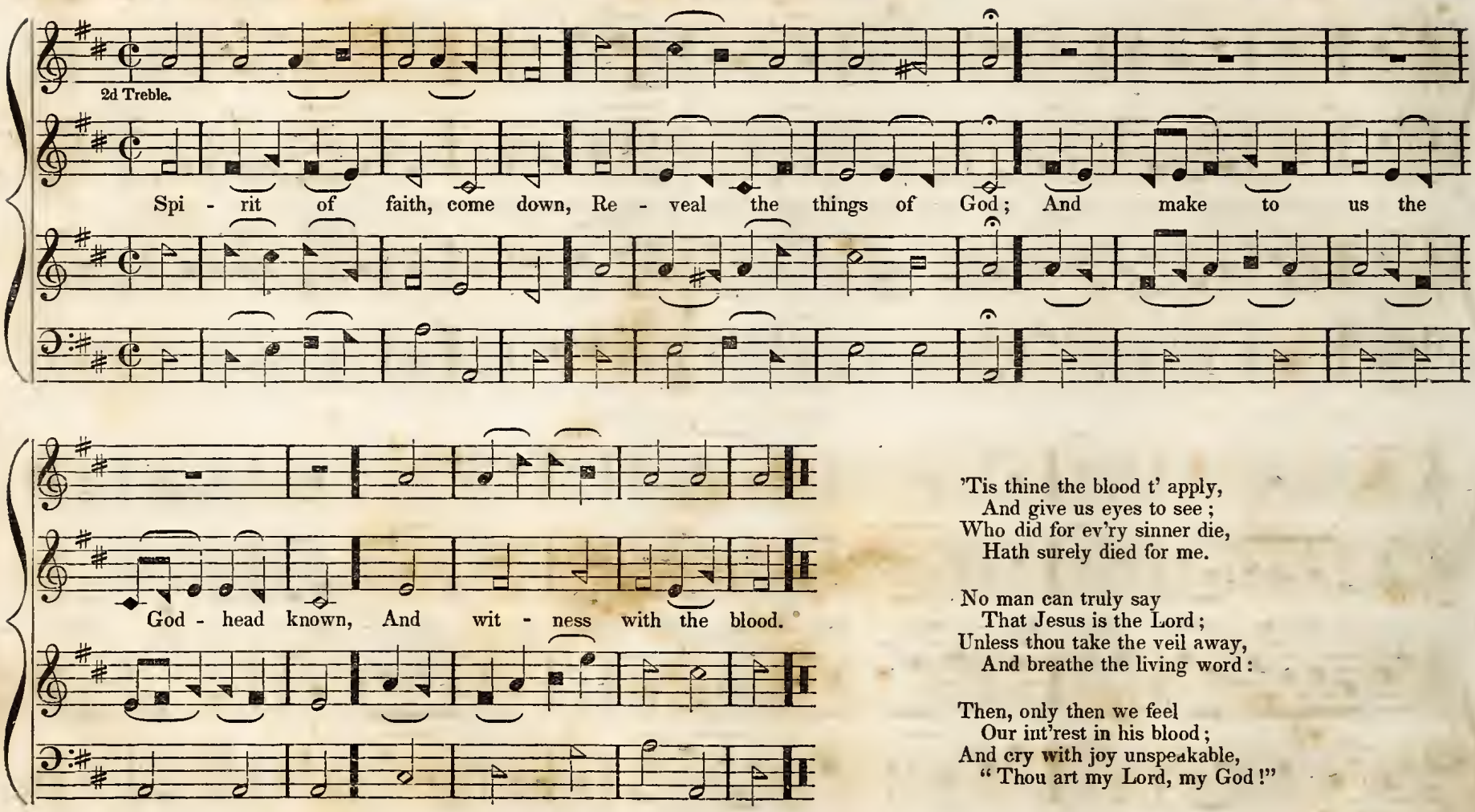
Hymn 177. OXFORD. S. M.



Hymn 169. SPILSBY. S. M. Dr. Miller.



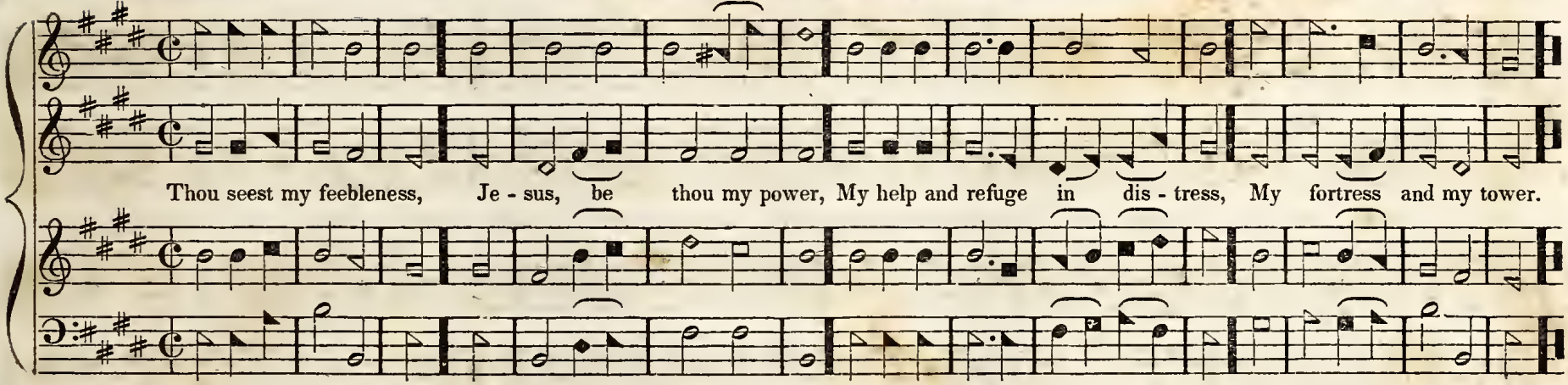
2d Treble.
PIA.
Je - sus, we look to thee, thy pro - mis'd pre - sence claim; Thou in the midst of
us shalt be, As - sem - bled in thy name, As - sem - bled in thy name.
FOR.

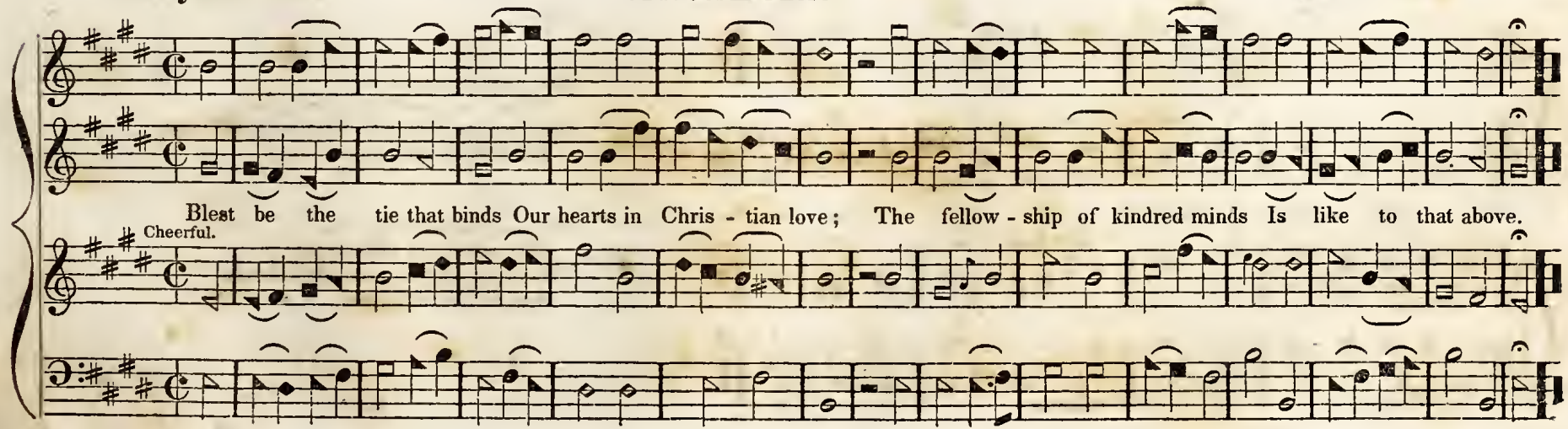
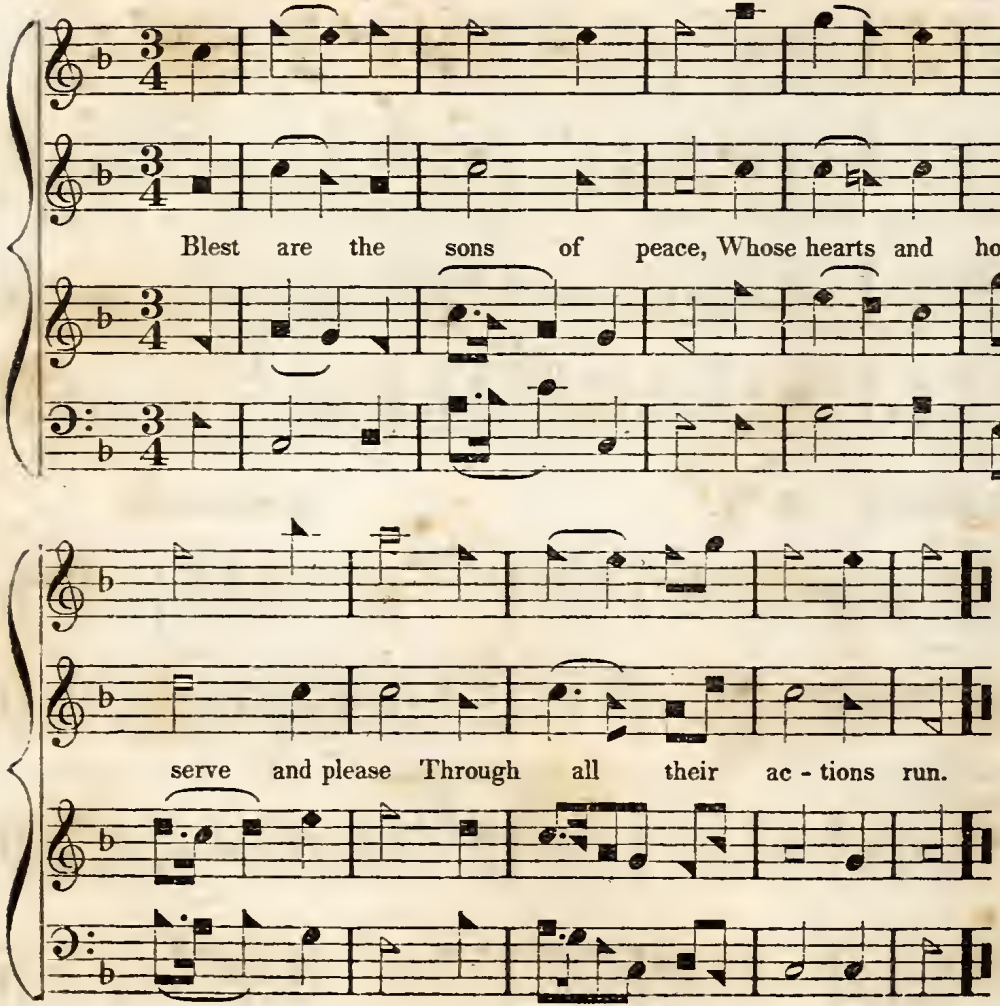


'Tis thine the blood t' apply,
And give us eyes to see;
Who did for ev'ry sinner die,
Hath surely died for me.

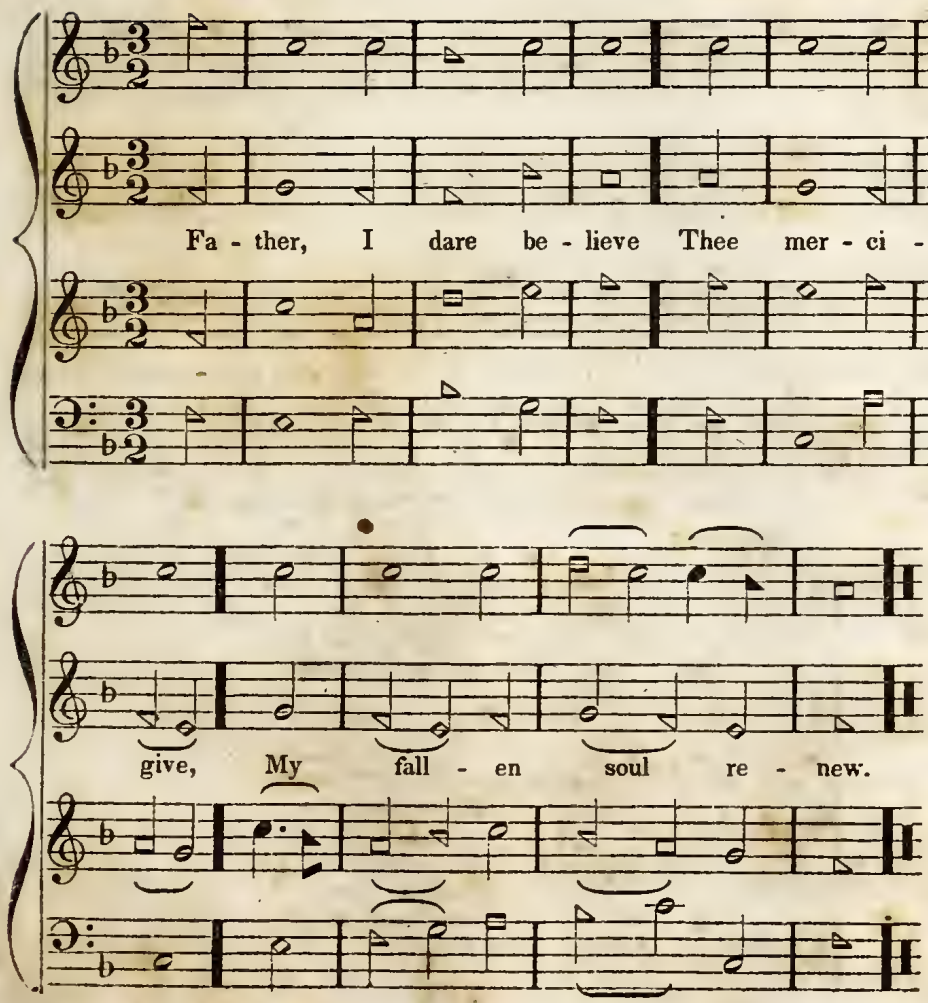
No man can truly say
That Jesus is the Lord;
Unless thou take the veil away,
And breathe the living word:

Then, only then we feel
Our int'rest in his blood;
And cry with joy unspeakable,
"Thou art my Lord, my God!"

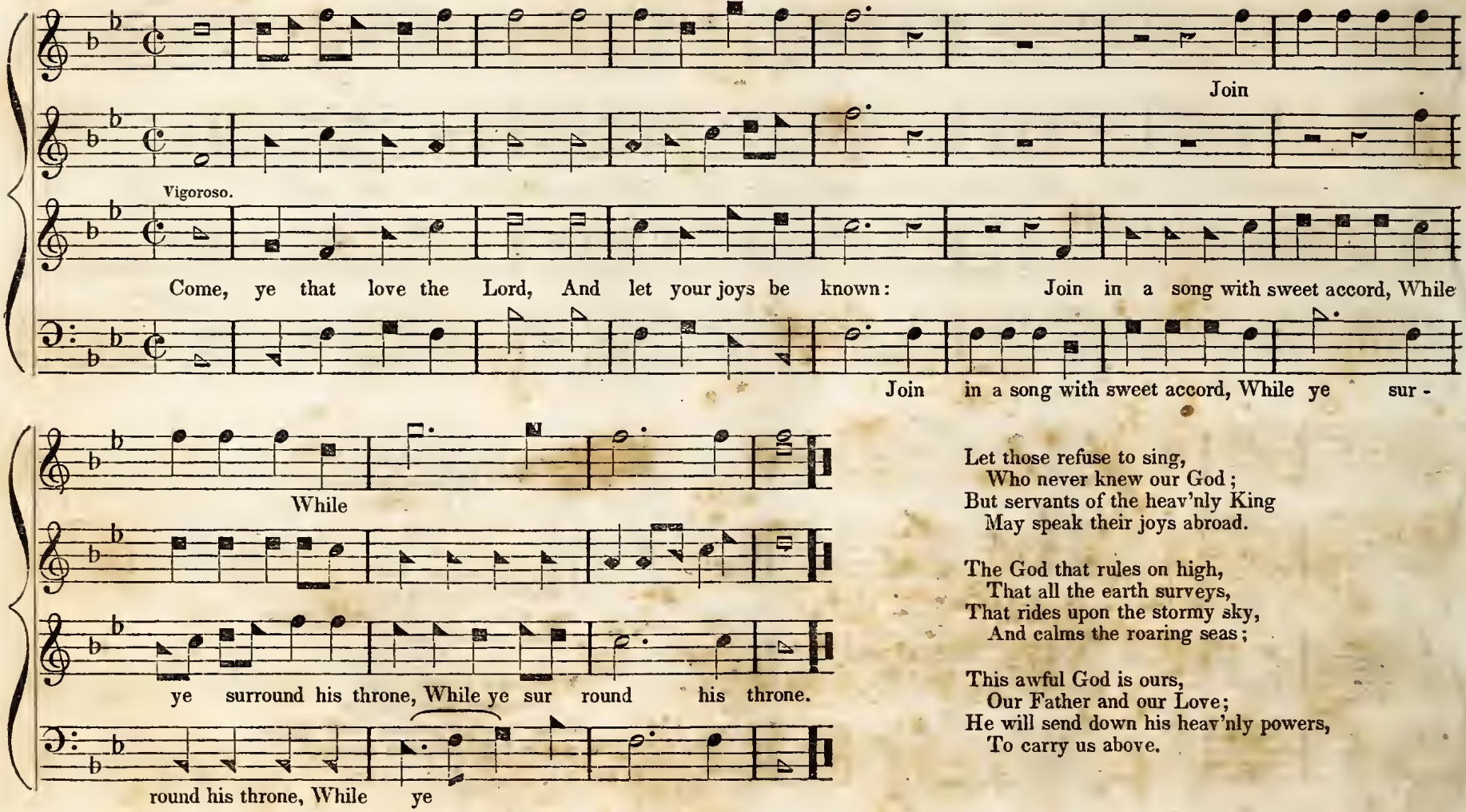


Hymn 452. EASTBURN. S. M. Harwood.

Blest are the sons of peace, Whose hearts and hopes are one; Whose kind de - signs to
serve and please Through all their ac - tions run.

Blest is the pious house
  Where zeal and friendship meet;
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
  Make their communion sweet.

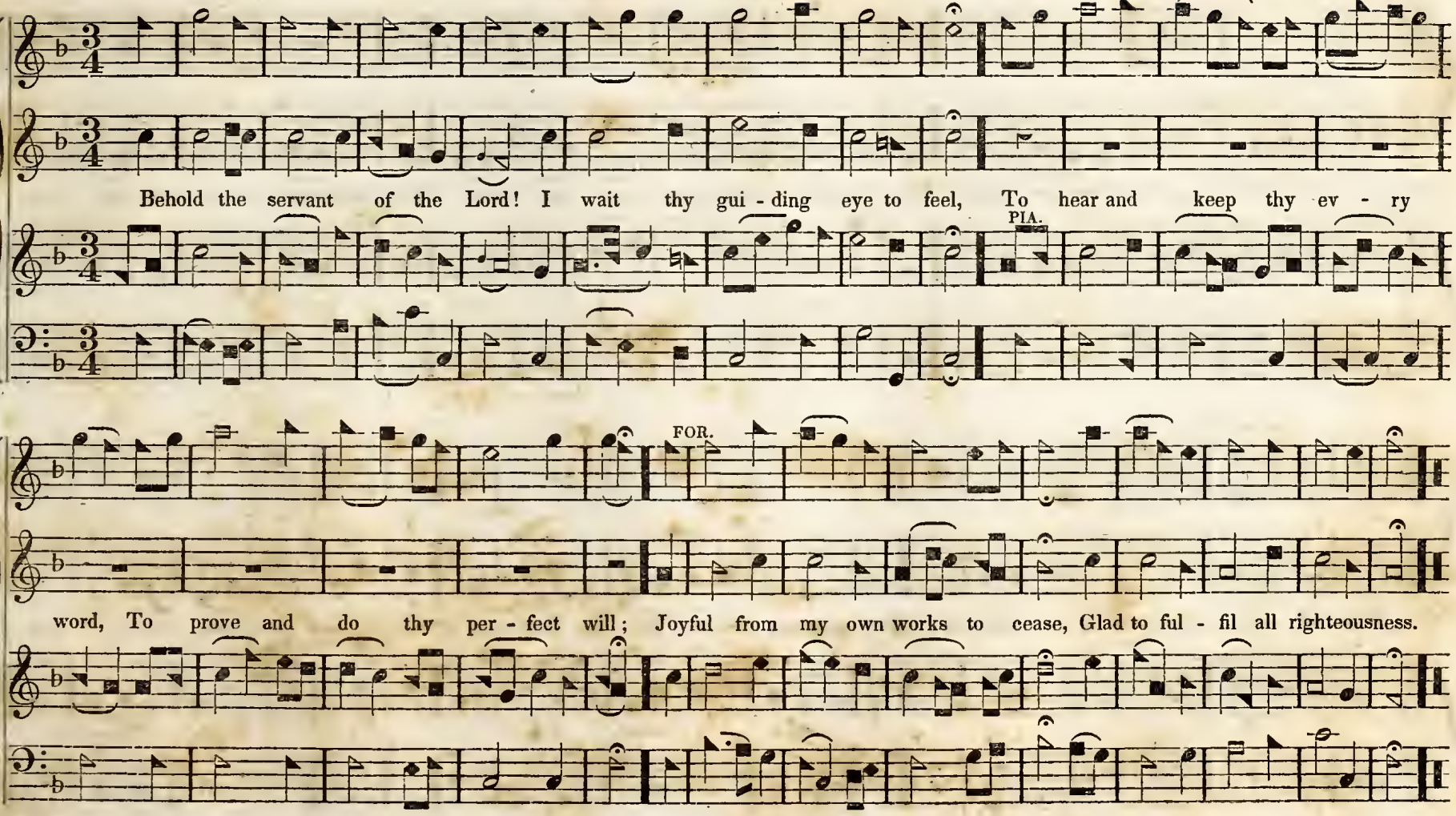
Thus on the heav'nly hills
  The saints are blest above,
Where joy like morning dew distils,
  And all the air is love.

Come, then, for Jesus' sake,
And bid my heart be clean:
An end of all my troubles make;
An end of all my sin.

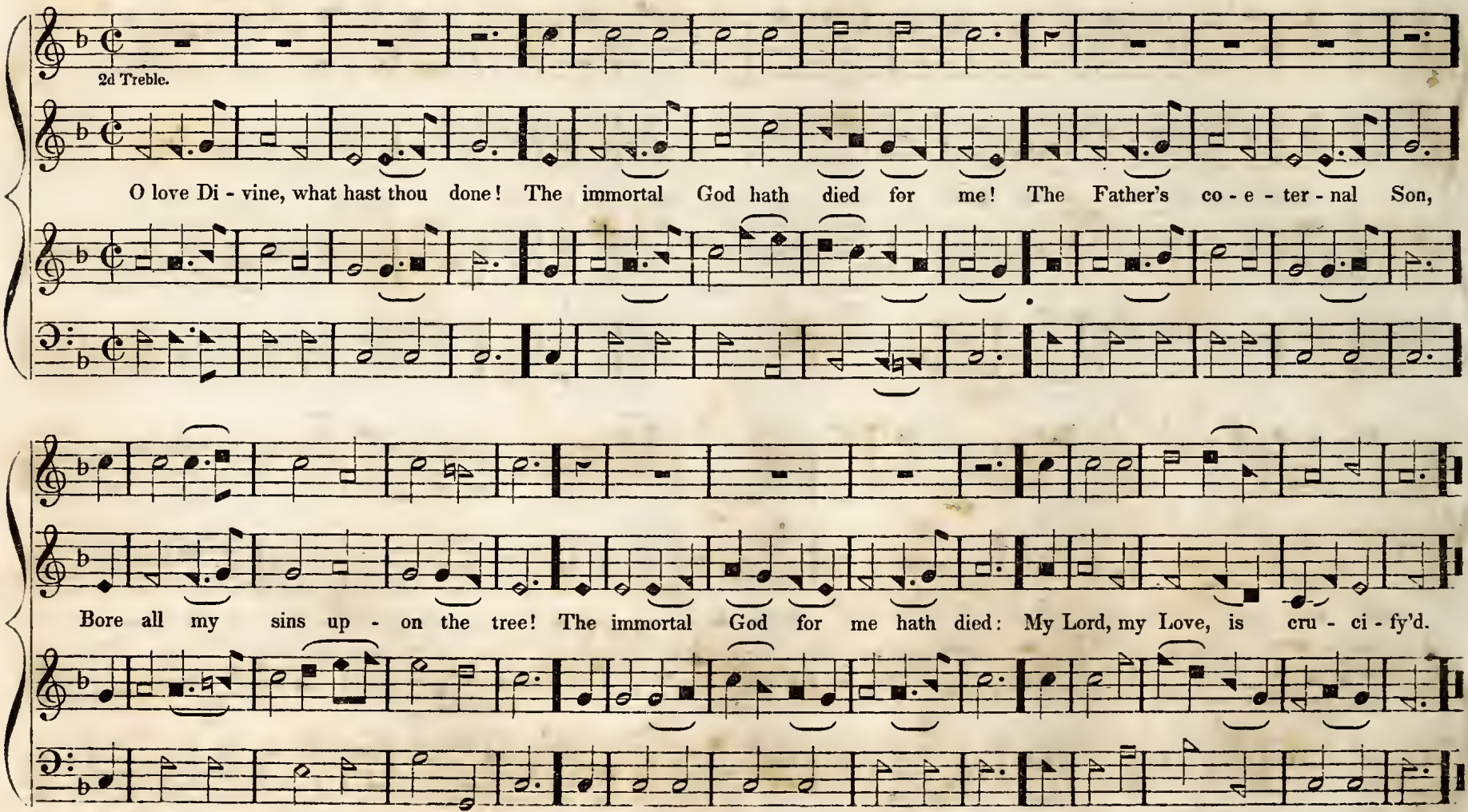
I cannot wash my heart,
But by believing thee;
And waiting for thy blood t' impart
The spotless purity.

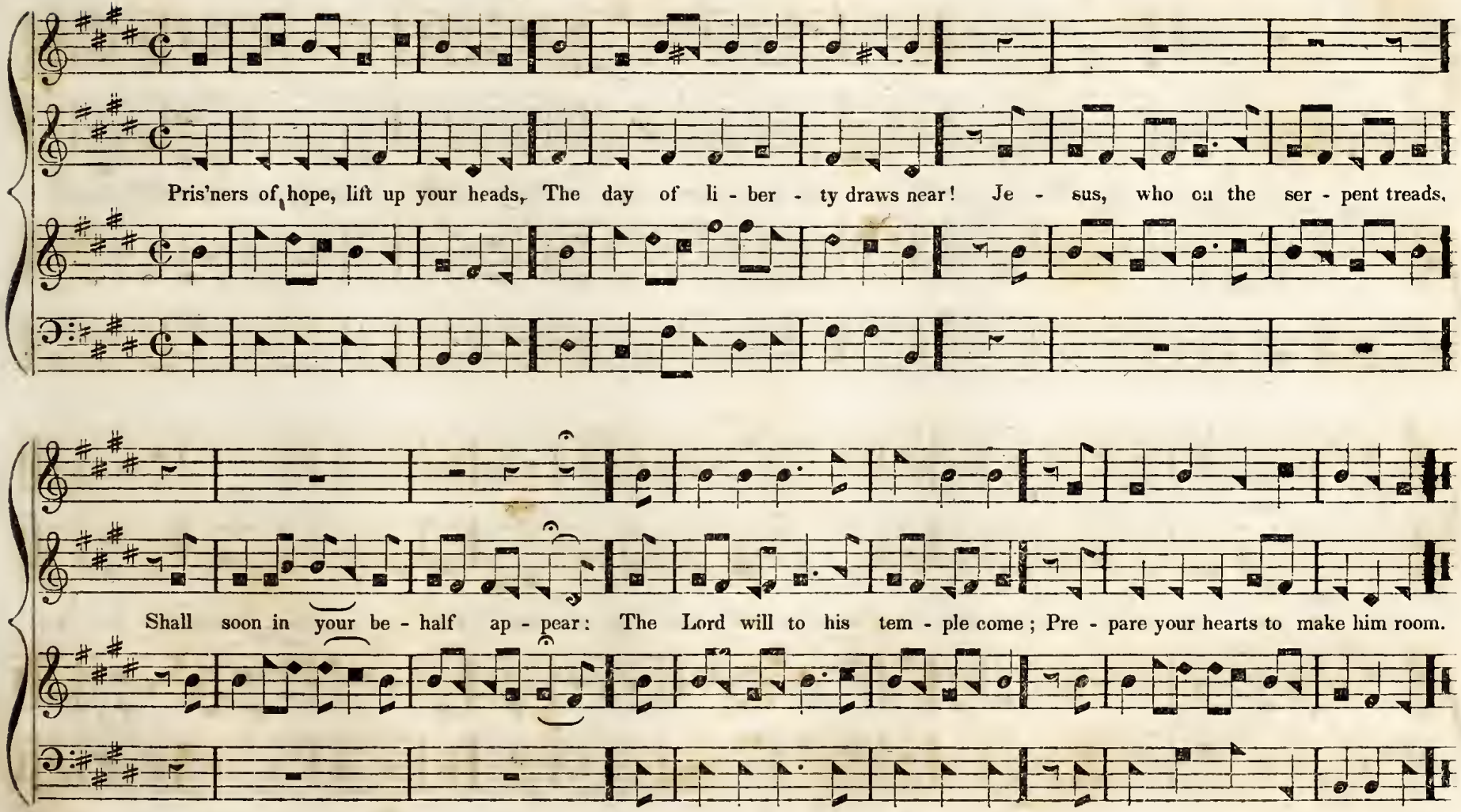
While at thy cross I lie,
Jesus, the grace bestow;
Now thy all-cleansing blood apply,
And I am white as snow.

Join
Vigoroso.
Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known: Join in a song with sweet accord, While
Join in a song with sweet accord, While ye sur -
While
ye surround his throne, While ye sur round his throne.
round his throne, While ye

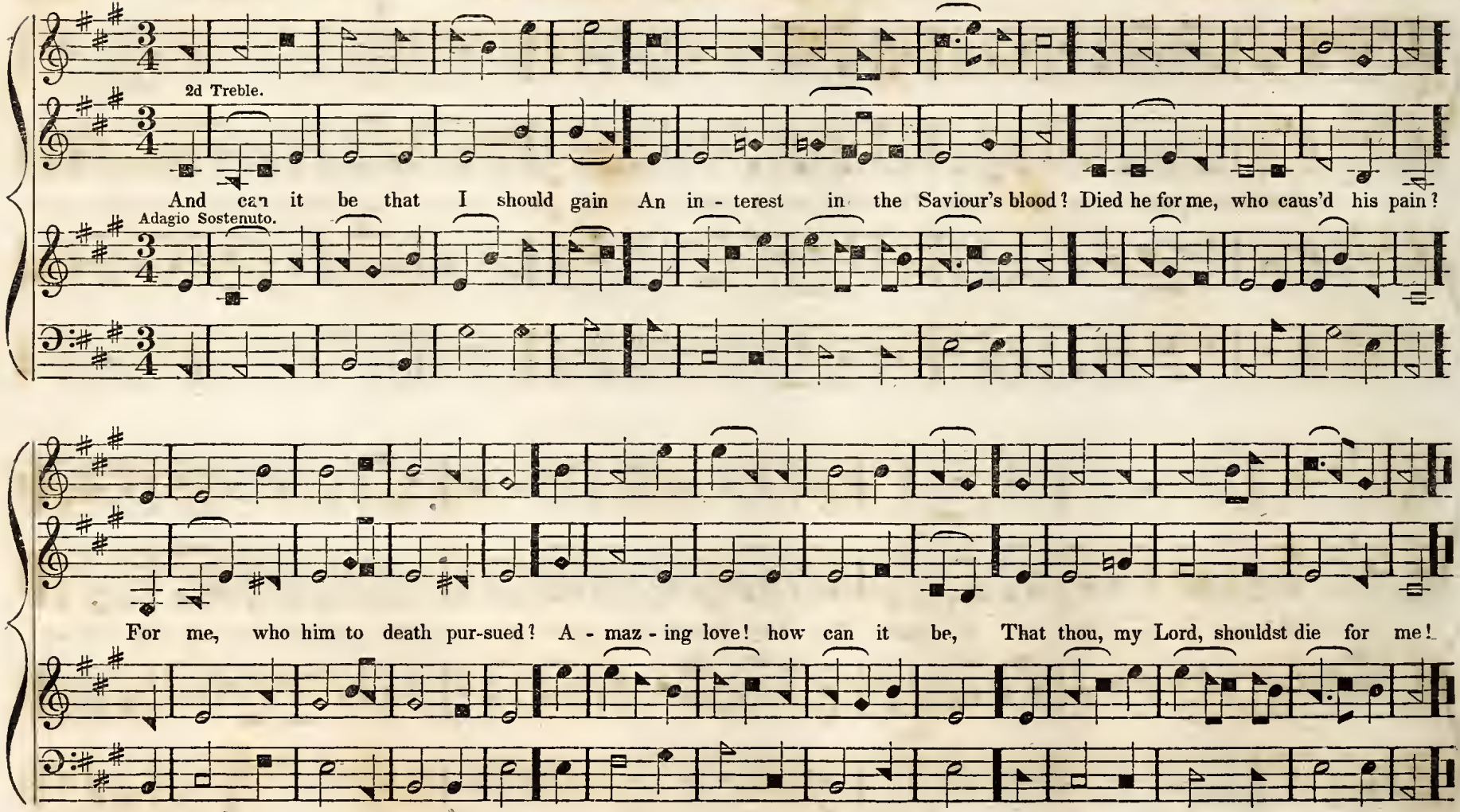
Let those refuse to sing,
Who never knew our God;
But servants of the heav'nly King
May speak their joys abroad.

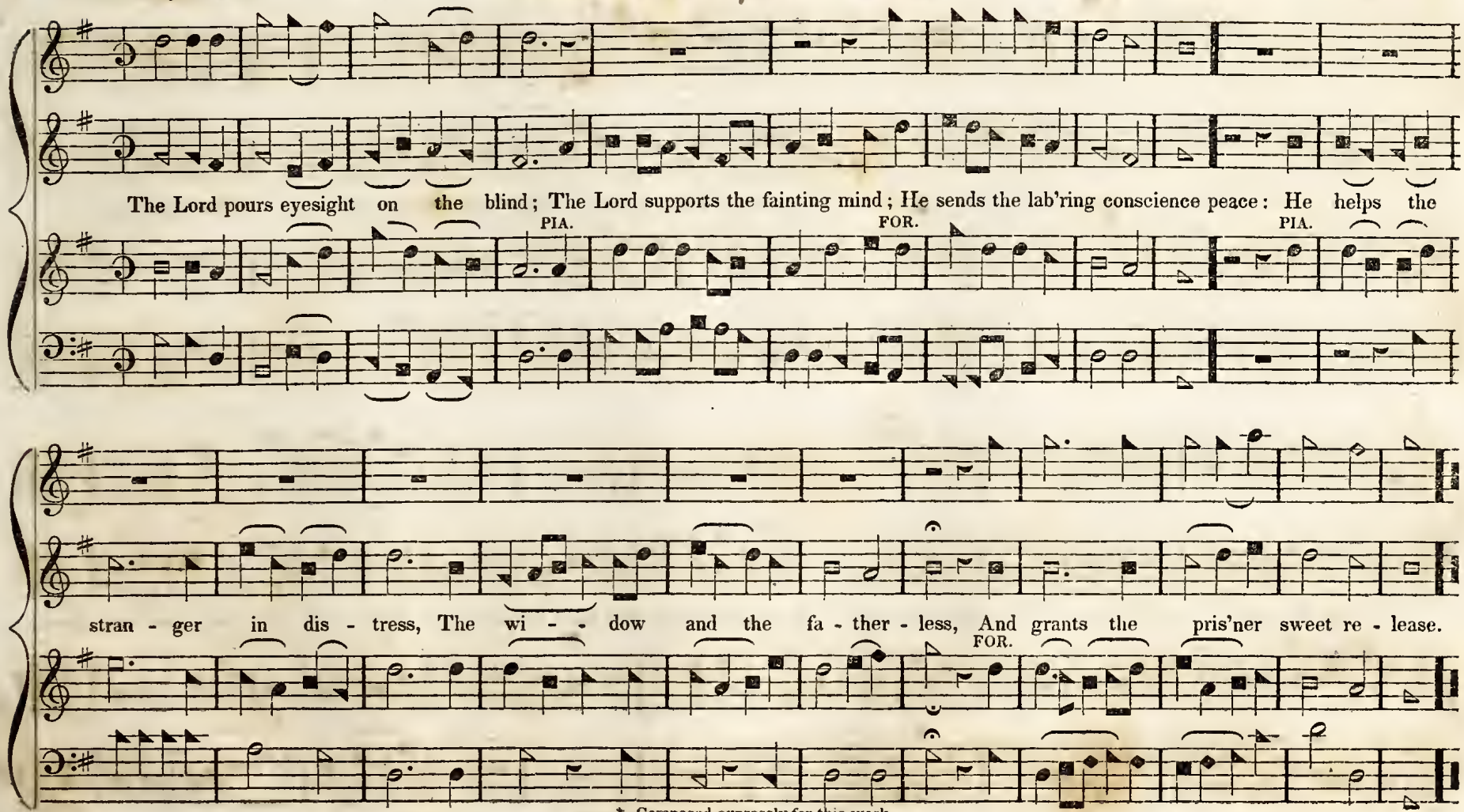
The God that rules on high,
That all the earth surveys,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas;

This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love;
He will send down his heav'nly powers,
To carry us above.

Behold the servant of the Lord! I wait thy gui - ding eye to feel, To hear and keep thy ev - ry
PIA.
FOR.
word, To prove and do thy per - fect will; Joyful from my own works to cease, Glad to ful - fil all righteousness.


2d Treble.
O love Di - vine, what hast thou done! The immortal God hath died for me! The Father's co - e - ter - nal Son,
Bore all my sins up - on the tree! The immortal God for me hath died: My Lord, my Love, is cru - ci - fy'd.

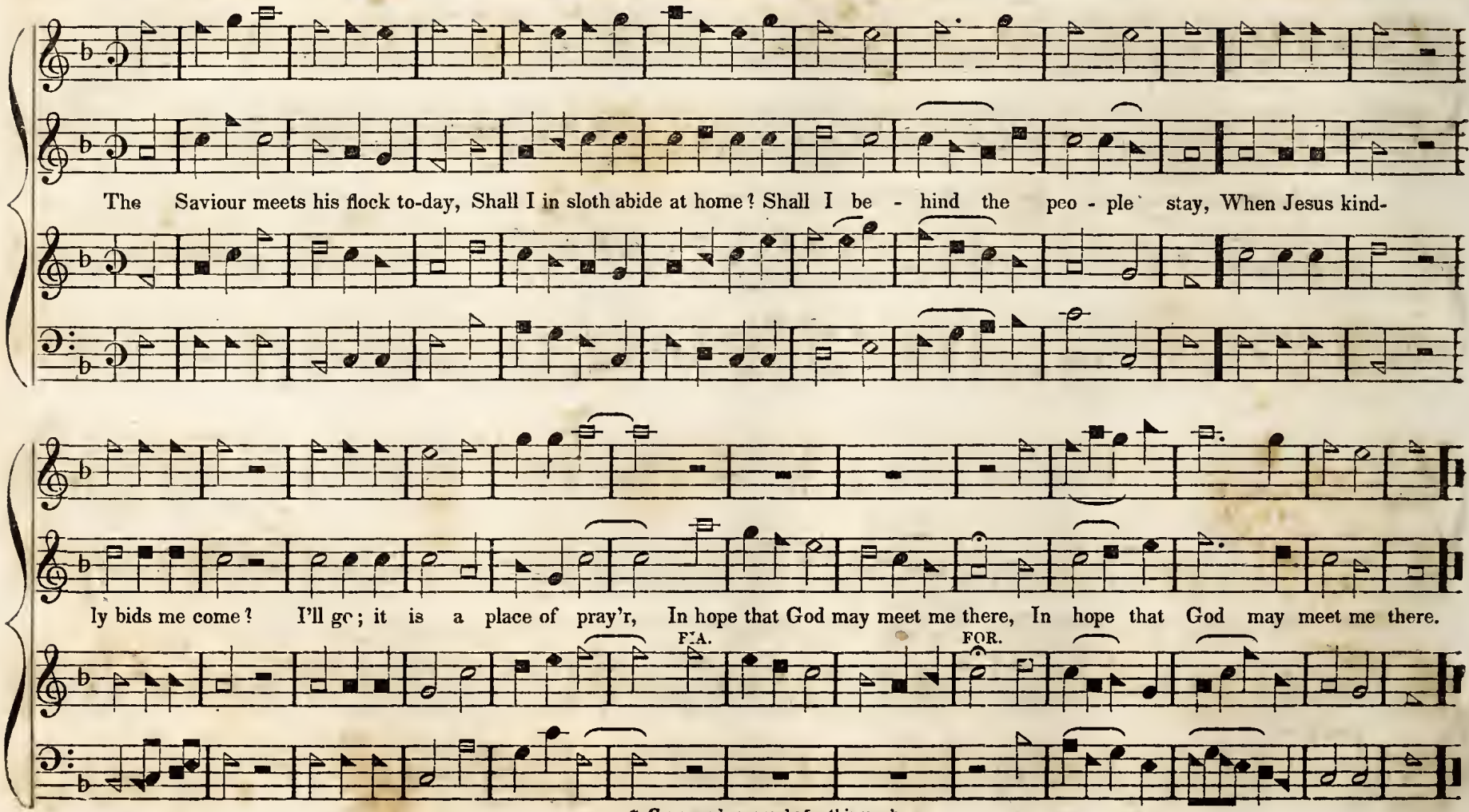

Pris'ners of hope, lift up your heads, The day of li - ber - ty draws near! Je - sus, who on the ser - pent treads,
Shall soon in your be - half ap - pear: The Lord will to his tem - ple come; Pre - pare your hearts to make him room.


2d Treble.
And can it be that I should gain An in - terest in the Saviour's blood? Died he for me, who caus'd his pain?
Adagio Sostenuto.
For me, who him to death pur-sued? A - maz - ing love! how can it be, That thou, my Lord, shouldst die for me!

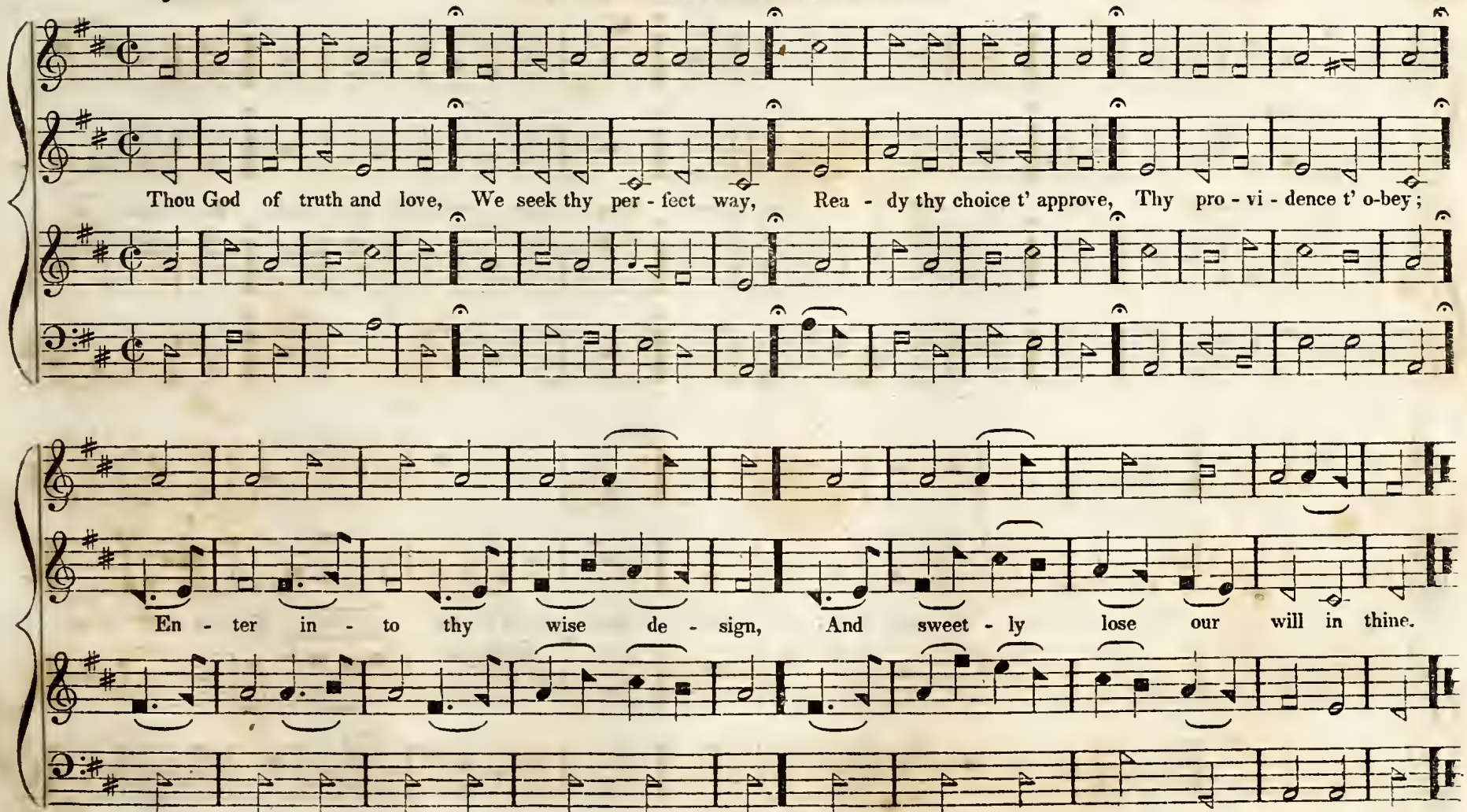
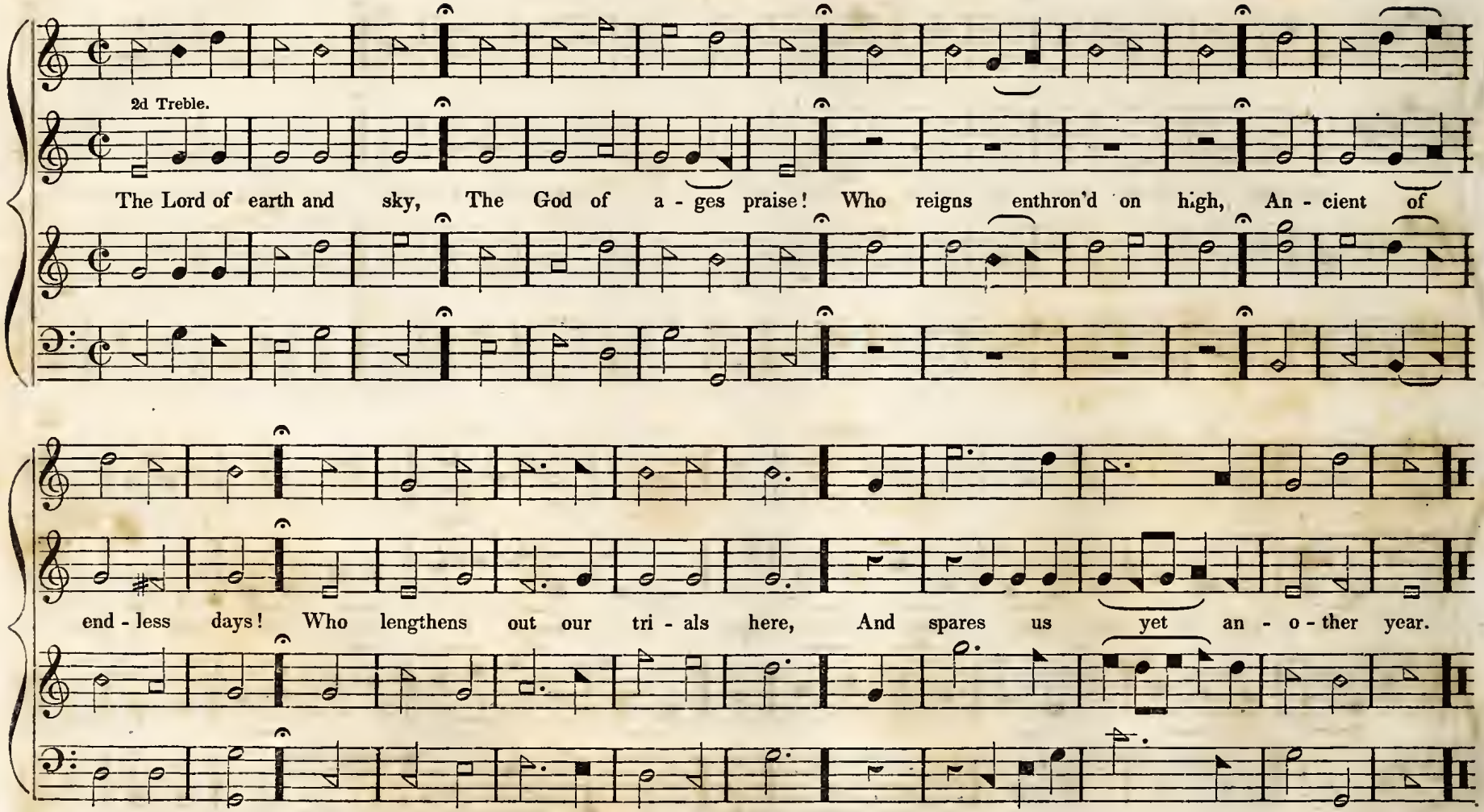
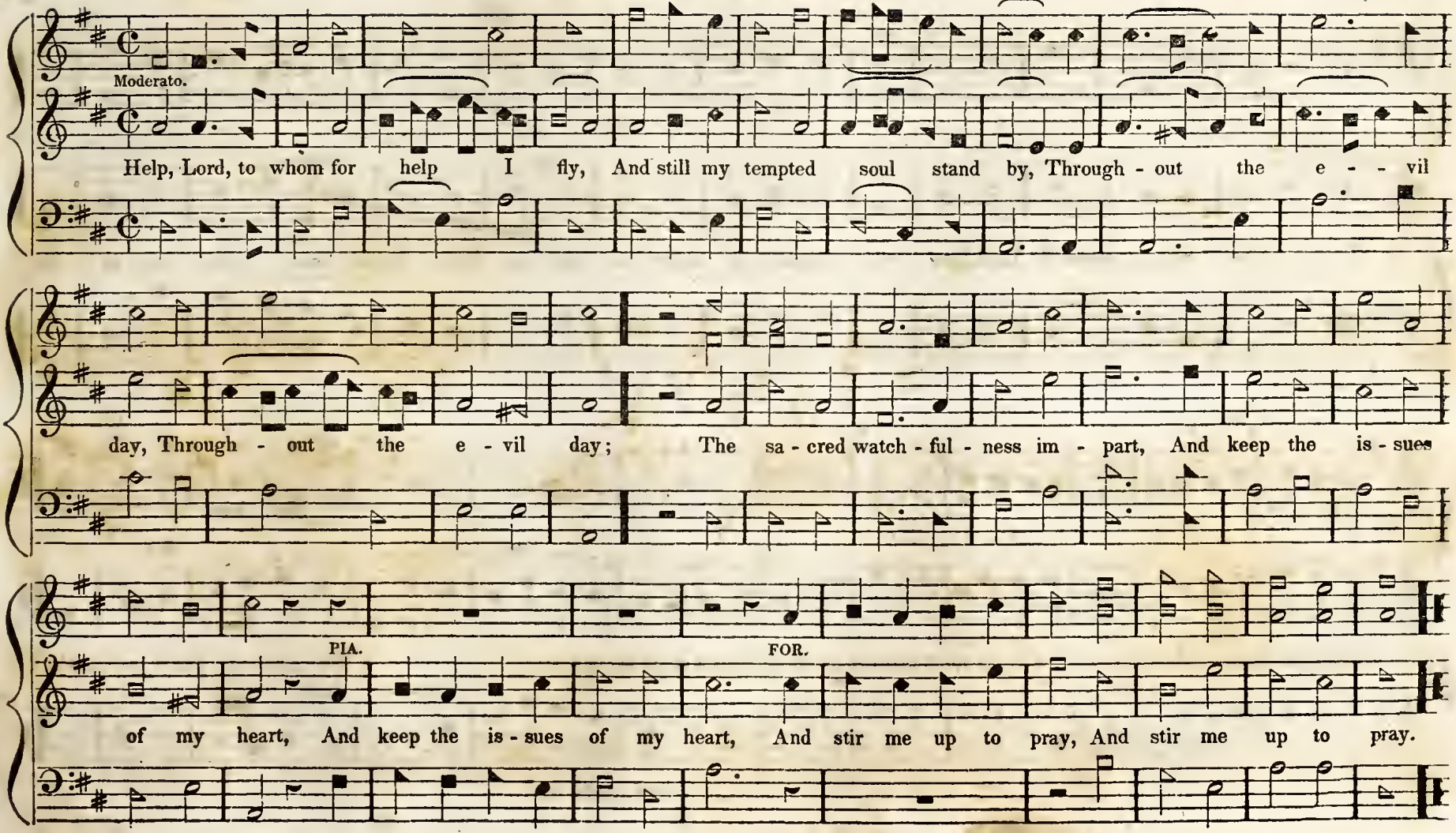

The Lord pours eyesight on the blind; The Lord supports the fainting mind; He sends the lab'ring conscience peace: He helps the
PIA.
FOR.
PIA.
stran - ger in dis - tress, The wi - - dow and the fa - ther - less, And grants the pris'ner sweet re - lease.
FOR.

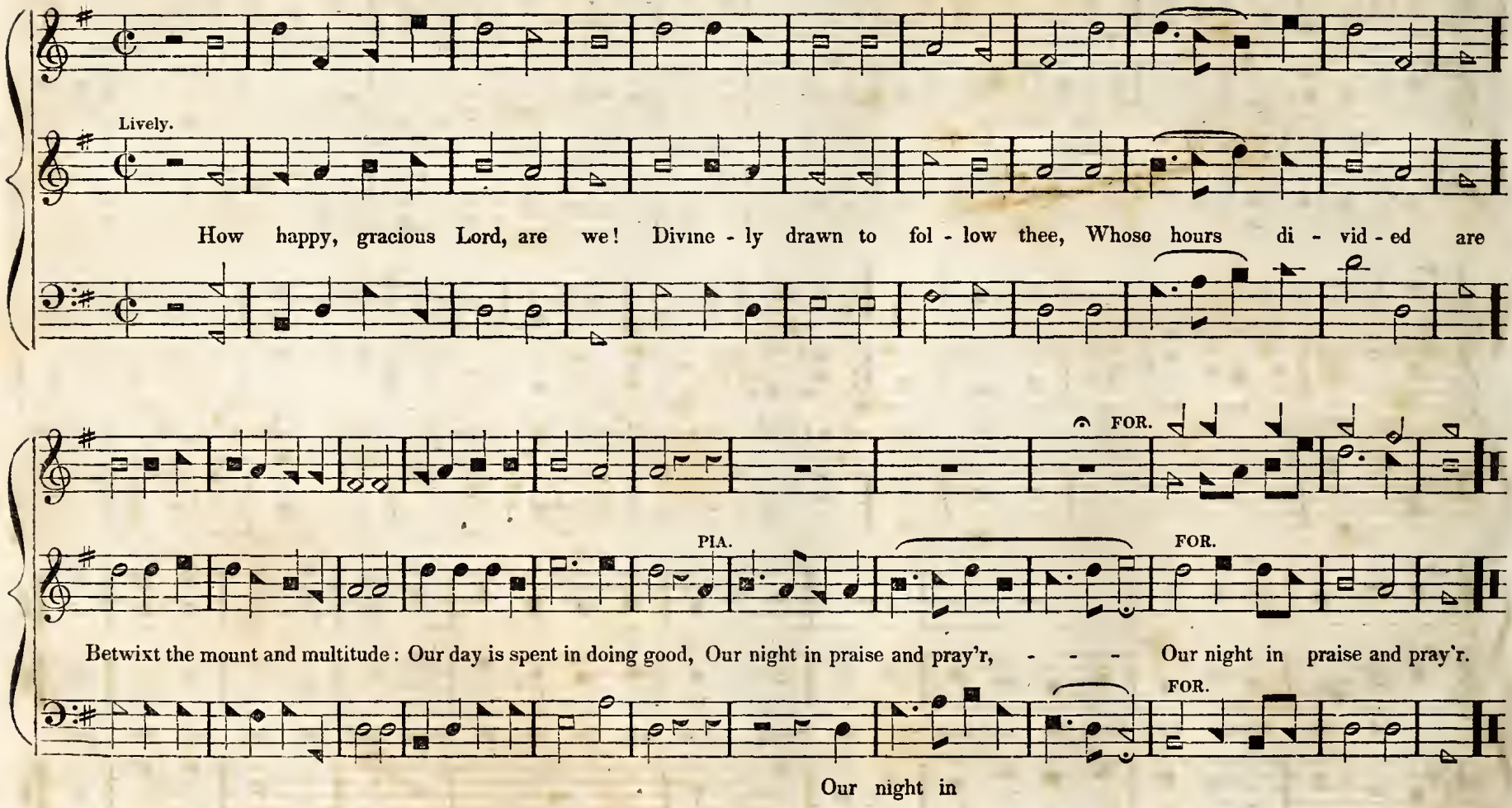
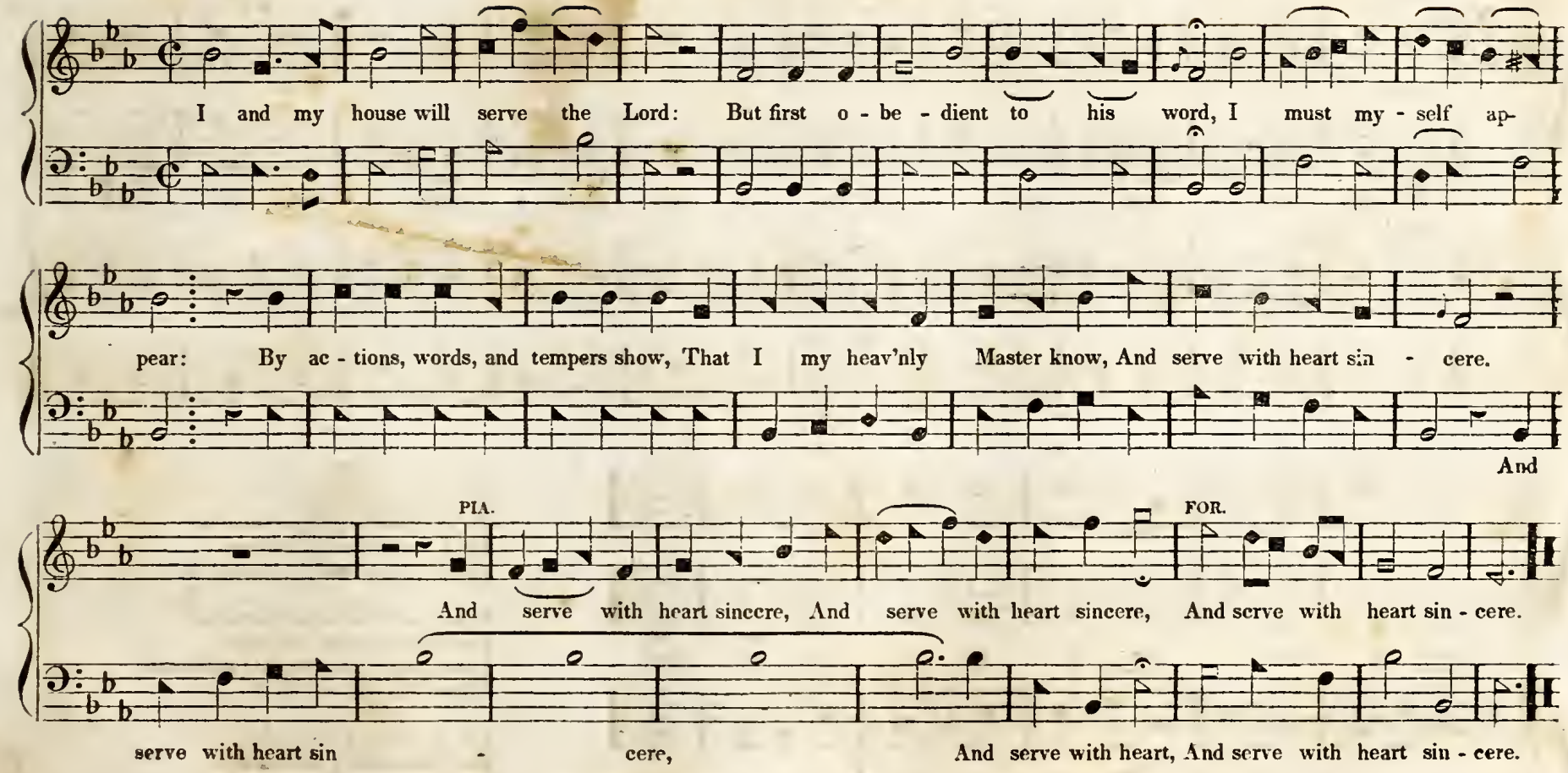
* Composed expressly for this work.

Hymn 530. IMMORTALITY.* 6 lines 8's. G. Coles.


The Saviour meets his flock to-day, Shall I in sloth abide at home? Shall I be - hind the peo - ple stay, When Jesus kind-
ly bids me come? I'll go; it is a place of pray'r, In hope that God may meet me there, In hope that God may meet me there.
FIA.
FOR.

* Composed expressly for this work.

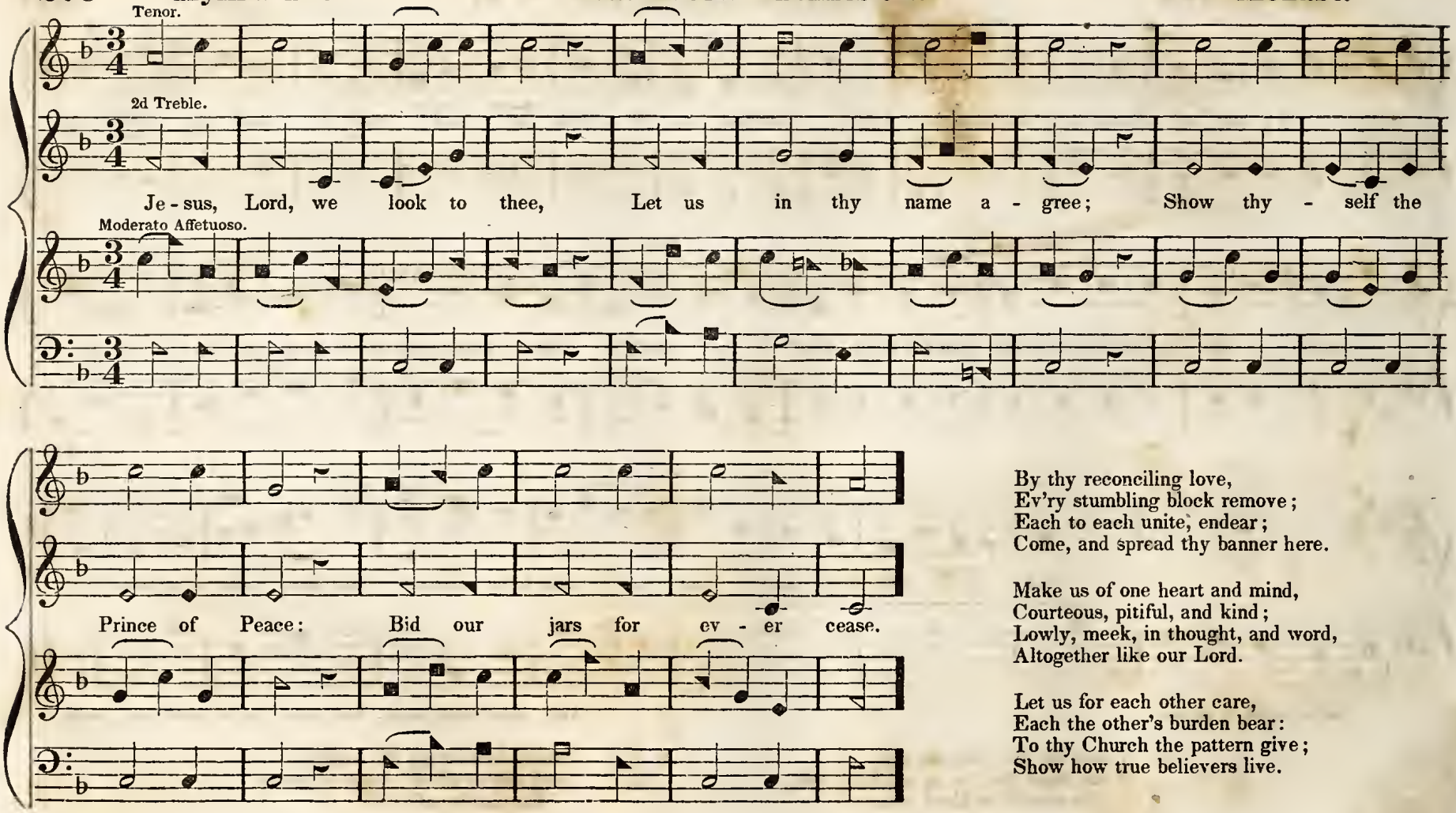

Thou God of truth and love, We seek thy per - fect way, Rea - dy thy choice t' approve, Thy pro - vi - dence t' o-bey;
En - ter in - to thy wise de - sign, And sweet - ly lose our will in thine.

2d Treble.
The Lord of earth and sky, The God of a - ges praise! Who reigns enthron'd on high, An - cient of
end - less days! Who lengthens out our tri - als here, And spares us yet an - o - ther year.

Moderato.
Help, Lord, to whom for help I fly, And still my tempted soul stand by, Through - out the e - - vil
day, Through - out the e - vil day; The sa - cred watch - ful - ness im - part, And keep the is - sues
PIA.
FOR.
of my heart, And keep the is - sues of my heart, And stir me up to pray, And stir me up to pray.


Lively.
How happy, gracious Lord, are we! Divine - ly drawn to fol - low thee, Whose hours di - vid - ed are
FOR.
PIA.
FOR.
Betwixt the mount and multitude: Our day is spent in doing good, Our night in praise and pray'r, - - - Our night in praise and pray'r.
FOR.
Our night in

I and my house will serve the Lord: But first o - be - dient to his word, I must my - self ap-
pear: By ac - tions, words, and tempers show, That I my heav'nly Master know, And serve with heart sin - cere.
And
PIA.
FOR.
And serve with heart sincere, And serve with heart sincere, And serve with heart sin - cere.
serve with heart sin - cere,
And serve with heart, And serve with heart sin - cere.

I must the fair example set:
From those that on my pleasure wait,
The stumbling block remove;

Their duty by my life explain,
And still in all my works maintain
The dignity of love.

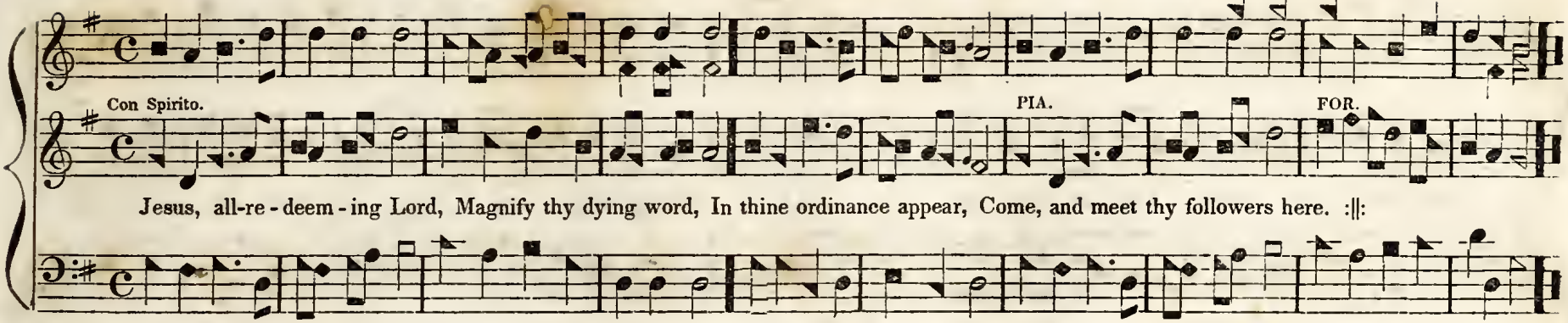
Hymn 419. WALTON. 4 lines 7's. Mozart.


Tenor.
2d Treble.
Je - sus, Lord, we look to thee, Let us in thy name a - gree; Show thy - self the
Moderato Affetuoso.
Prince of Peace: Bid our jars for ev - er cease.

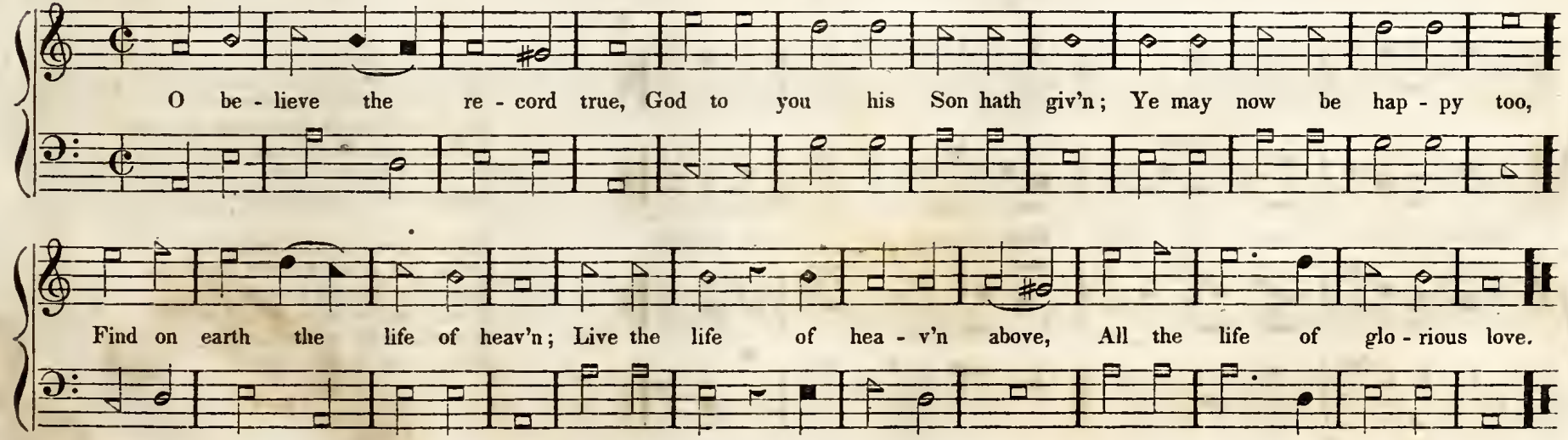
By thy reconciling love,
Ev'ry stumbling block remove;
Each to each unite, endear;
Come, and spread thy banner here.

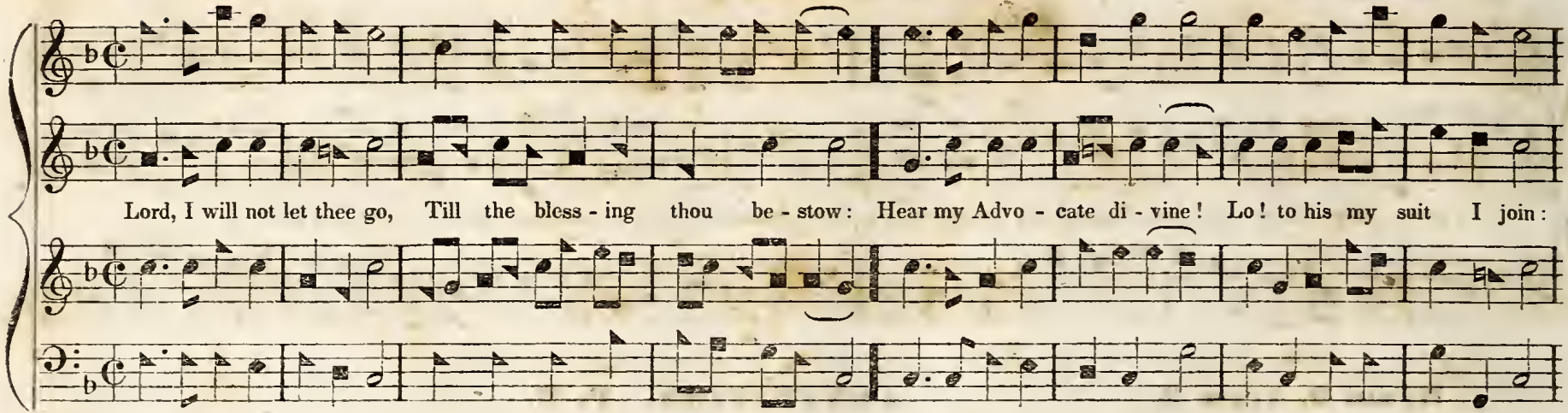
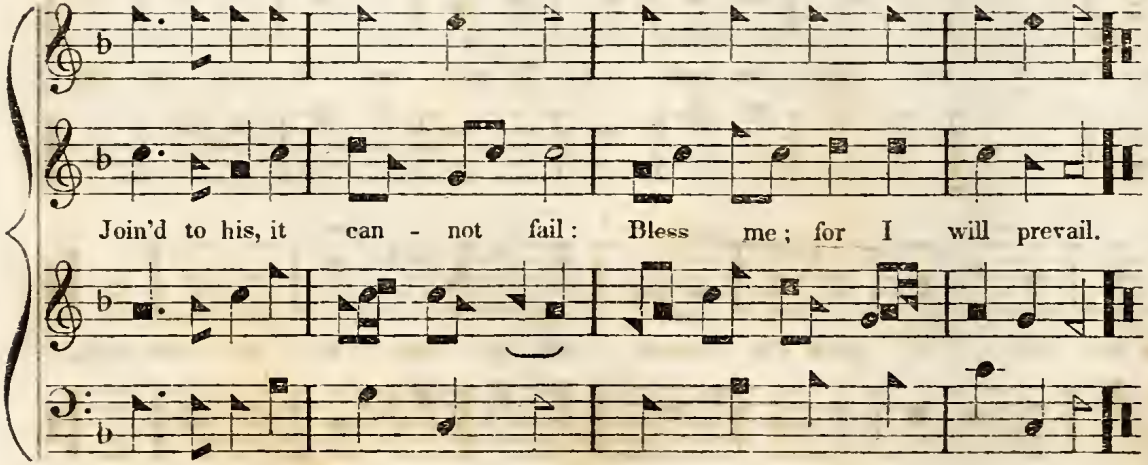
Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind;
Lowly, meek, in thought, and word,
Altogether like our Lord.

Let us for each other care,
Each the other's burden bear:
To thy Church the pattern give;
Show how true believers live.

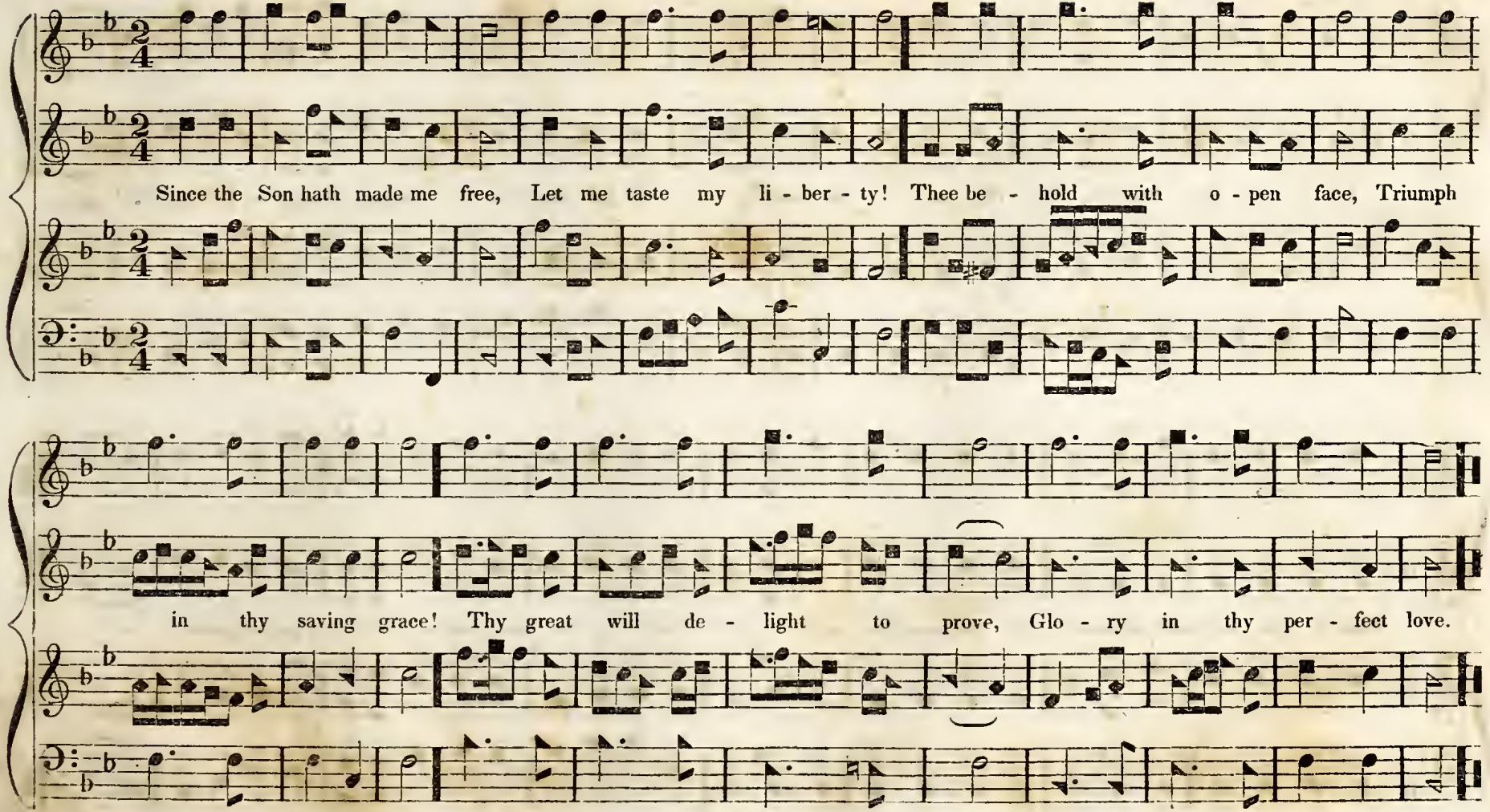

Con Spirito.
PIA.
FOR.
Jesus, all-re-deem-ing Lord, Magnify thy dying word, In thine ordinance appear, Come, and meet thy followers here. :||:

Hymn 9, Verse 3. CONTRITION. P. M.


O be-lieve the re-cord true, God to you his Son hath giv'n; Ye may now be hap-py too,
Find on earth the life of heav'n; Live the life of hea-v'n above, All the life of glo-rious love.

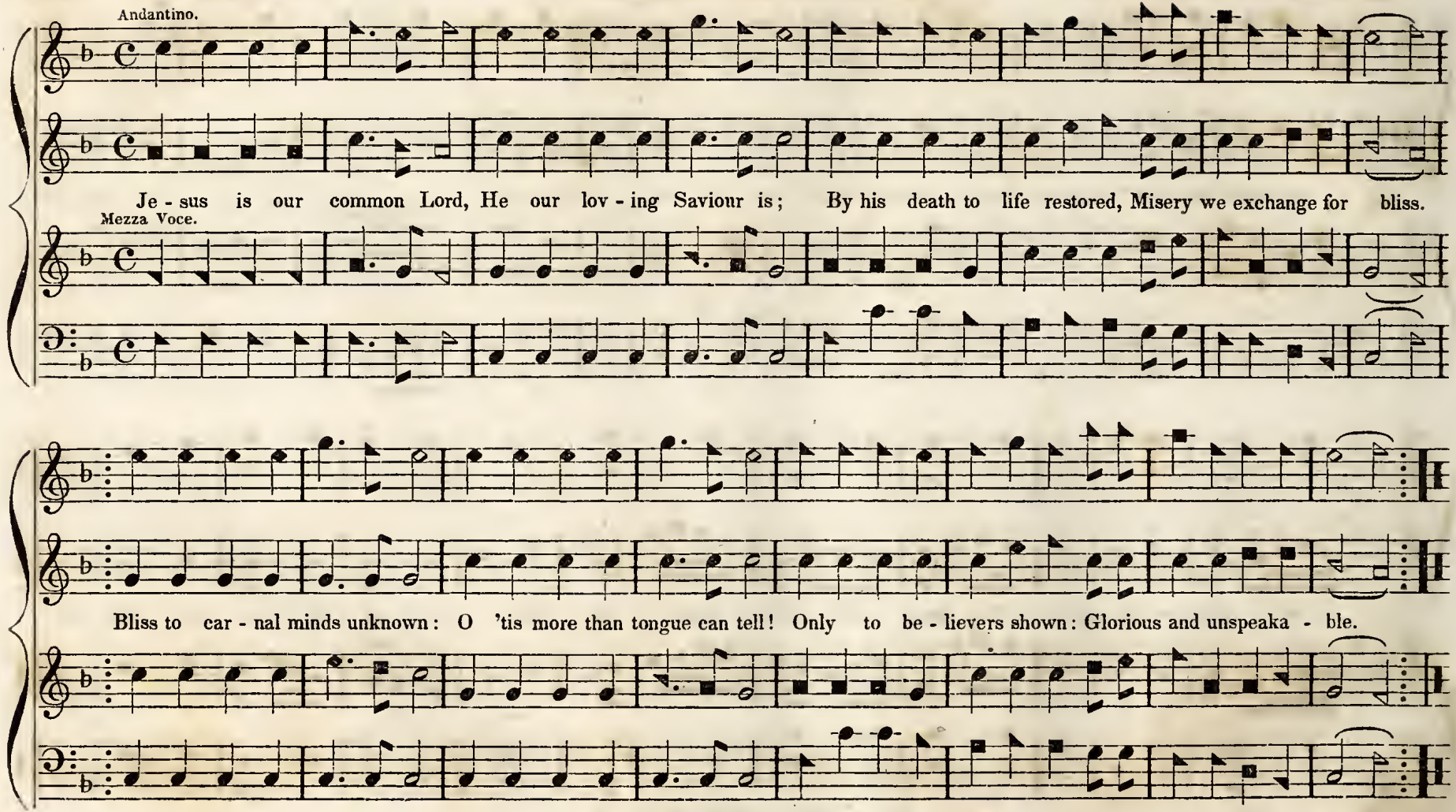


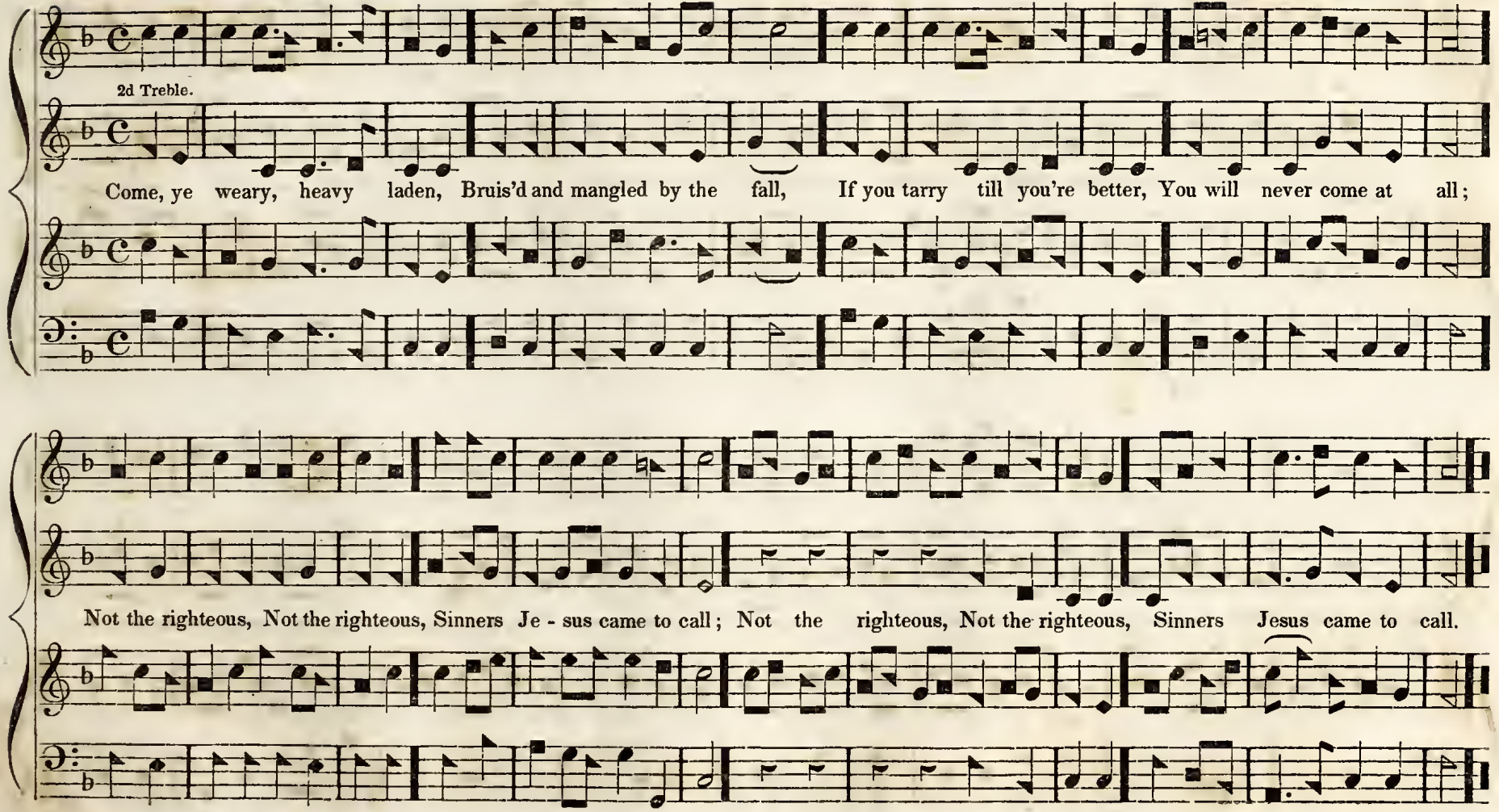
Heav'nly Father, Life divine,
Change my nature into thine!
Move, and spread throughout my soul,
Actuate, and fill the whole!
Be it I no longer now
Living in the flesh, but thou.

Holy Ghost, no more delay!
Come, and in thy temples stay!
Now thine inward witness bear,
Strong, and permanent, and clear:
Spring of Life, thyself impart;
Rise eternal in my heart!

Since the Son hath made me free, Let me taste my li - ber - ty! Thee be - hold with o - pen face, Triumph
in thy saving grace! Thy great will de - light to prove, Glo - ry in thy per - fect love.

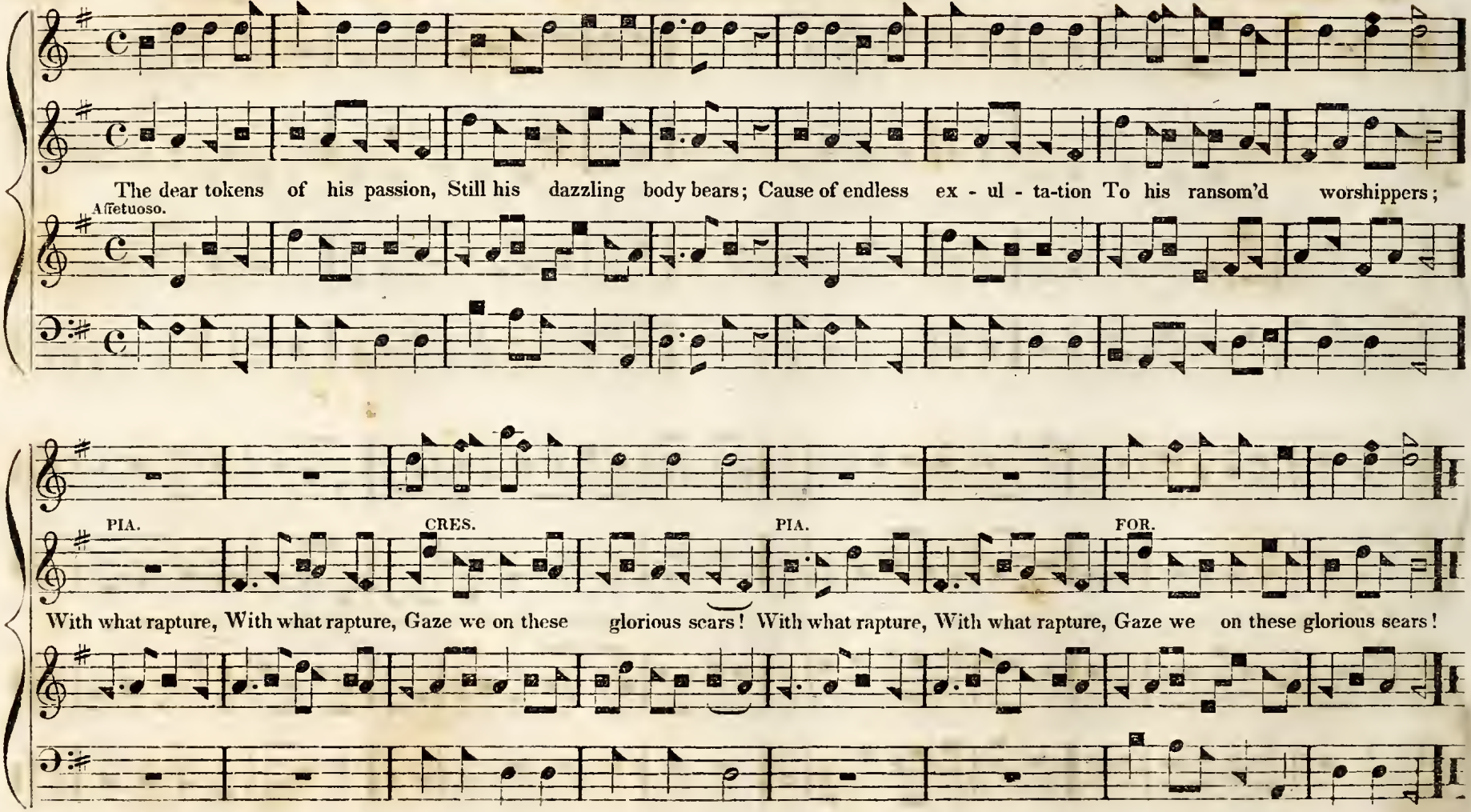
* Composed expressly for this work.

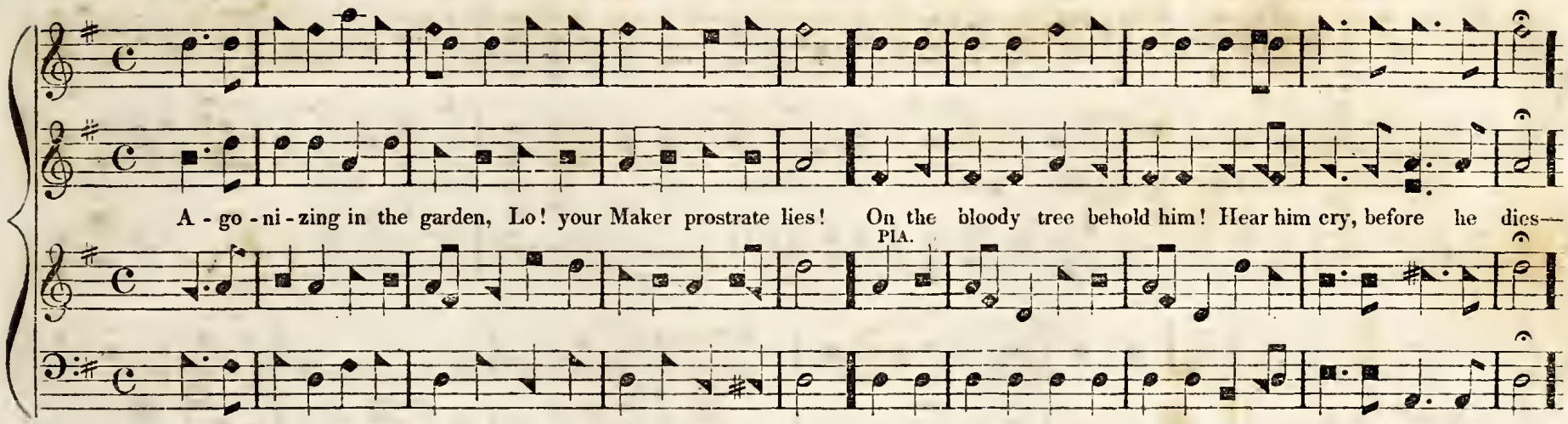
Hymn 294. BENEVENTO. 8 lines 7's. Webbe.

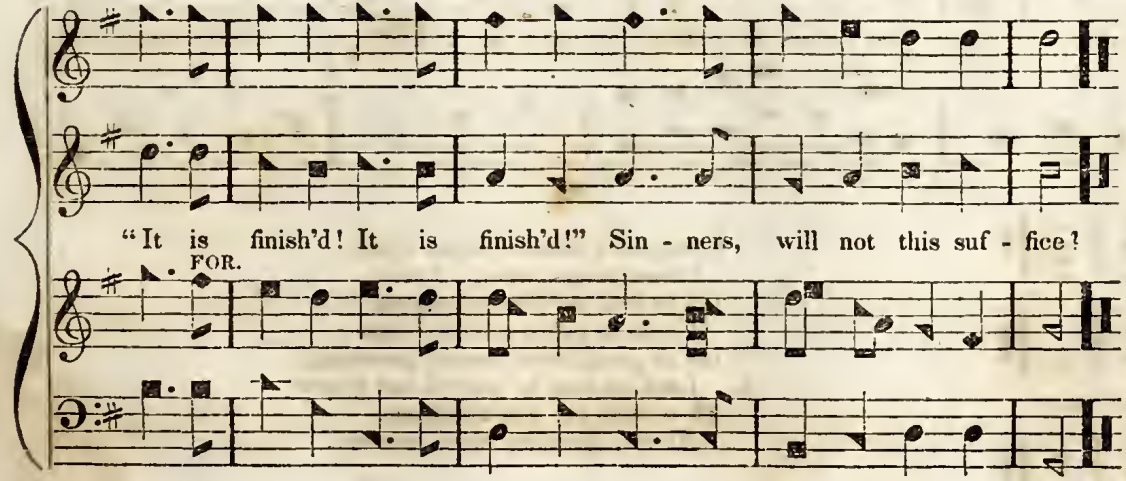

Andantino.
Je - sus is our common Lord, He our lov - ing Saviour is; By his death to life restored, Misery we exchange for bliss.
Mezza Voce.
Bliss to car - nal minds unknown: O 'tis more than tongue can tell! Only to be - lievers shown: Glorious and unspeaka - ble.


2d Treble.
Come, ye weary, heavy laden, Bruis'd and mangled by the fall, If you tarry till you're better, You will never come at all;
Not the righteous, Not the righteous, Sinners Je - sus came to call; Not the righteous, Not the righteous, Sinners Jesus came to call.

Hymn 573, Verse 3. MOUNT CALVARY. P. M. U. K. Hill.


The dear tokens of his passion, Still his dazzling body bears; Cause of endless ex - ul - ta-tion To his ransom'd worshippers;
Affetuoso.
PIA.
CRES.
PIA.
FOR.
With what rapture, With what rapture, Gaze we on these glorious scars! With what rapture, With what rapture, Gaze we on these glorious scars!

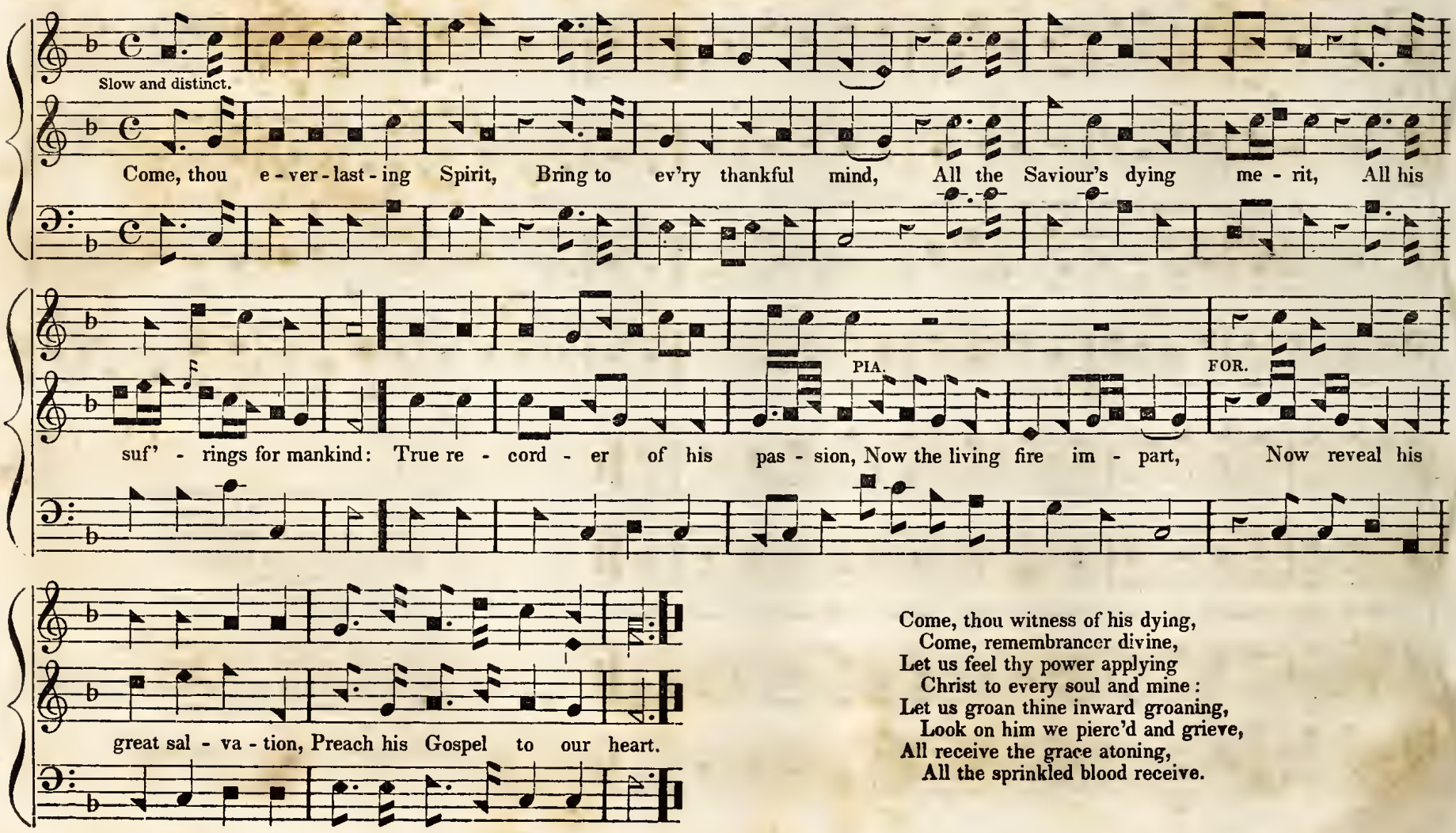


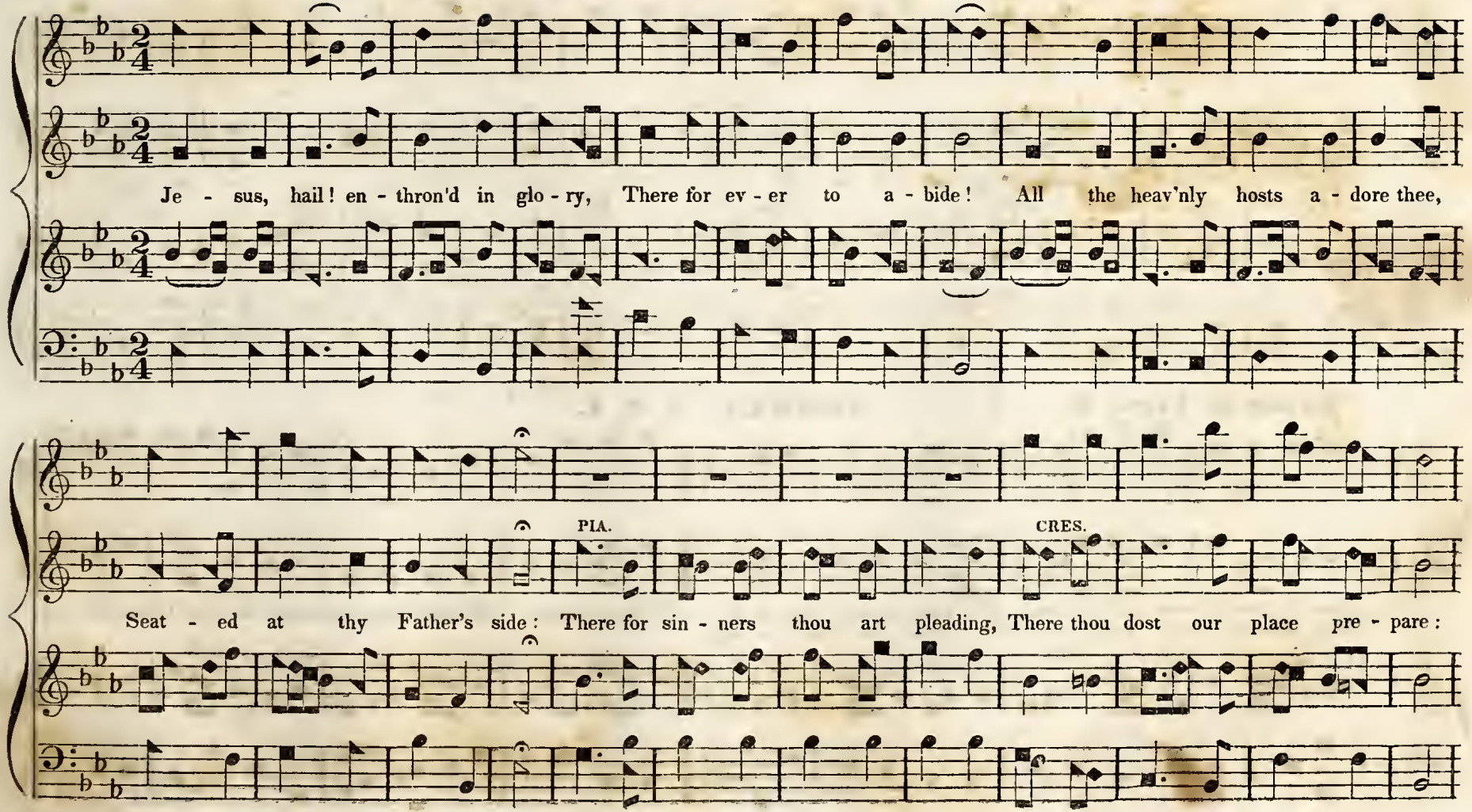
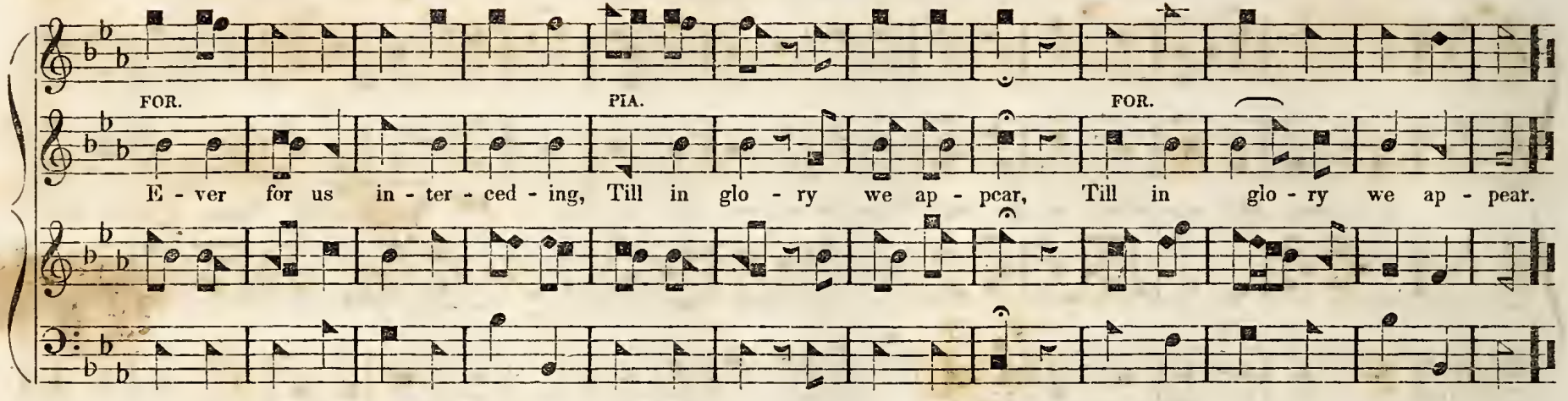


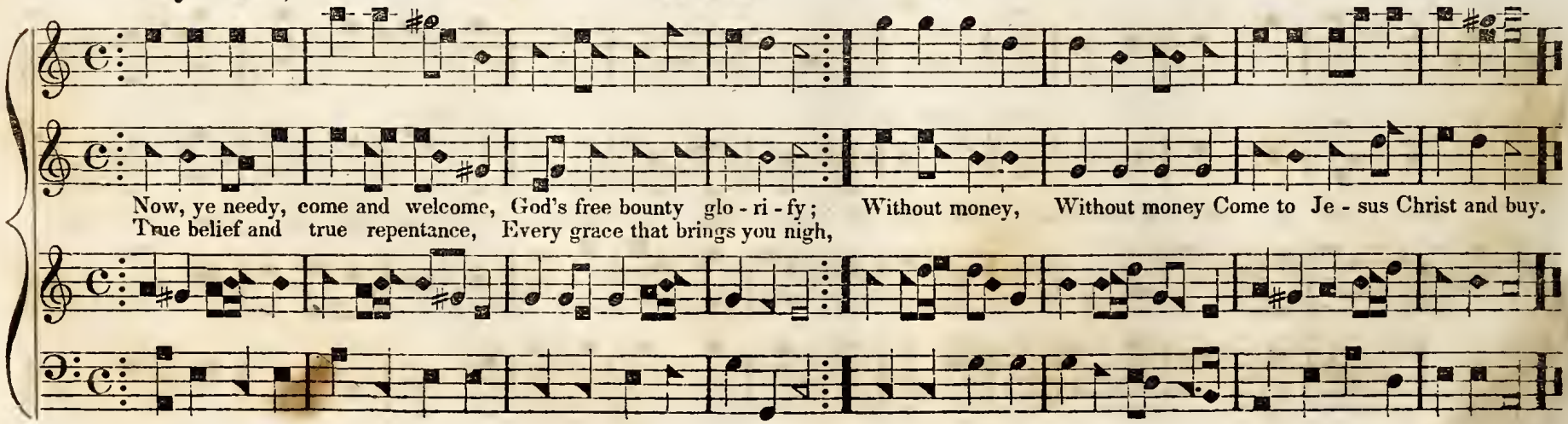
Lo! th' incarnate God ascending,
Pleads the merit of his blood;
Venture on him, venture freely;
Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

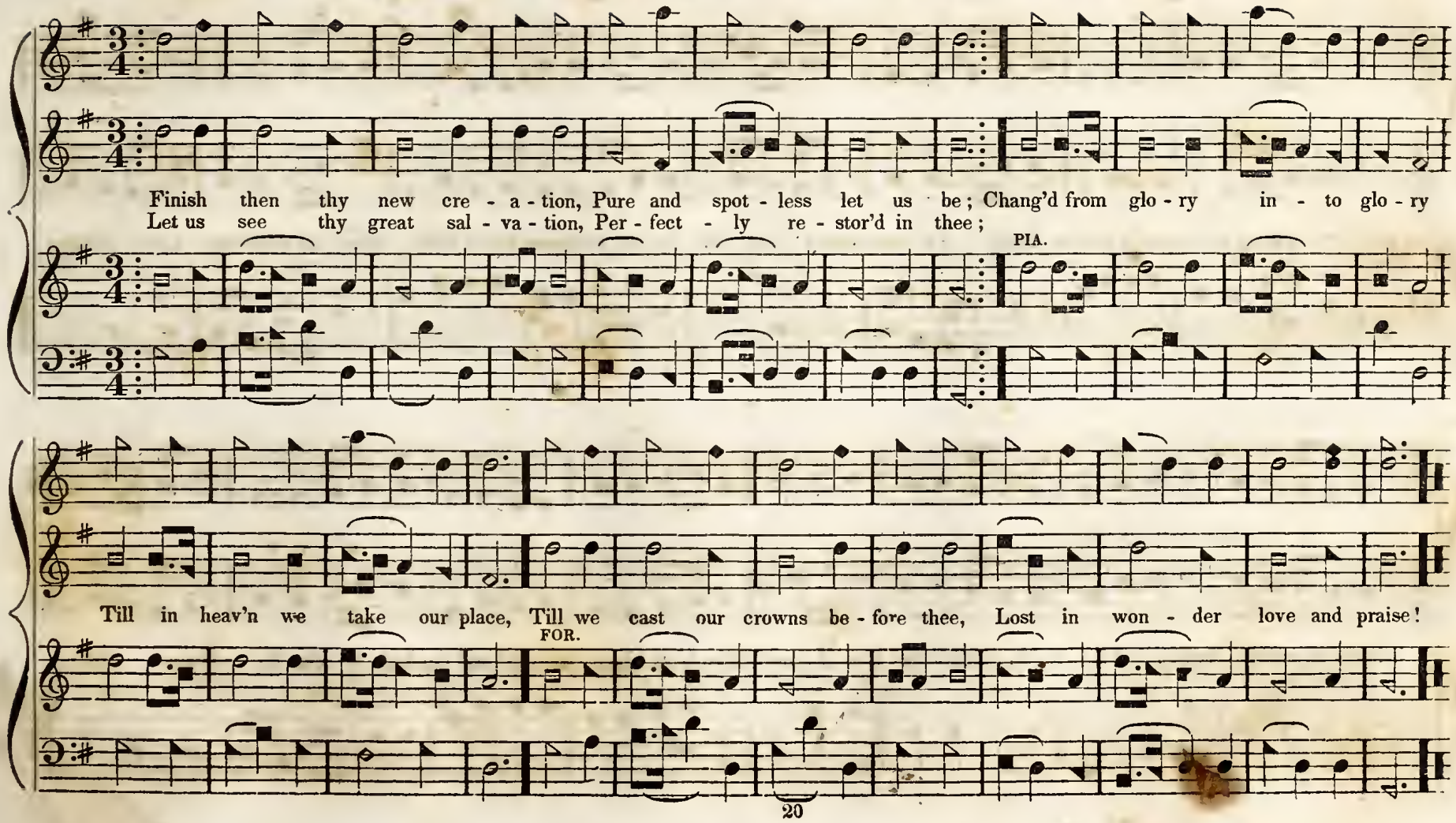
Saints and angels join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb,
While the blissful seats of heav'n
Sweetly echo with his name:
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may do the same.

Hymn 226. CARLISLE. 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 6. Dr. Madan.

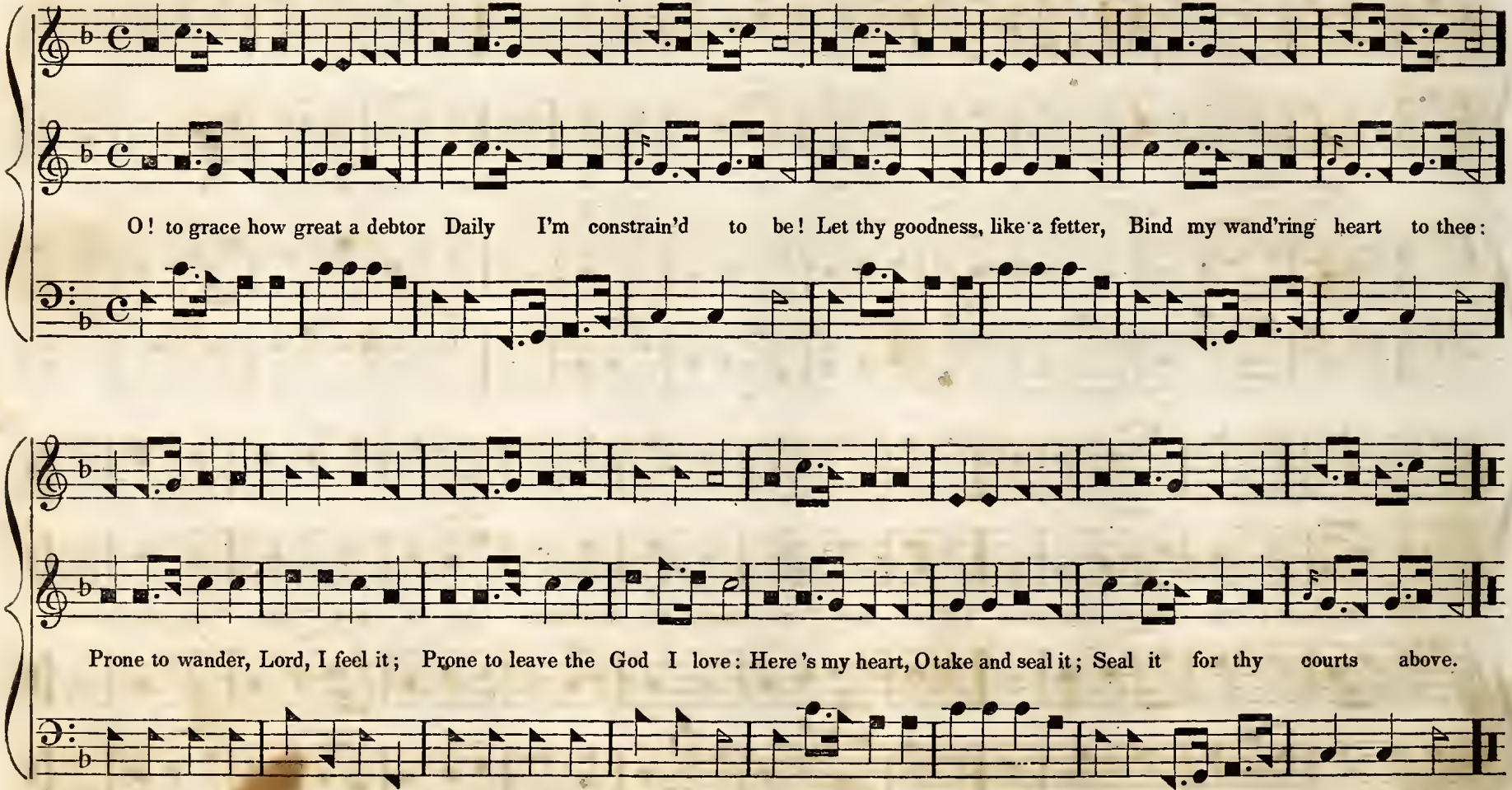

Slow and distinct.
Come, thou e - ver - last - ing Spirit, Bring to ev'ry thankful mind, All the Saviour's dying me - rit, All his
PIA.
FOR.
suf' - rings for mankind: True re - cord - er of his pas - sion, Now the living fire im - part, Now reveal his
great sal - va - tion, Preach his Gospel to our heart.

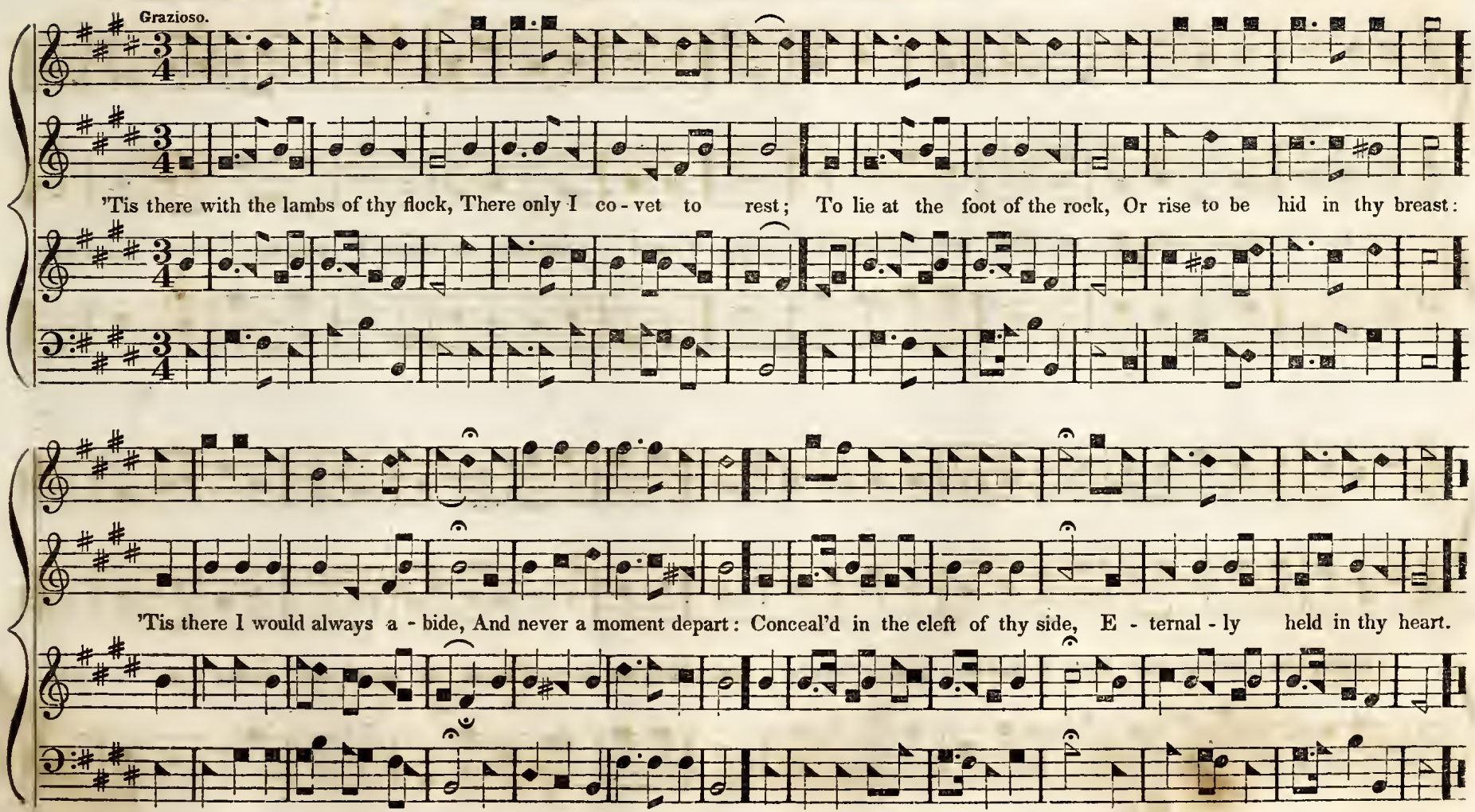
Come, thou witness of his dying,
Come, remembrancer divine,
Let us feel thy power applying
Christ to every soul and mine:
Let us groan thine inward groaning,
Look on him we pierc'd and grieve,
All receive the grace atoning,
All the sprinkled blood receive.

Je - sus, hail! en - thron'd in glo - ry, There for ev - er to a - bide! All the heav'nly hosts a - dore thee,
PIA.
CRES.
Seat - ed at thy Father's side: There for sin - ners thou art pleading, There thou dost our place pre - pare:

Hymn 2, Verse 2. **JORDAN. 8. 7. 4.**

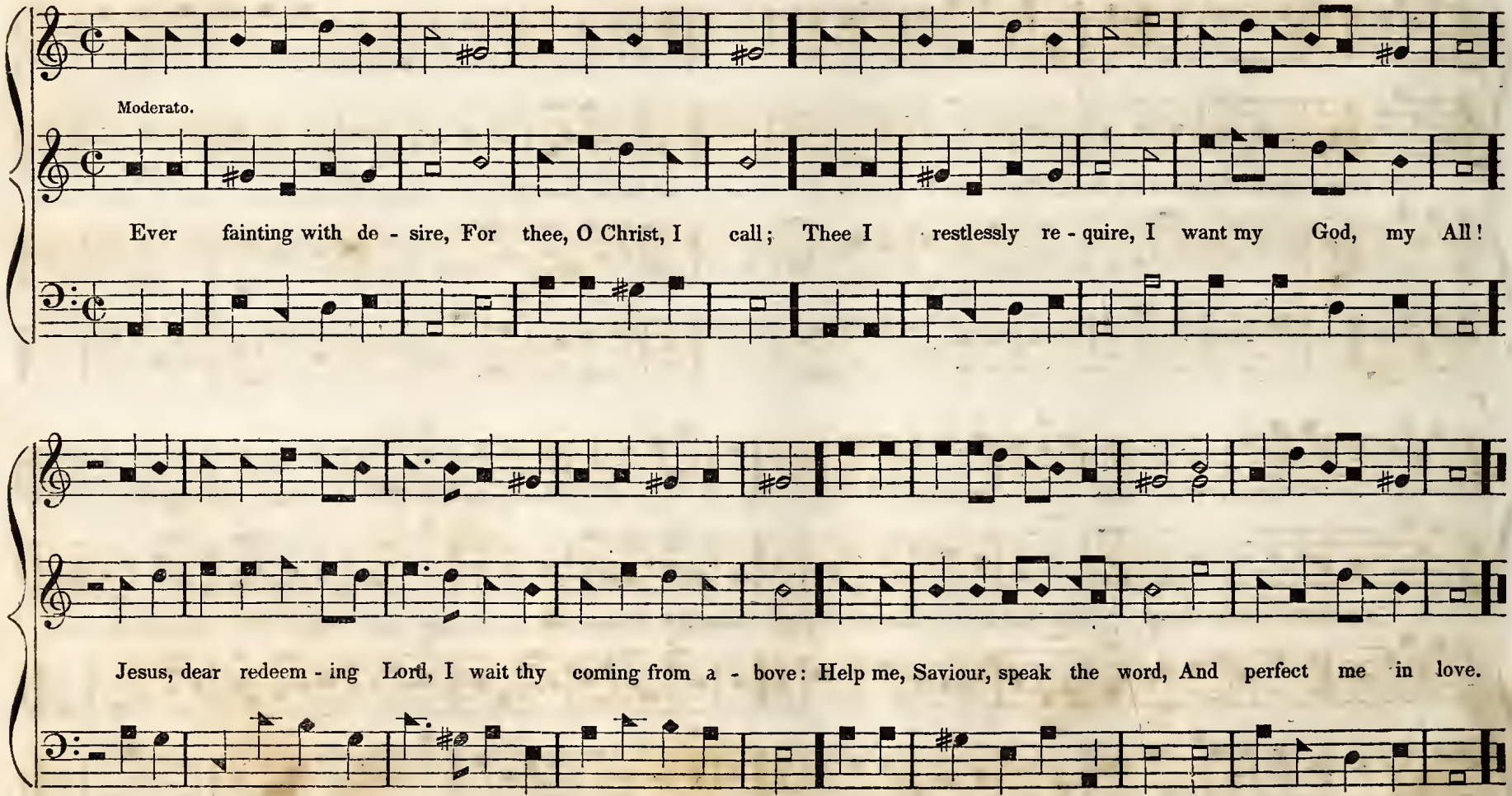

Now, ye needy, come and welcome, God's free bounty glo - ri - fy; Without money, Without money Come to Je - sus Christ and buy.
True belief and true repentance, Every grace that brings you nigh,

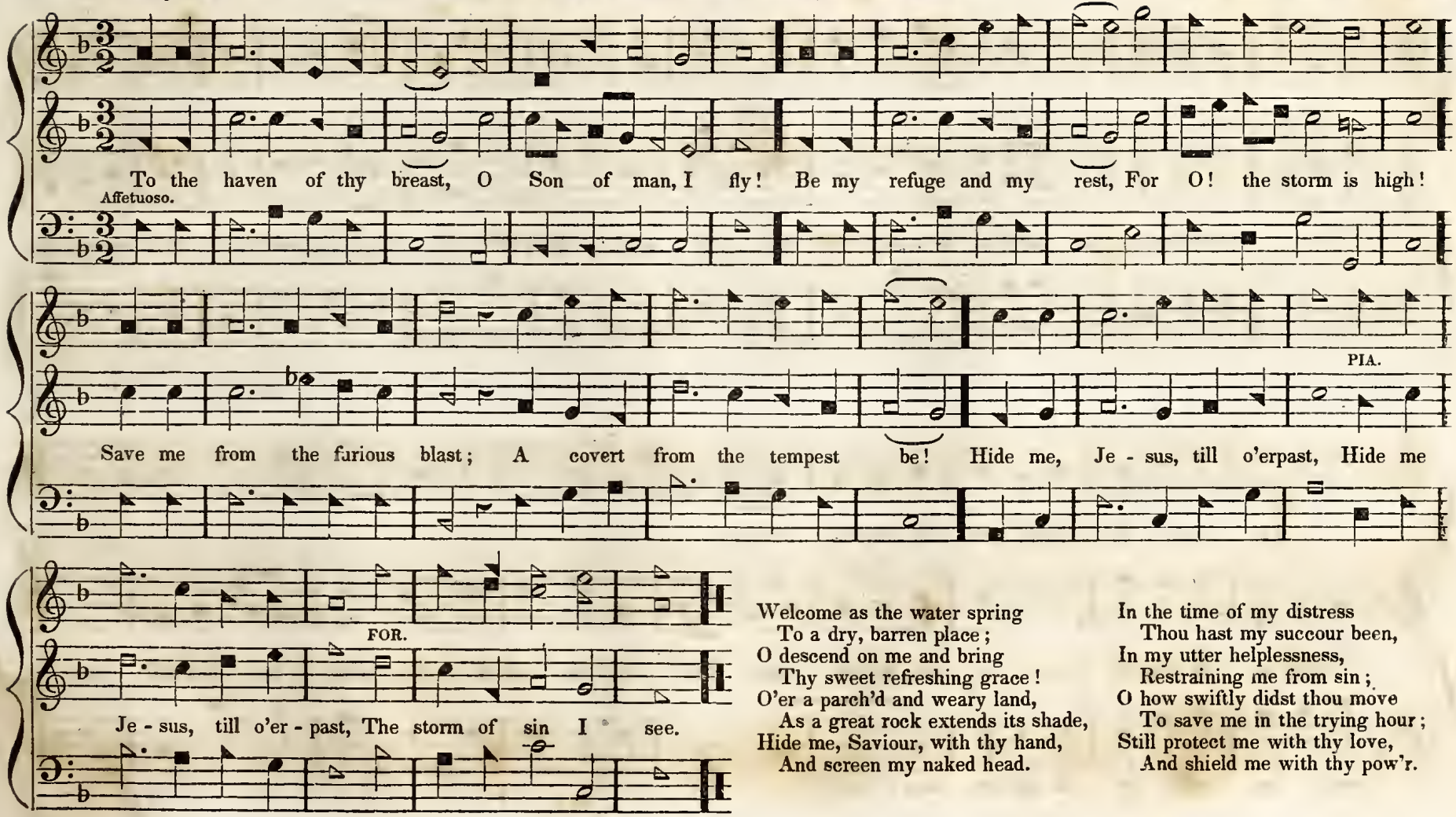

Finish then thy new cre - a - tion, Pure and spot - less let us be; Chang'd from glo - ry in - to glo - ry
Let us see thy great sal - va - tion, Per - fect - ly re - stor'd in thee;
PIA.
Till in heav'n we take our place, Till we cast our crowns be - fore thee, Lost in won - der love and praise!
FOR.

Hymn 250, Verse 3. ABSENCE. 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.


O! to grace how great a debtor Daily I'm constrain'd to be! Let thy goodness, like a fetter, Bind my wand'ring heart to thee:
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it; Prone to leave the God I love: Here 's my heart, O take and seal it; Seal it for thy courts above.

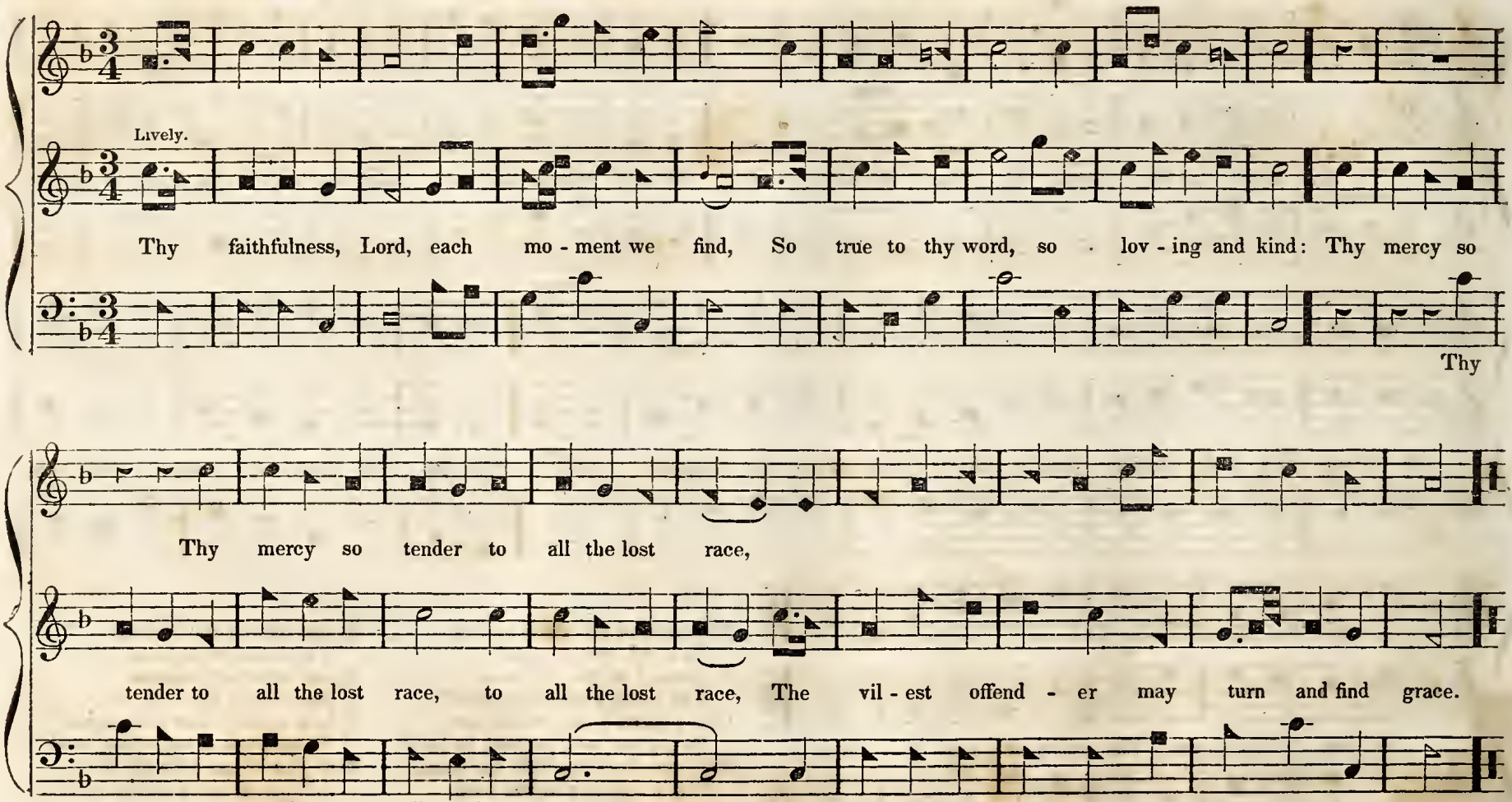

Grazioso.
'Tis there with the lambs of thy flock, There only I co - vet to rest; To lie at the foot of the rock, Or rise to be hid in thy breast:
'Tis there I would always a - bide, And never a moment depart: Conceal'd in the cleft of thy side, E - ternal - ly held in thy heart.

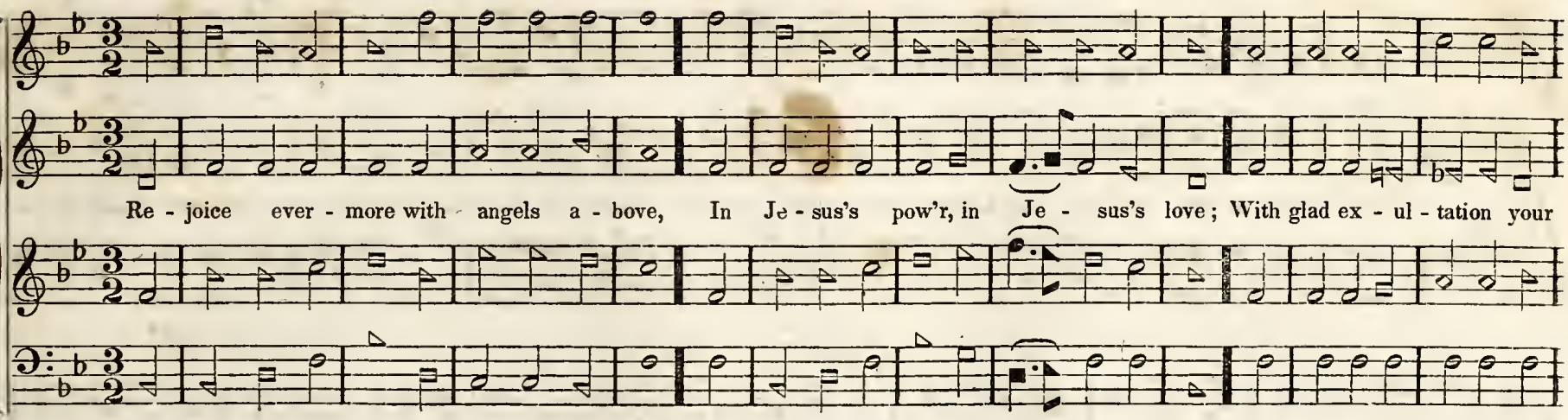

Moderato.
Ever fainting with de - sire, For thee, O Christ, I call; Thee I restlessly re - quire, I want my God, my All!
Jesus, dear redeem - ing Lord, I wait thy coming from a - bove: Help me, Saviour, speak the word, And perfect me in love.

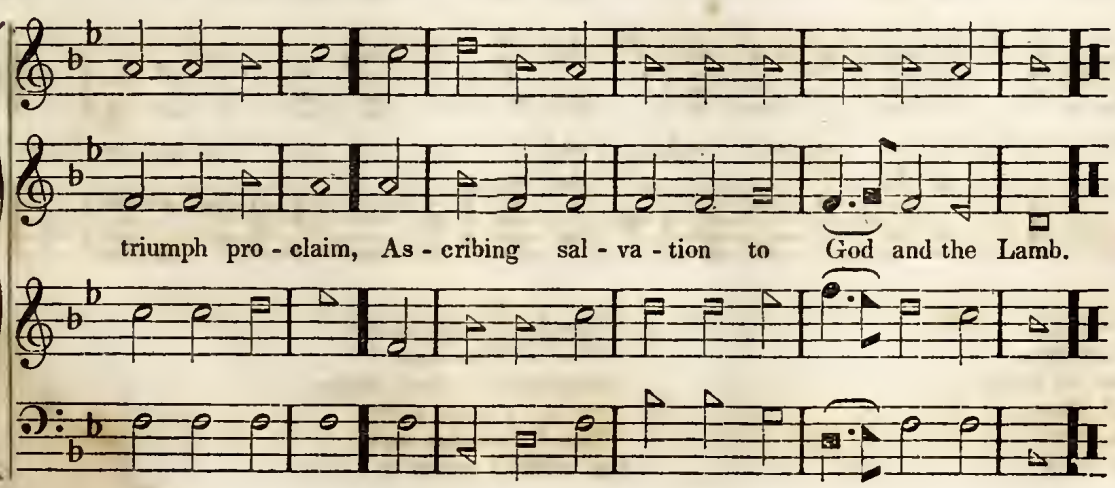

To the haven of thy breast, O Son of man, I fly! Be my refuge and my rest, For O! the storm is high!
Affetuoso.
Save me from the furious blast; A covert from the tempest be! Hide me, Je - sus, till o'erpast, Hide me
PIA.
FOR.
Je - sus, till o'er - past, The storm of sin I see.

Welcome as the water spring
To a dry, barren place;
O descend on me and bring
Thy sweet refreshing grace!
O'er a parch'd and weary land,
As a great rock extends its shade,
Hide me, Saviour, with thy hand,
And screen my naked head.

In the time of my distress
Thou hast my succour been,
In my utter helplessness,
Restraining me from sin;
O how swiftly didst thou move
To save me in the trying hour;
Still protect me with thy love,
And shield me with thy pow'r.

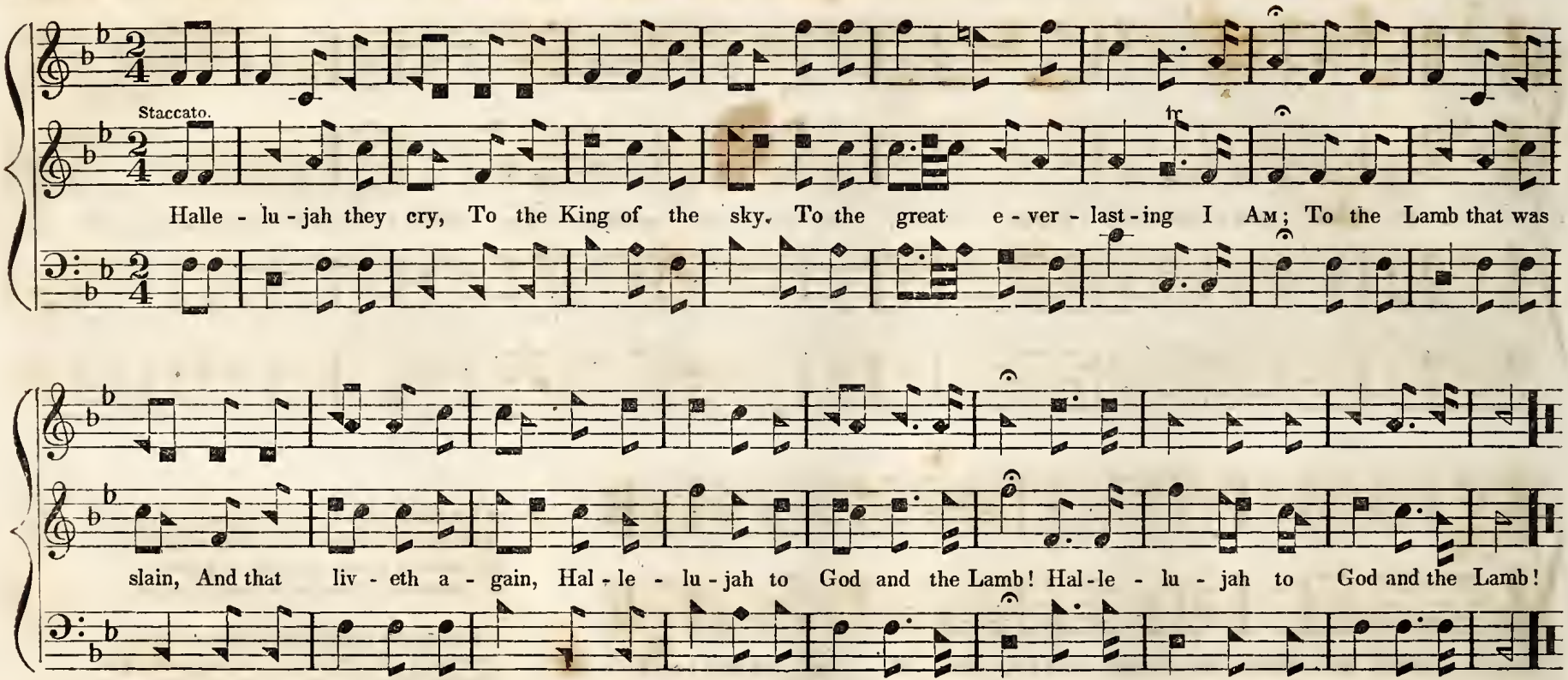

Lively.
Thy faithfulness, Lord, each mo - ment we find, So true to thy word, so lov - ing and kind: Thy mercy so
Thy
Thy mercy so tender to all the lost race,
tender to all the lost race, to all the lost race, The vil - est offend - er may turn and find grace.
mercy so tender to all the lost race - - - - -





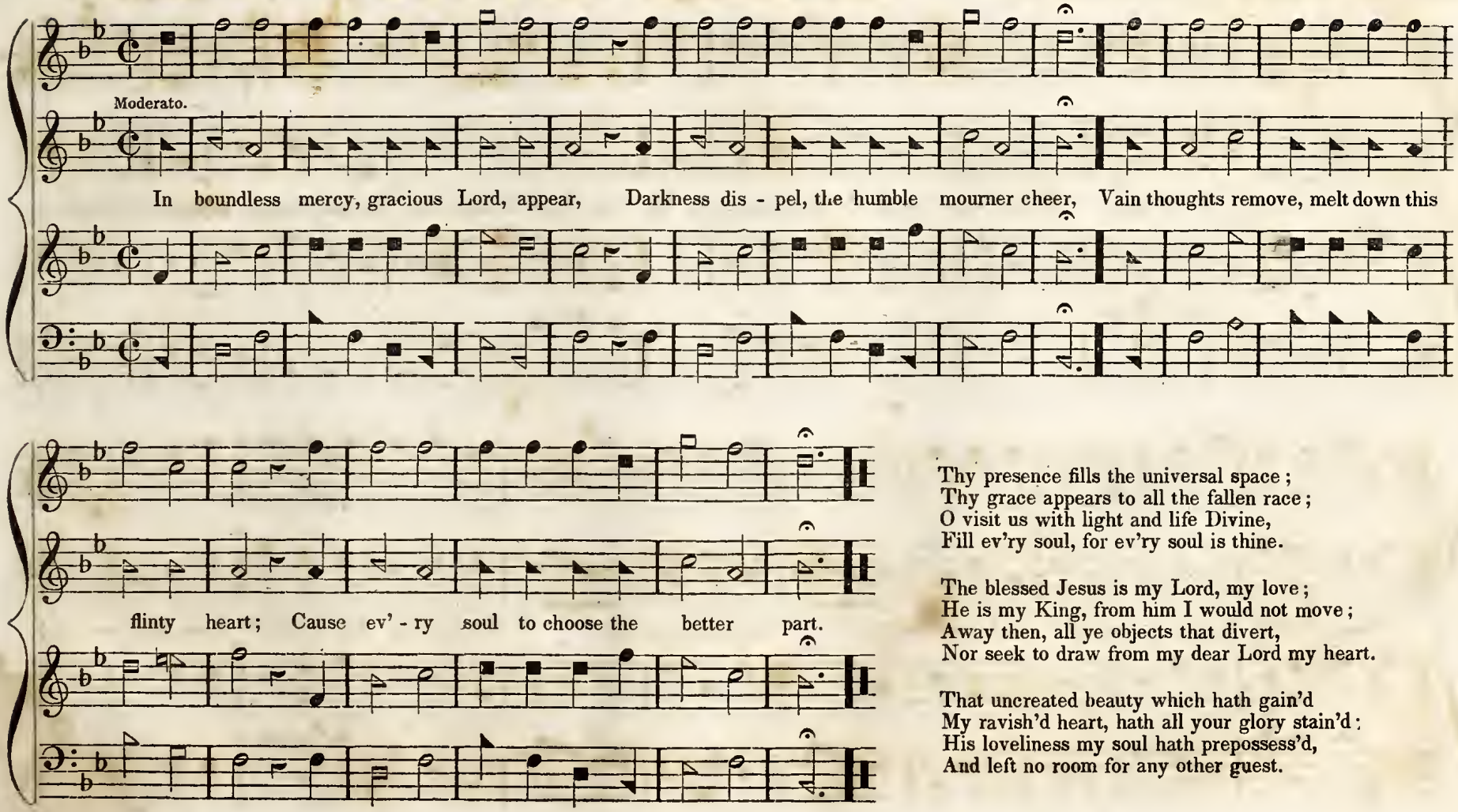
All fulness of peace, all fulness of joy,
And spiritual bliss that never shall cloy;
To us it is given in Jesus to know,
A kingdom of heav'n, a heav'n below.

No longer we join, while sinners invite;
Nor envy the swine their brutish delight;
Their joy is all sadness, their mirth is all vain,
Their laughter is madness, theirpleasure is pain.

O might they at last with sorrow return,
The pleasures to taste for which they were born
Our Jesus receiving, our happiness prove,
The joy of believing, the heav'n of love.

Staccato.
tr
Halle - lu - jah they cry, To the King of the sky, To the great e - ver - last - ing I Am; To the Lamb that was
slain, And that liv - eth a - gain, Hal - le - lu - jah to God and the Lamb! Hal - le - lu - jah to God and the Lamb!

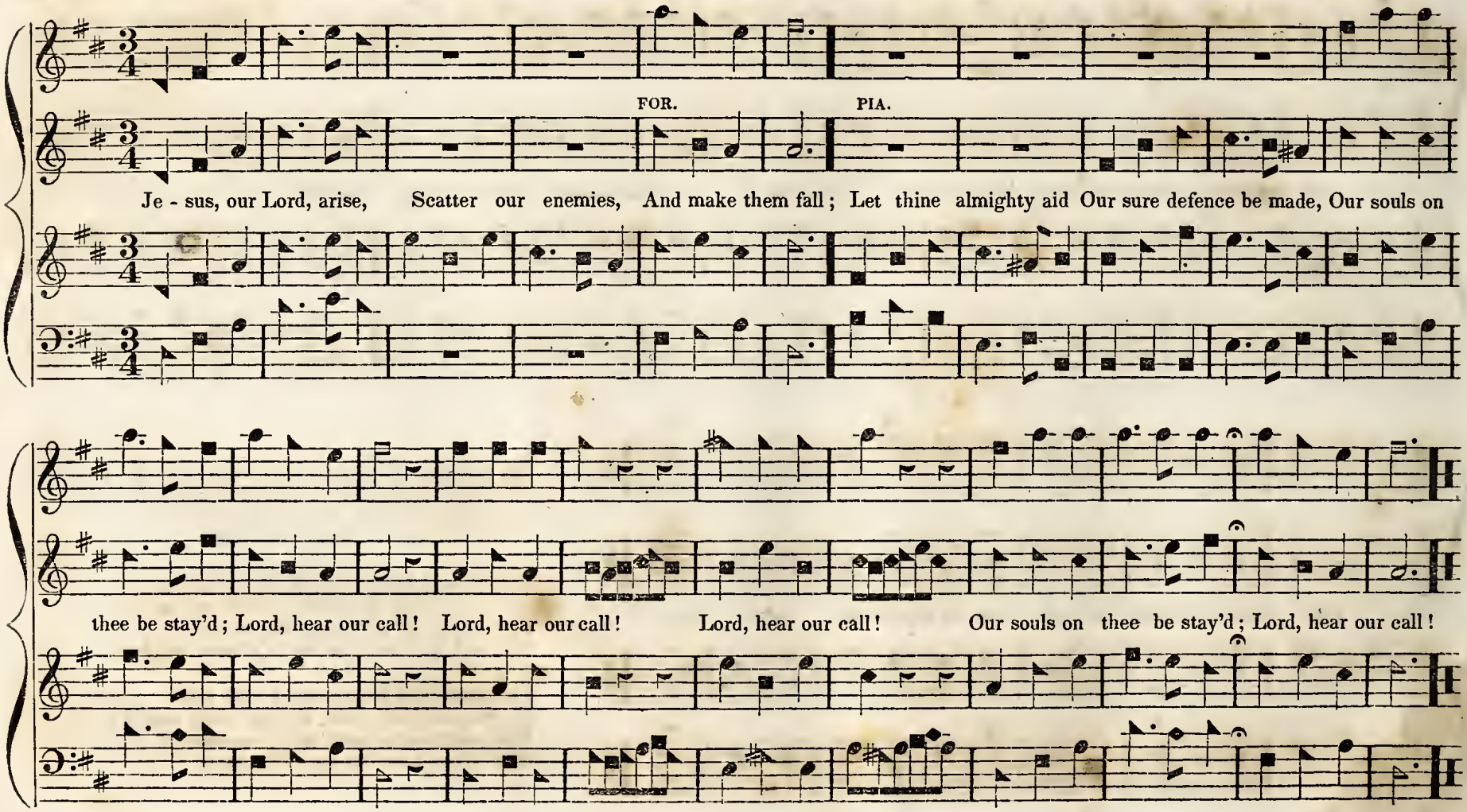
The Lamb on the throne,
Lo! he dwells with his own,
And to rivers of pleasure he leads;
With his mercy's full blaze,
With the sight of his face,
Our beatified spirits he feeds.

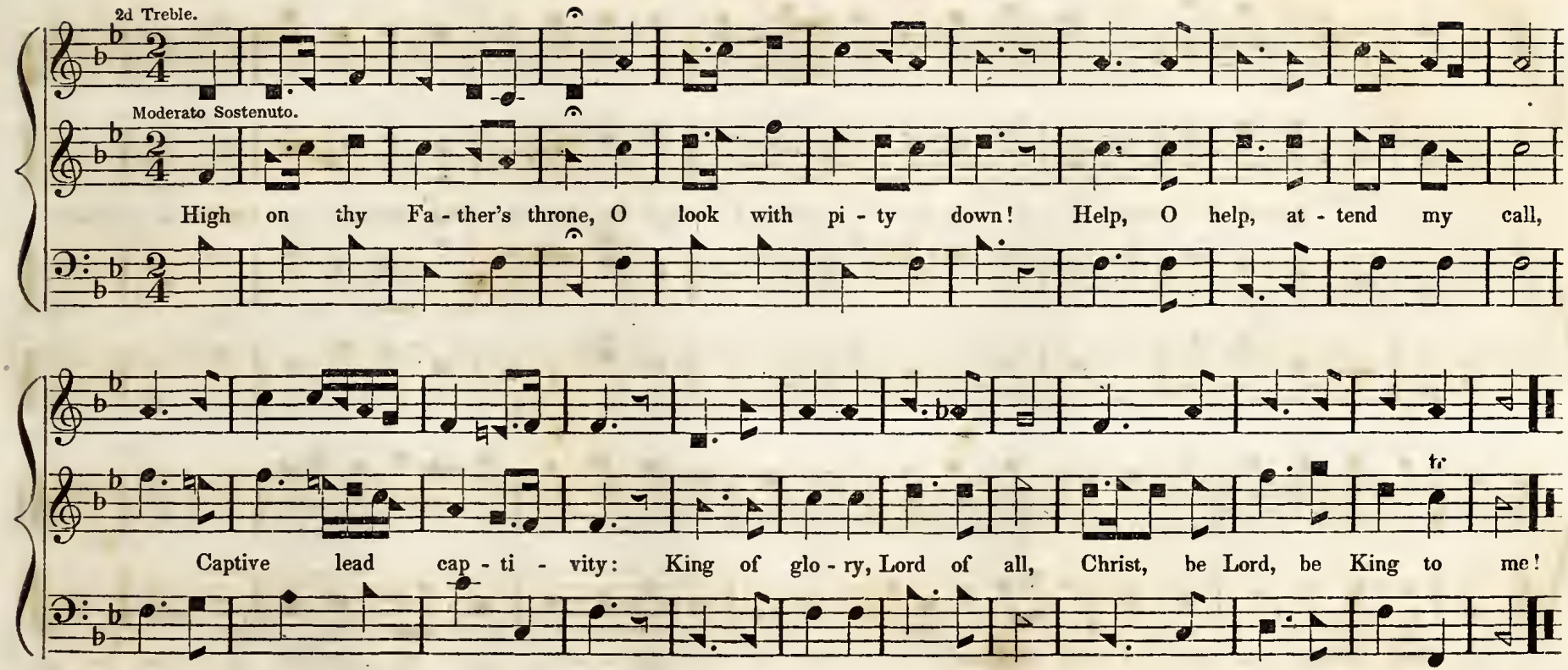
Our foreheads proclaim
His ineffable name;
Our bodies his glory display;
A day without night,
We feast in his sight;
And eternity seems as a day.


Moderato.
In boundless mercy, gracious Lord, appear, Darkness dis - pel, the humble mourner cheer, Vain thoughts remove, melt down this
flinty heart; Cause ev' - ry soul to choose the better part.

Thy presence fills the universal space;
Thy grace appears to all the fallen race;
O visit us with light and life Divine,
Fill ev'ry soul, for ev'ry soul is thine.

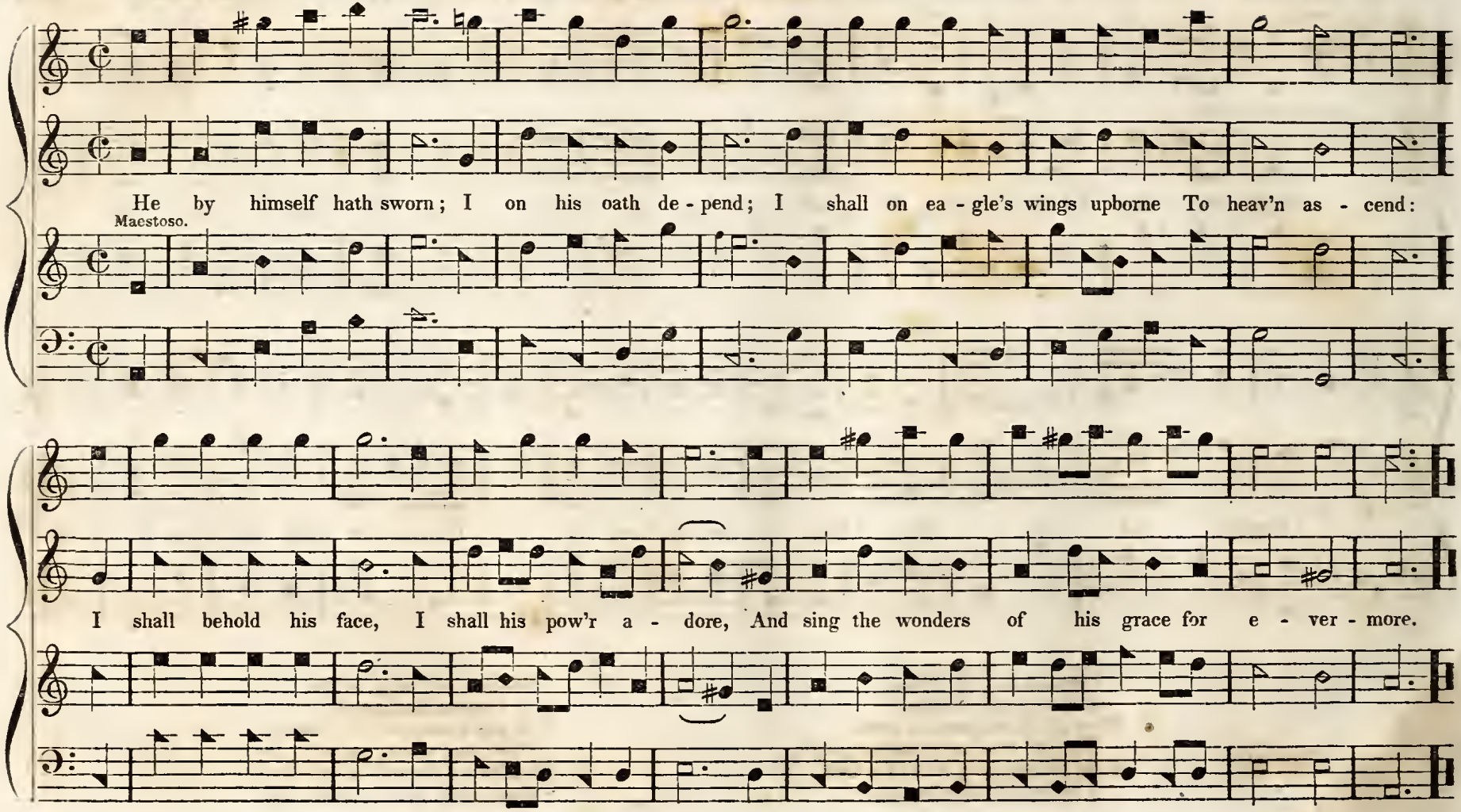
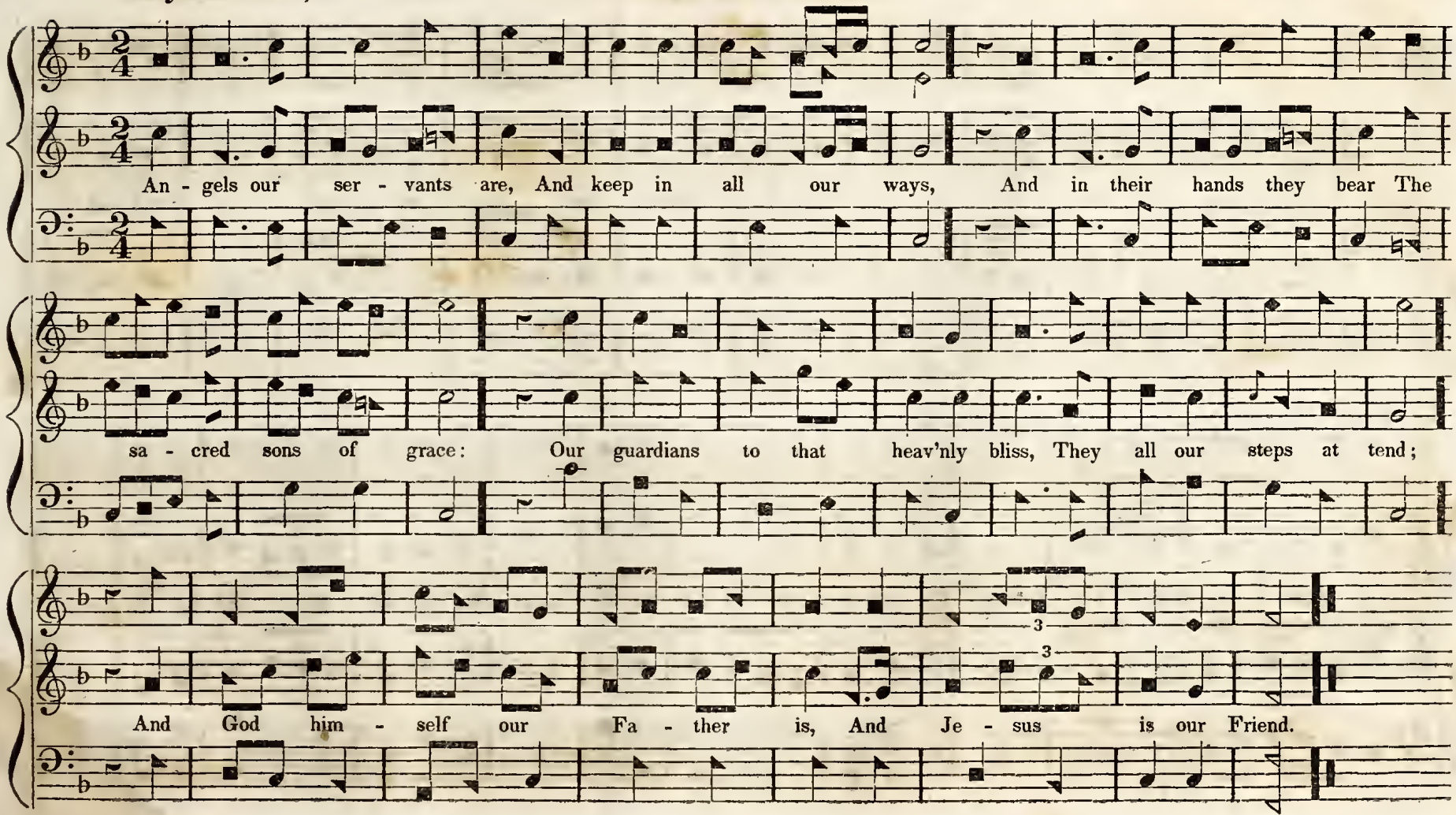
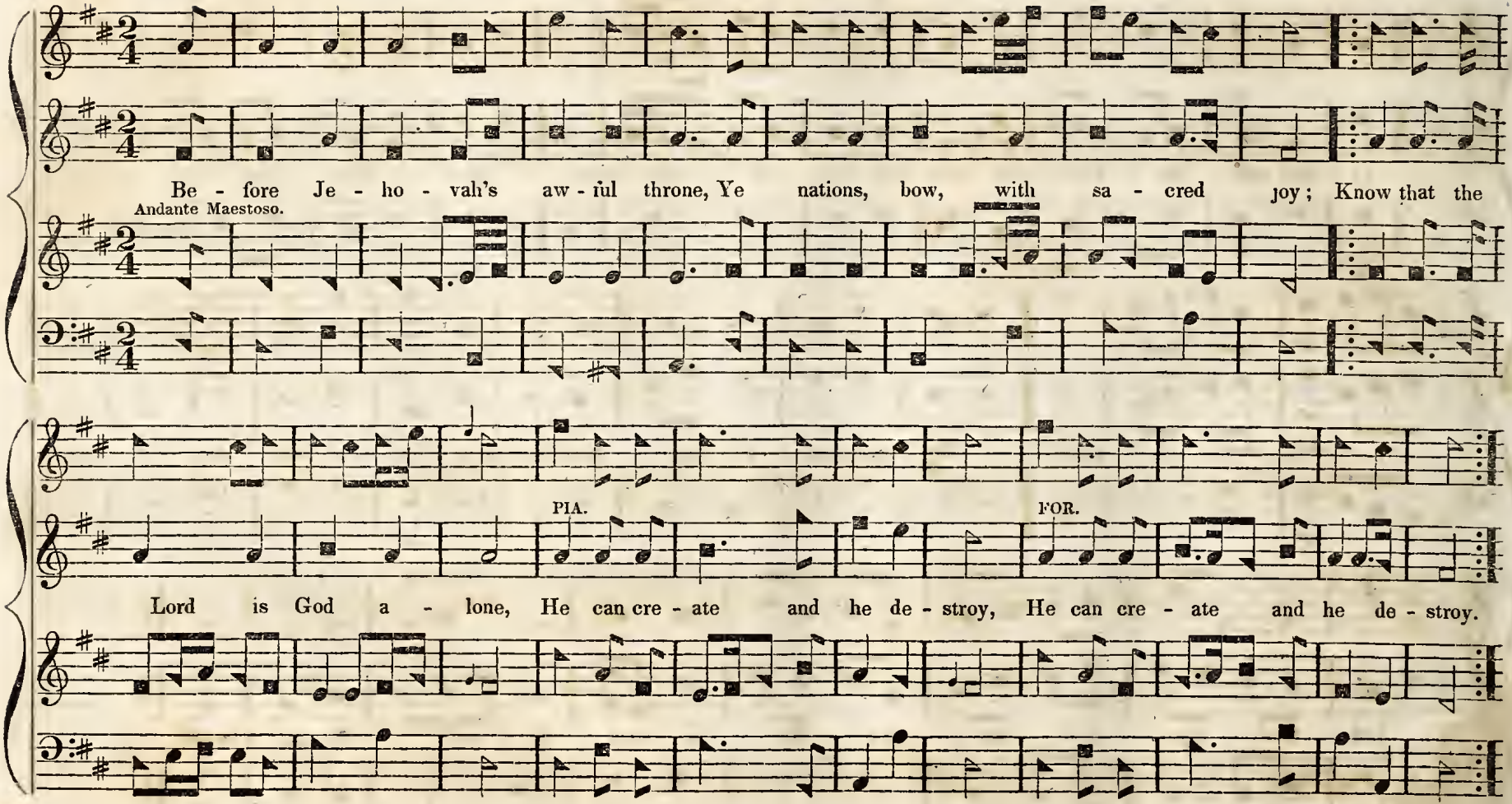
The blessed Jesus is my Lord, my love;
He is my King, from him I would not move;
Away then, all ye objects that divert,
Nor seek to draw from my dear Lord my heart.

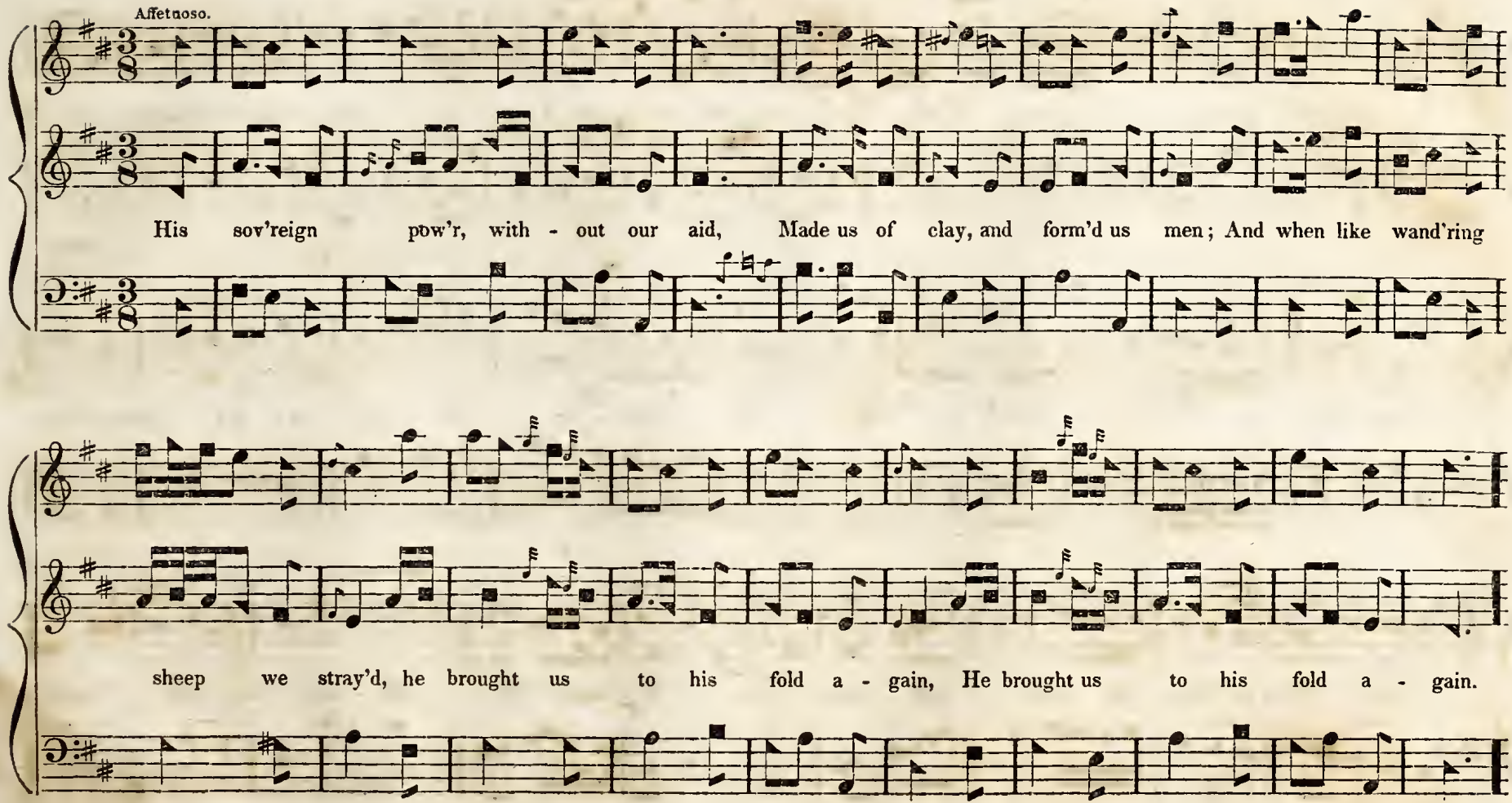
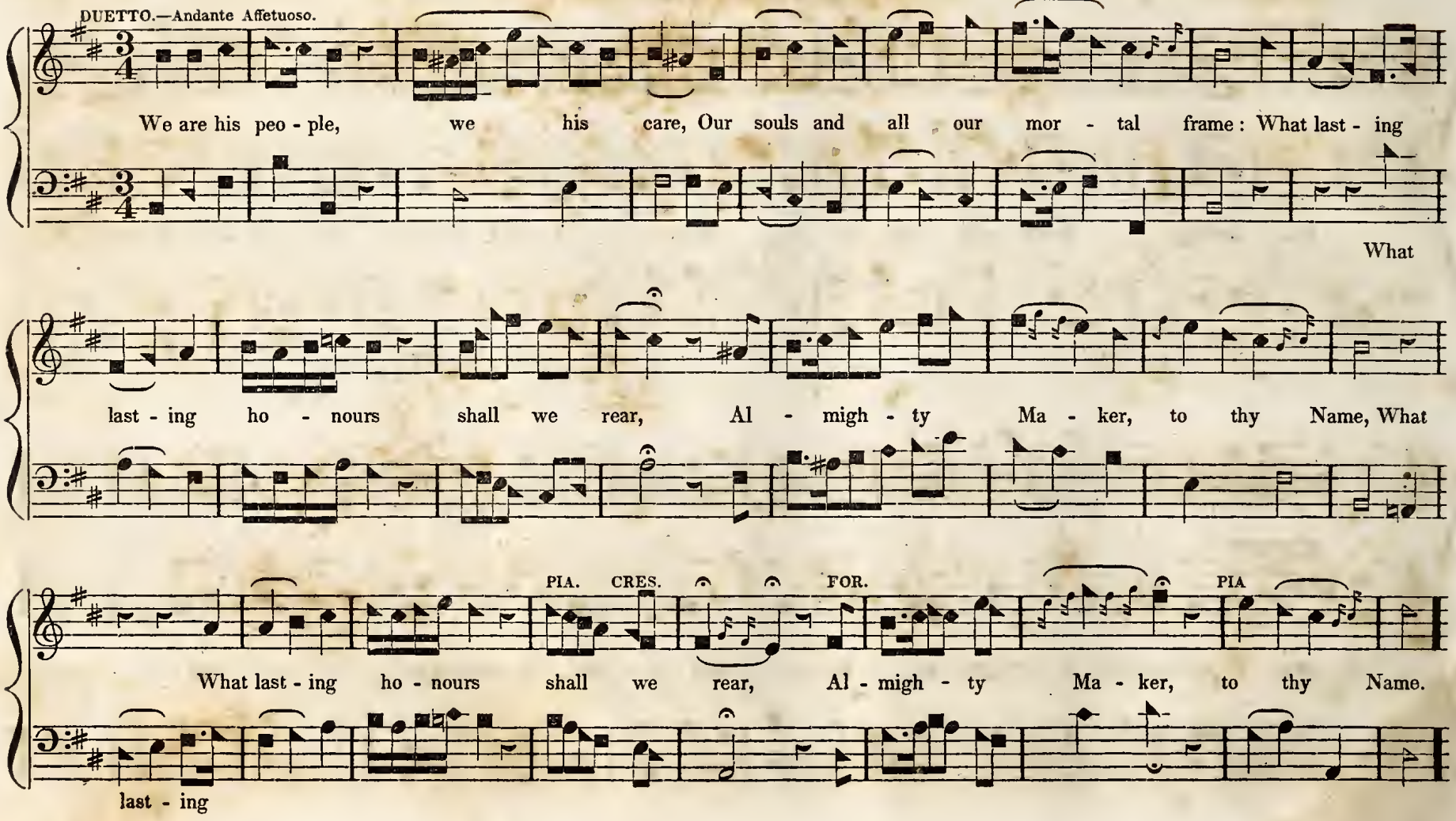
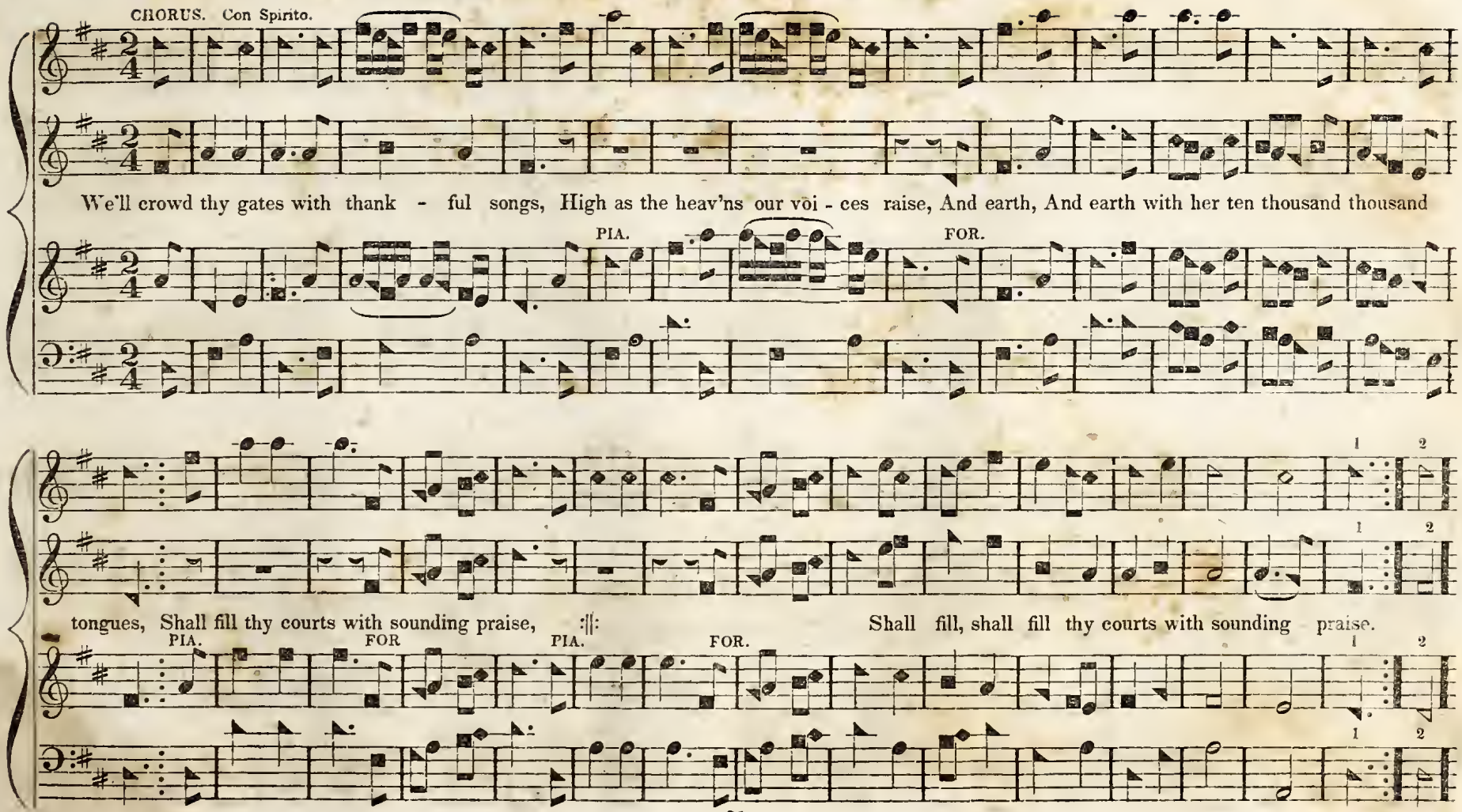
That uncreated beauty which hath gain'd
My ravish'd heart, hath all your glory stain'd;
His loveliness my soul hath prepossess'd,
And left no room for any other guest.

FOR.
PIA.
Je - sus, our Lord, arise, Scatter our enemies, And make them fall; Let thine almighty aid Our sure defence be made, Our souls on
thee be stay'd; Lord, hear our call! Lord, hear our call! Lord, hear our call! Our souls on thee be stay'd; Lord, hear our call!

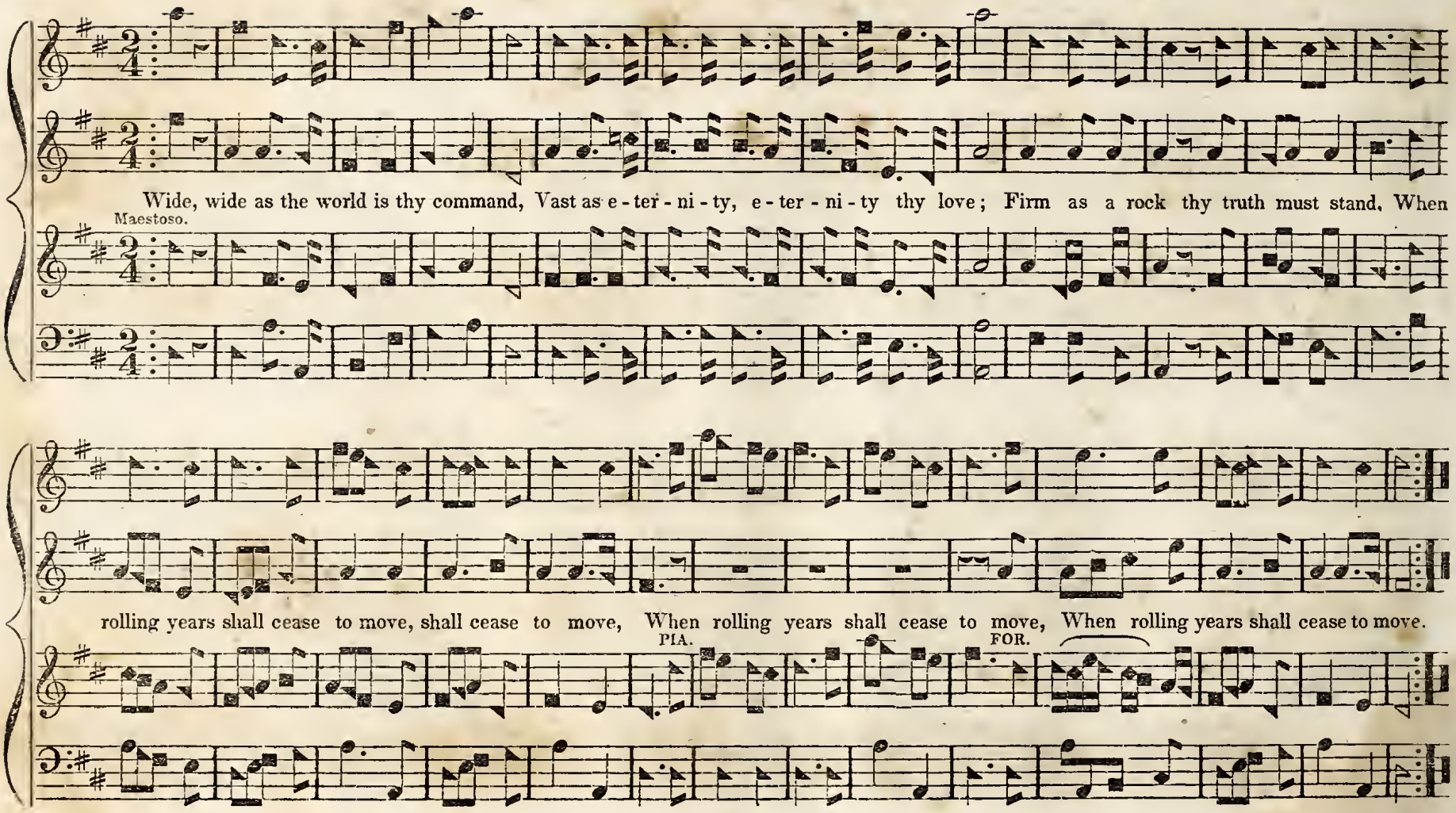

2d Treble.
Moderato Sostenuto.
High on thy Fa - ther's throne, O look with pi - ty down! Help, O help, at - tend my call,
Captive lead cap - ti - vity: King of glo - ry, Lord of all, Christ, be Lord, be King to me!
tr

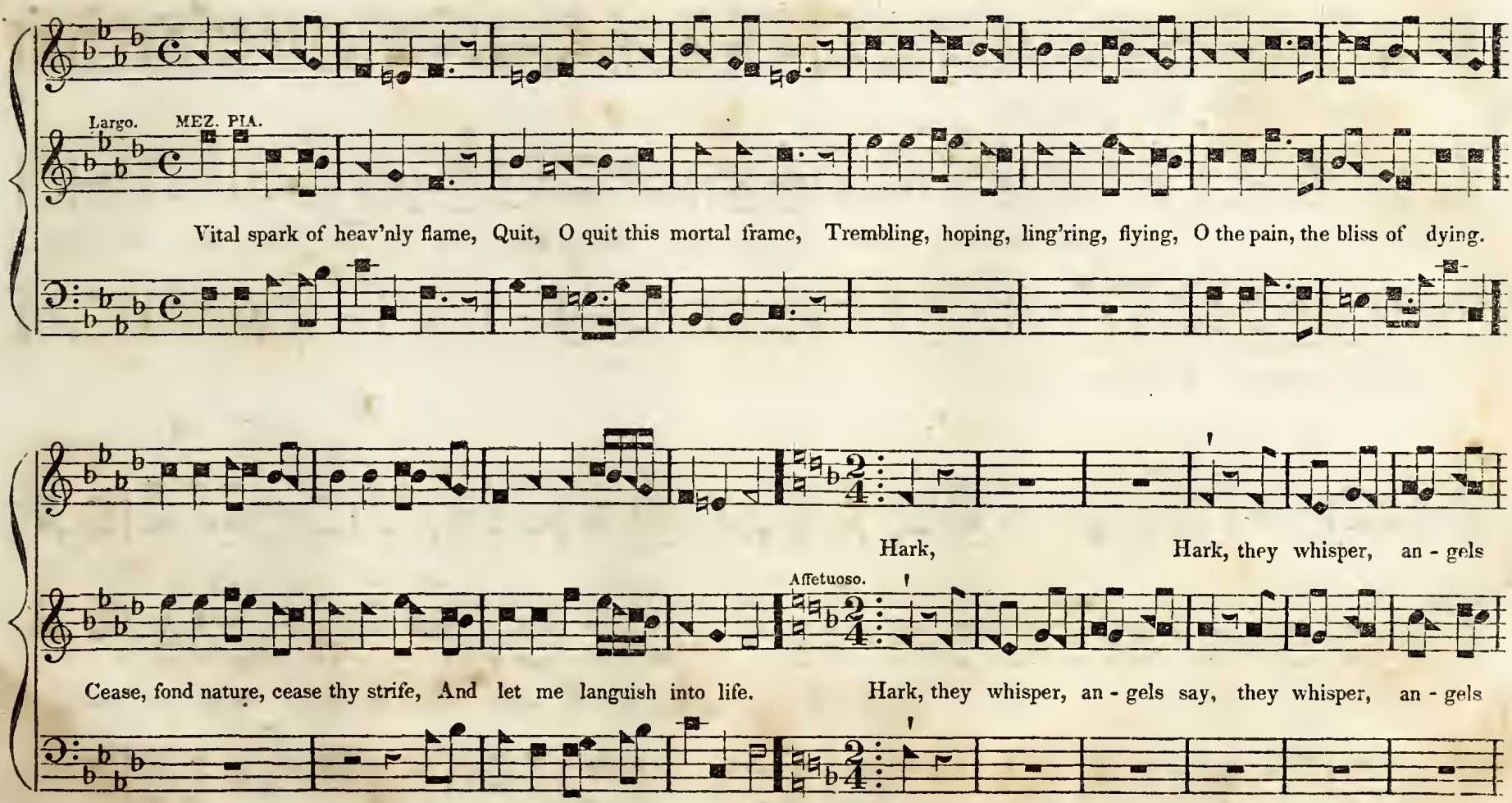
I pant to feel thy sway,
And only thee t' obey;
Thee my spirit gasps to meet:
This my one, my ceaseless pray'r,
Make, O make my heart thy seat;
O set up thy kingdom there!

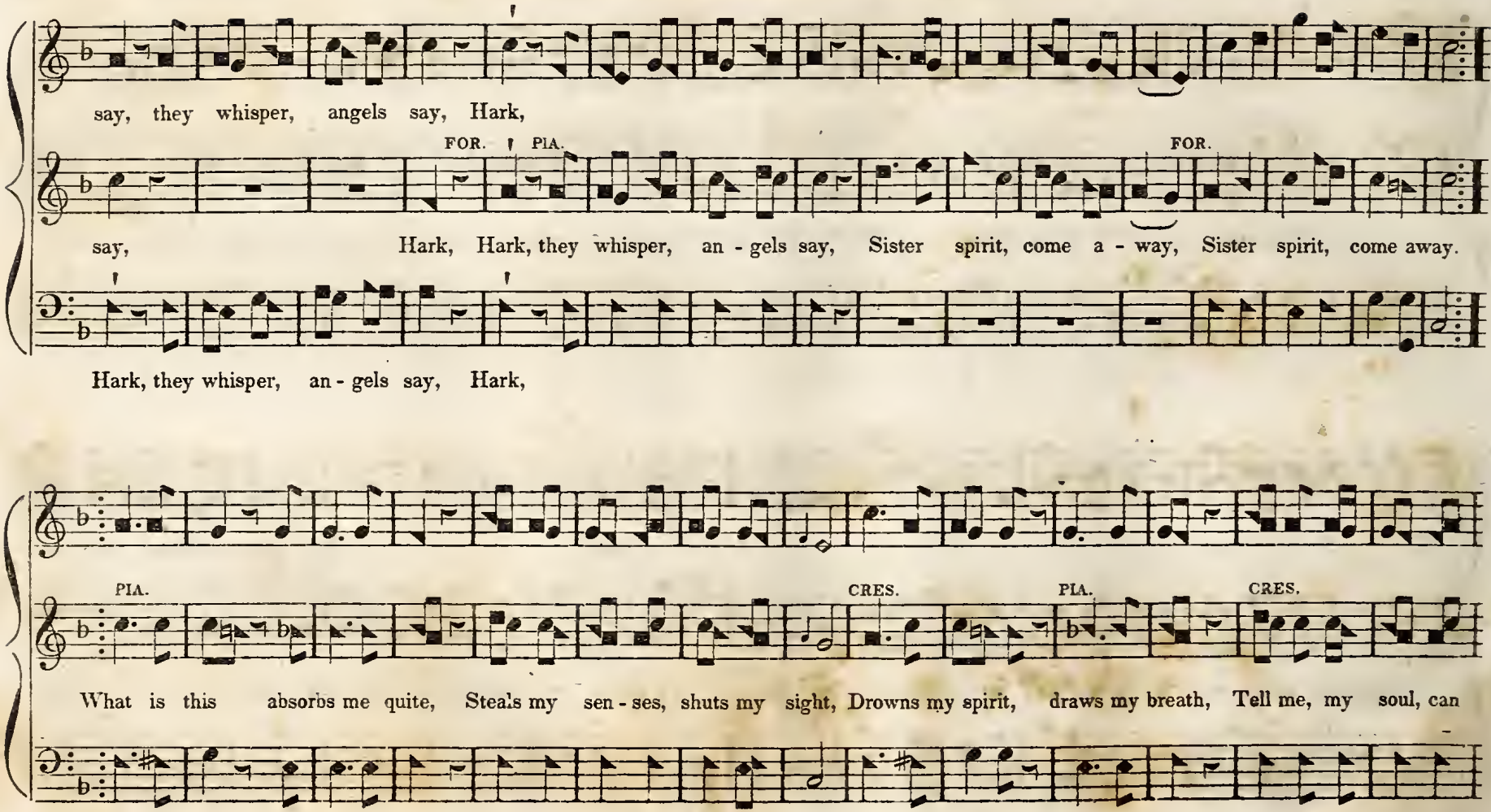
Triumph and reign in me,
And spread thy victory;
Hell, and death, and sin control,
Pride, and wrath, and ev'ry foe,
All subduc; through all my soul,
Conqu'ring, and to conquer go.

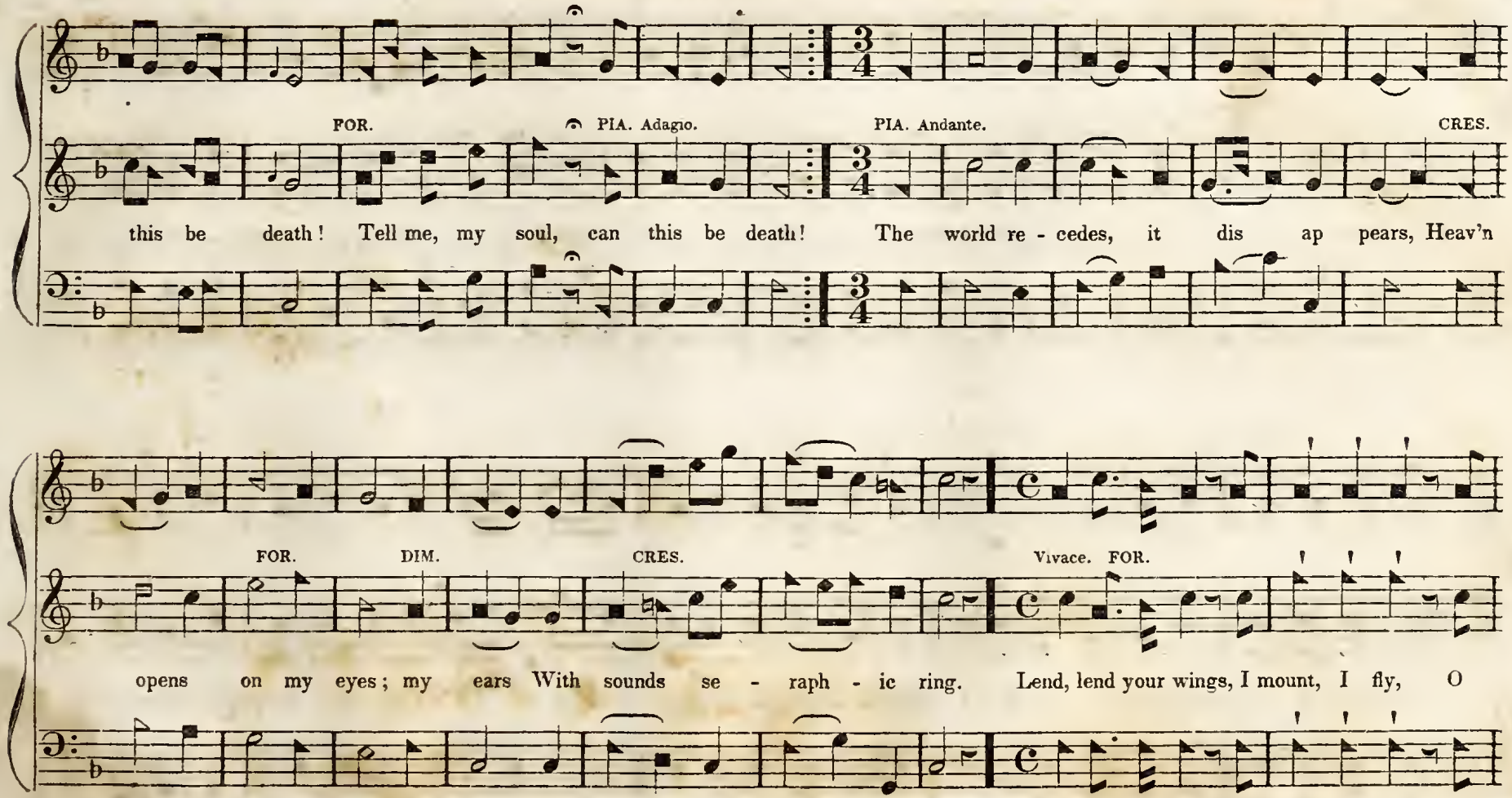
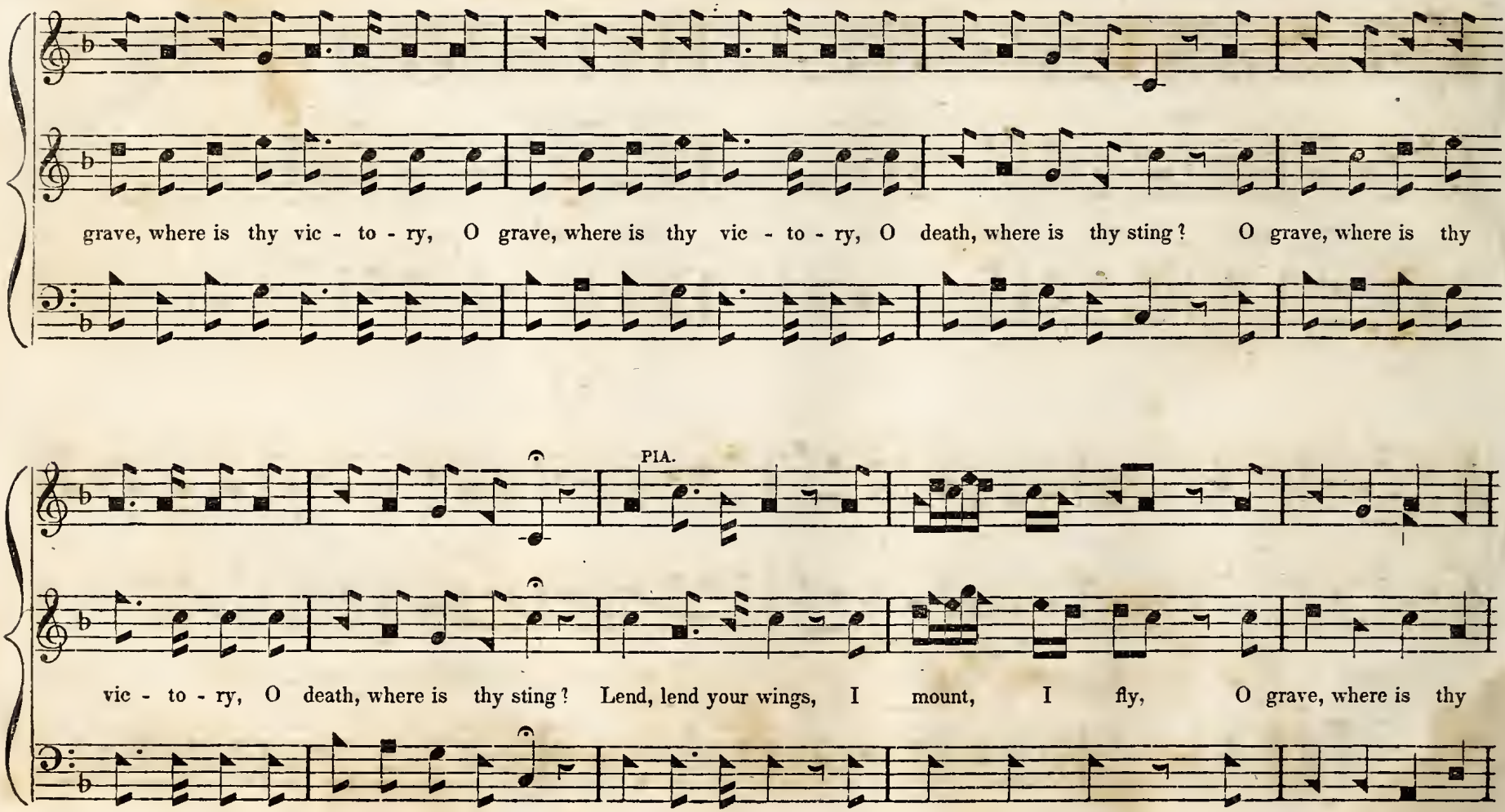

He by himself hath sworn; I on his oath de - pend; I shall on ea - gle's wings upborne To heav'n as - cend:
Maestoso.
I shall behold his face, I shall his pow'r a - dore, And sing the wonders of his grace for e - ver - more.

An - gels our ser - vants are, And keep in all our ways, And in their hands they bear The
sa - cred sons of grace: Our guardians to that heav'nly bliss, They all our steps at tend;
And God him - self our Fa - ther is, And Je - sus is our Friend.

Be - fore Je - ho - vah's aw - ful throne, Ye nations, bow, with sa - cred joy; Know that the
Andante Maestoso.
PIA.
FOR.
Lord is God a - lone, He can cre - ate and he de - stroy, He can cre - ate and he de - stroy.

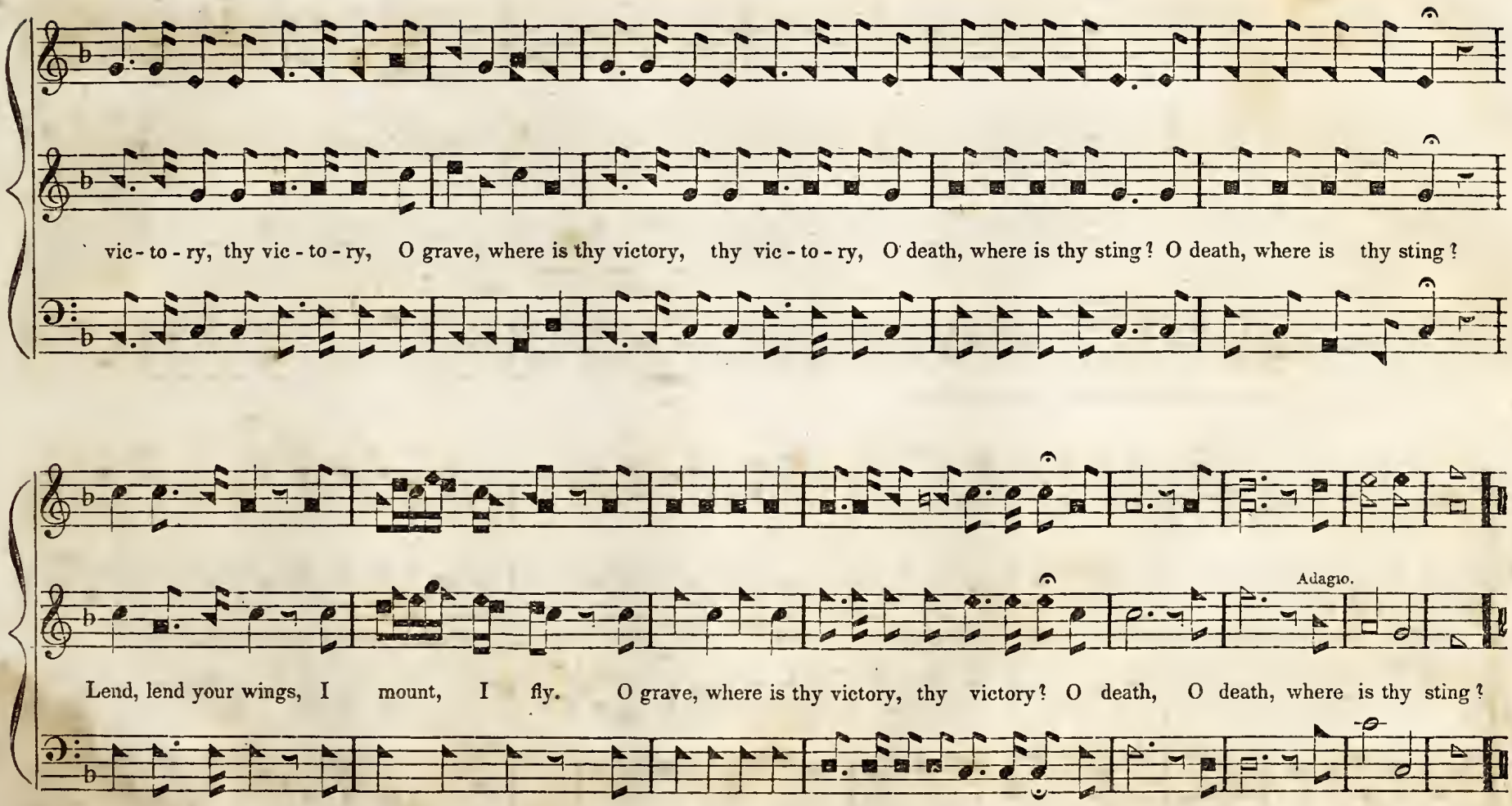

Affetuoso.
His sov'reign pow'r, with - out our aid, Made us of clay, and form'd us men; And when like wand'ring
sheep we stray'd, he brought us to his fold a - gain, He brought us to his fold a - gain.

DUETTO.—Andante Affetuoso.
We are his peo - ple, we his care, Our souls and all our mor - tal frame: What last - ing
What
last - ing ho - nours shall we rear, Al - migh - ty Ma - ker, to thy Name, What
PIA. CRES. FOR. PIA
What last - ing ho - nours shall we rear, Al - migh - ty Ma - ker, to thy Name.
last - ing

CHORUS. Con Spirito.
We'll crowd thy gates with thank - ful songs, High as the heav'ns our voi - ces raise, And earth, And earth with her ten thousand thousand
PIA.
FOR.
tongues, Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise, :‖: Shall fill, shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
PIA.
FOR
PIA.
FOR.
1
2

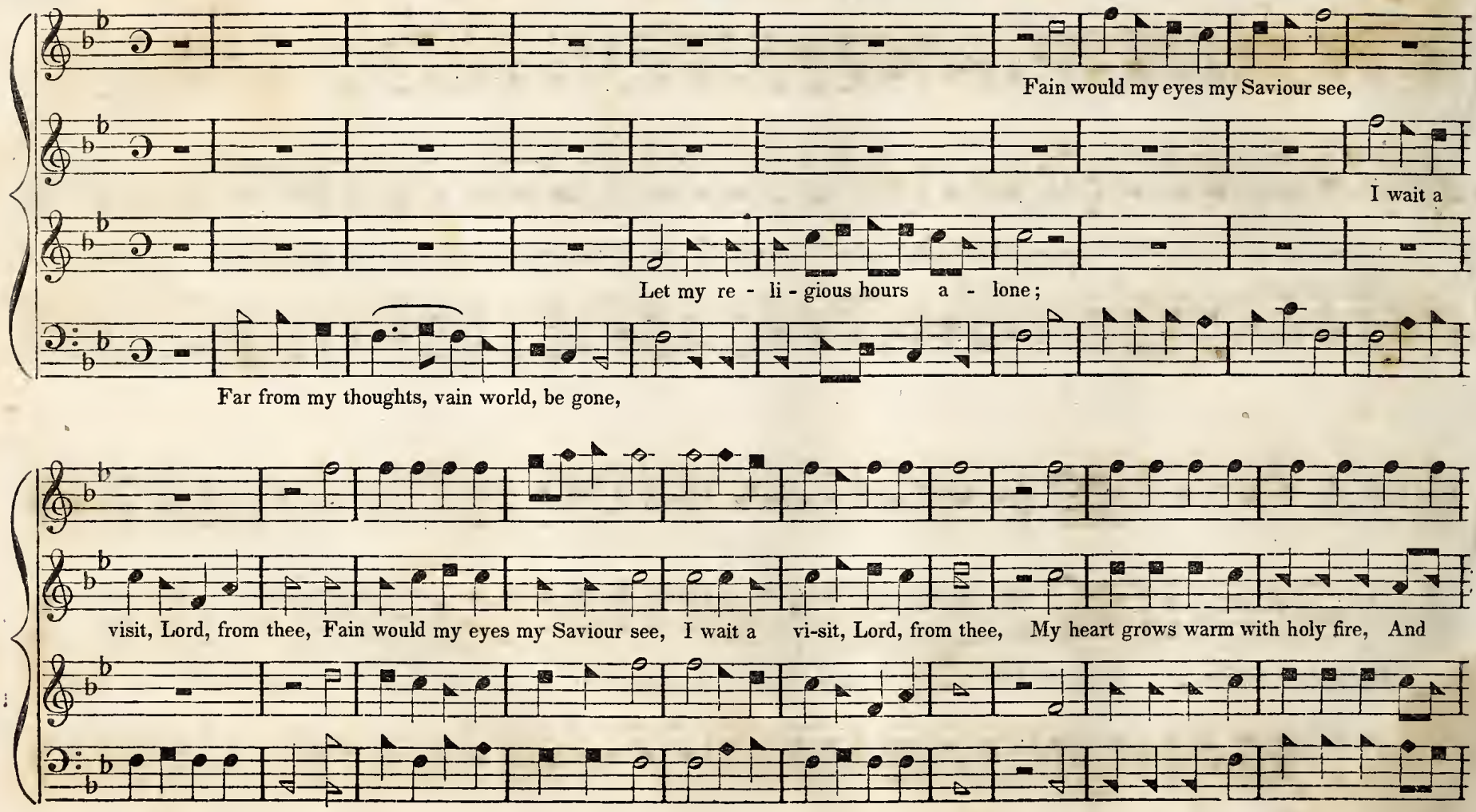
DENMARK, Continued.

Wide, wide as the world is thy command, Vast as e - ter - ni - ty, e - ter - ni - ty thy love; Firm as a rock thy truth must stand, When
Maestoso.
rolling years shall cease to move, shall cease to move, When rolling years shall cease to move, When rolling years shall cease to move.
PIA.
FOR.

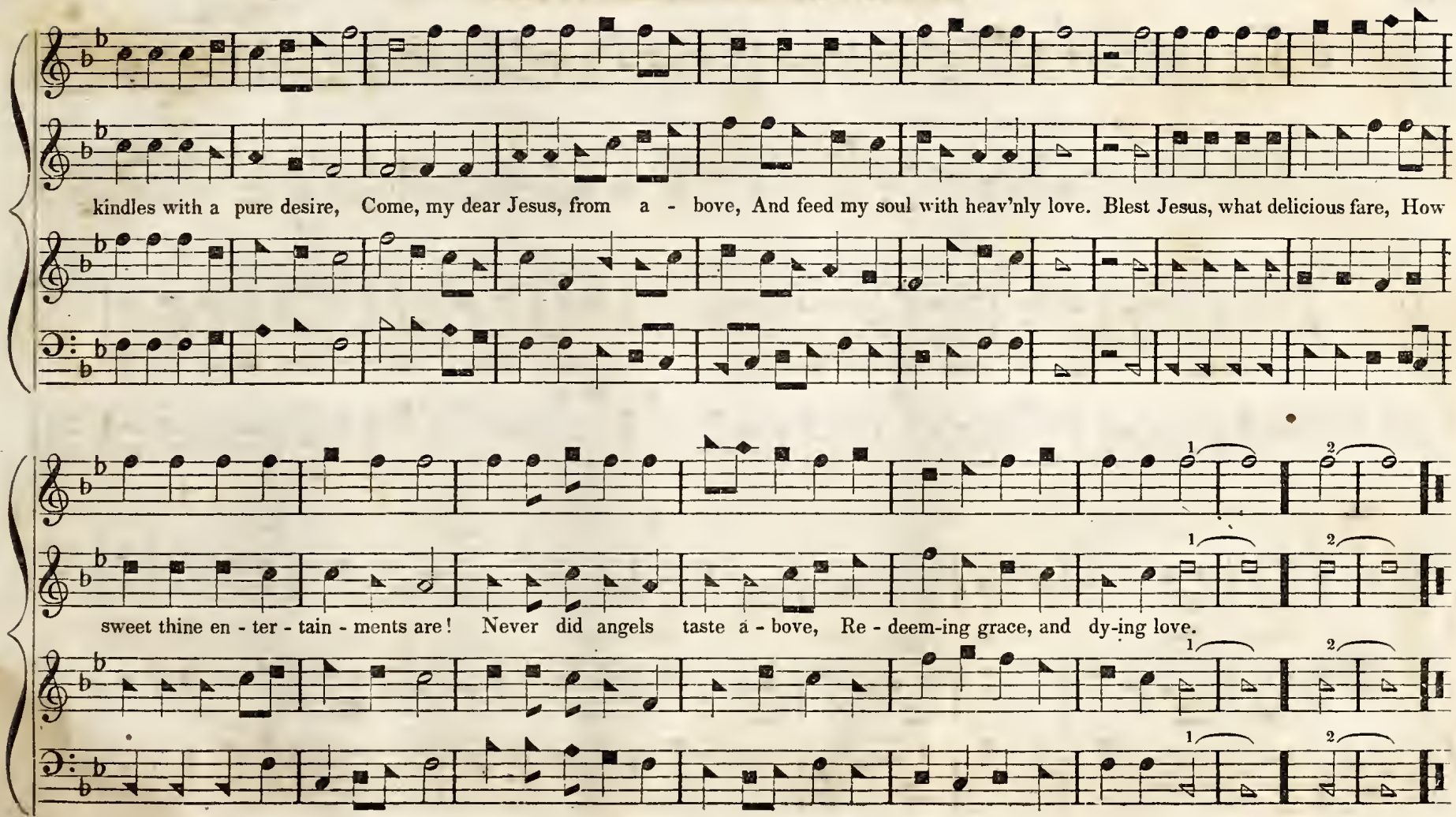
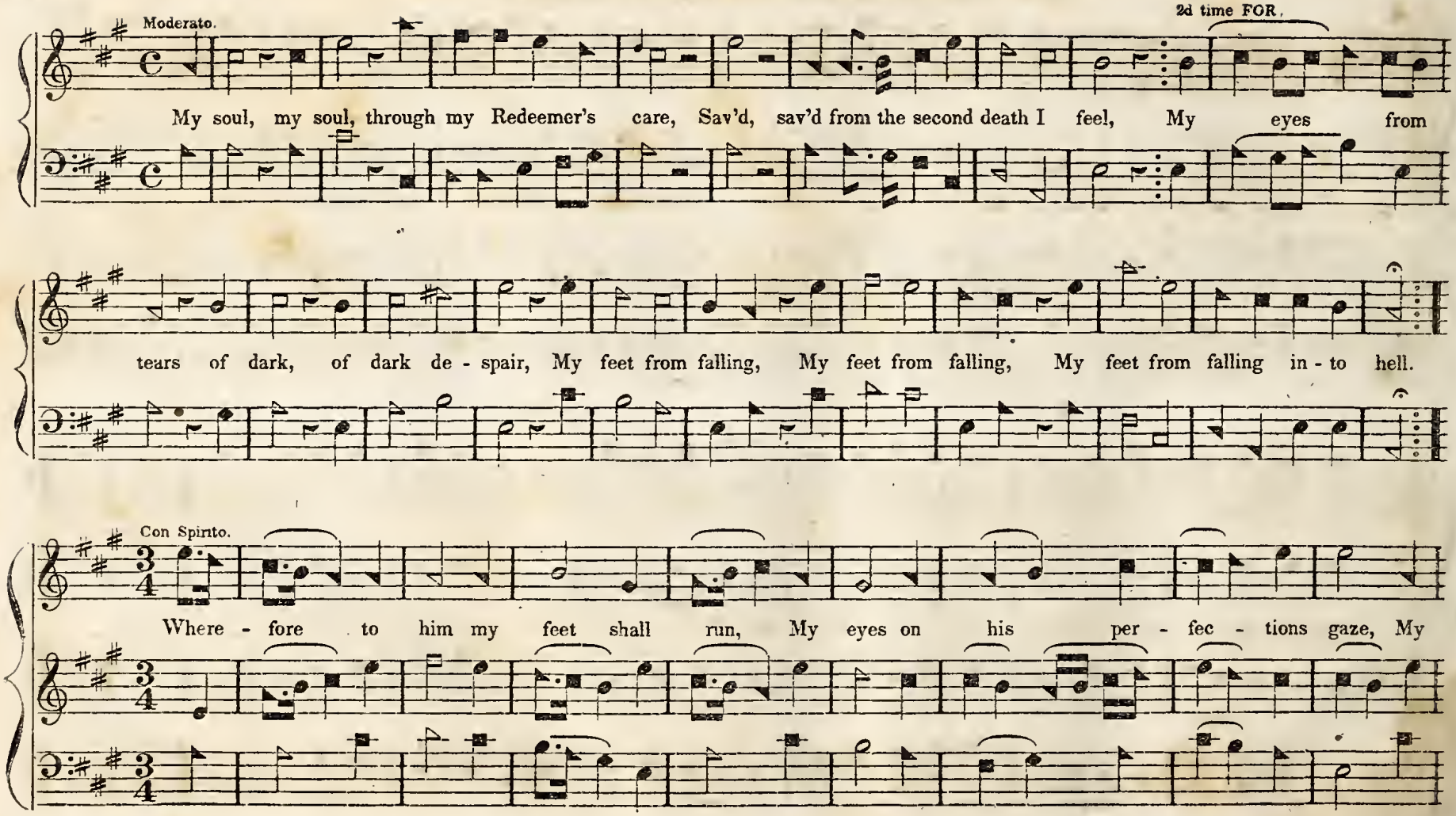
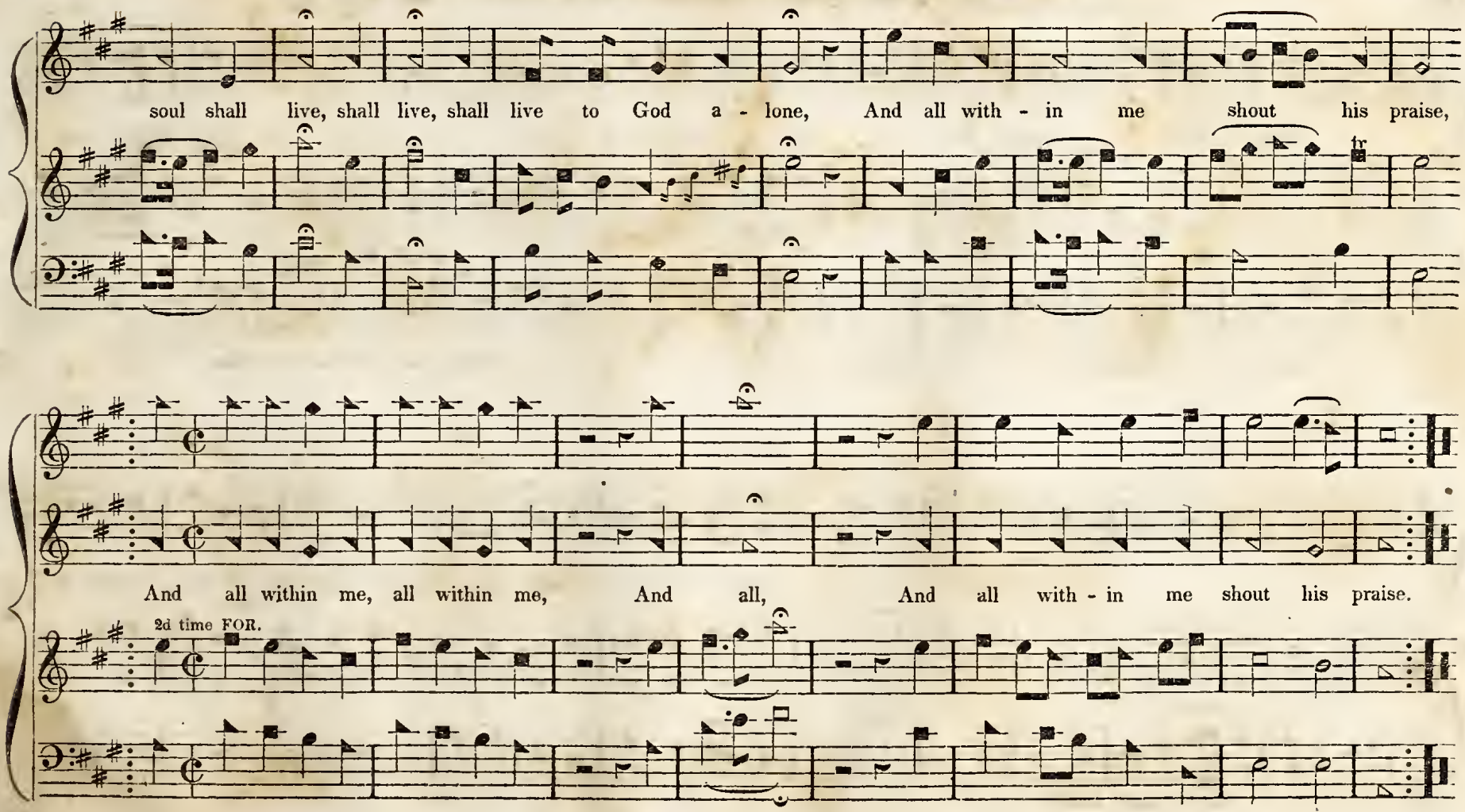
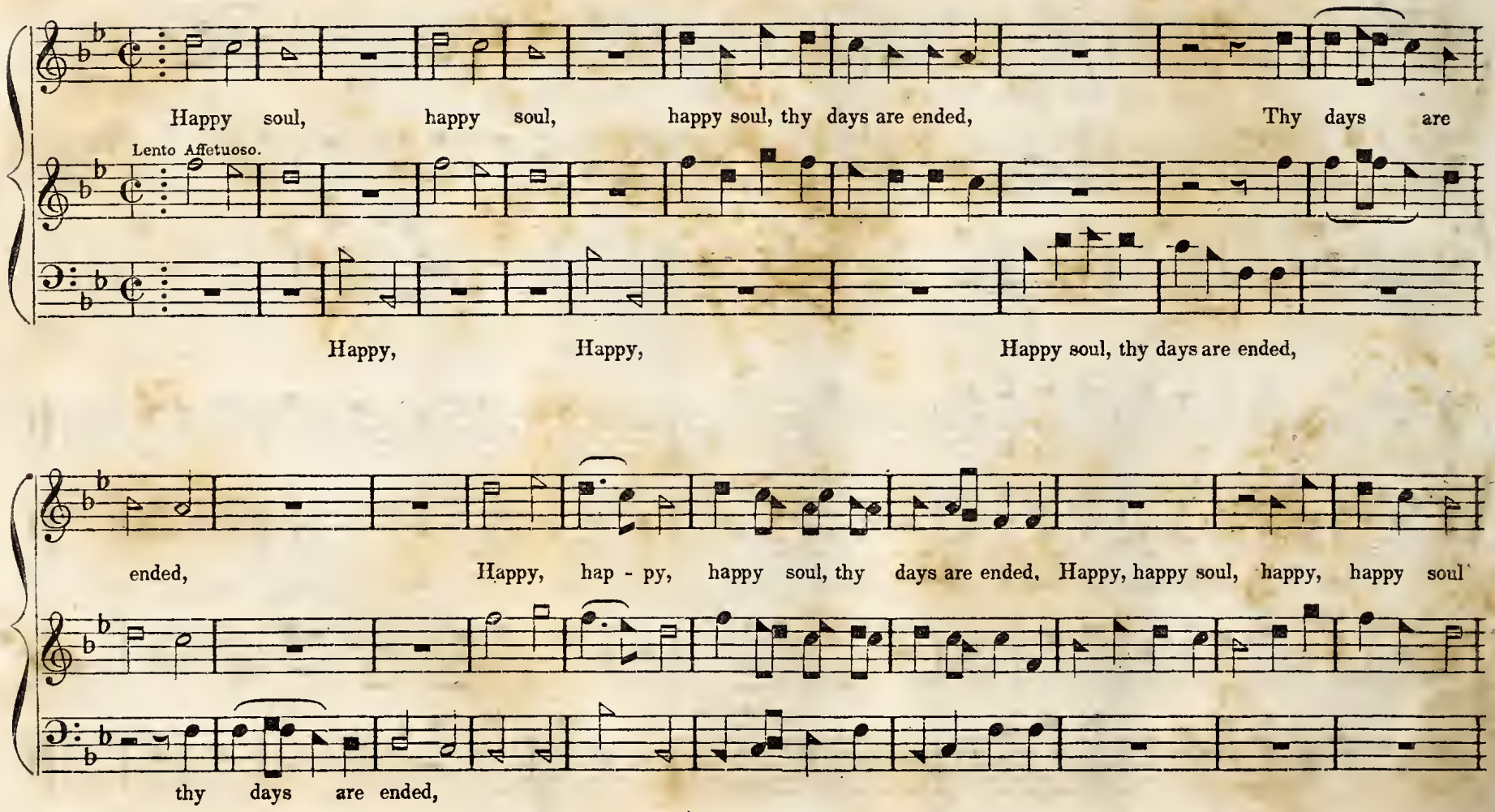

Largo. MEZ. PIA.
Vital spark of heav'nly flame, Quit, O quit this mortal frame, Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying, O the pain, the bliss of dying.
Hark, Hark, they whisper, an - gels
Affetuoso.
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife, And let me languish into life. Hark, they whisper, an - gels say, they whisper, an - gels

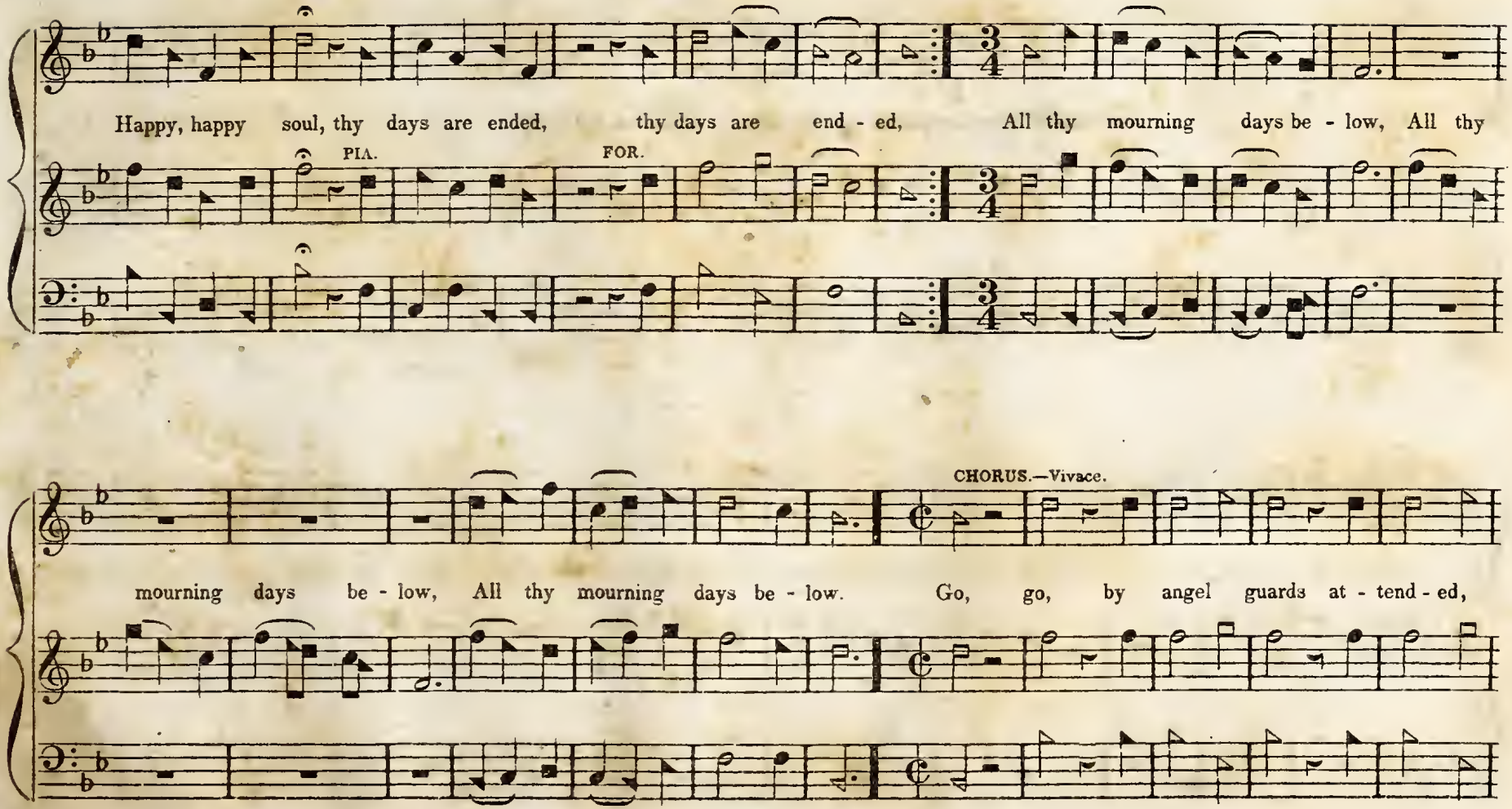
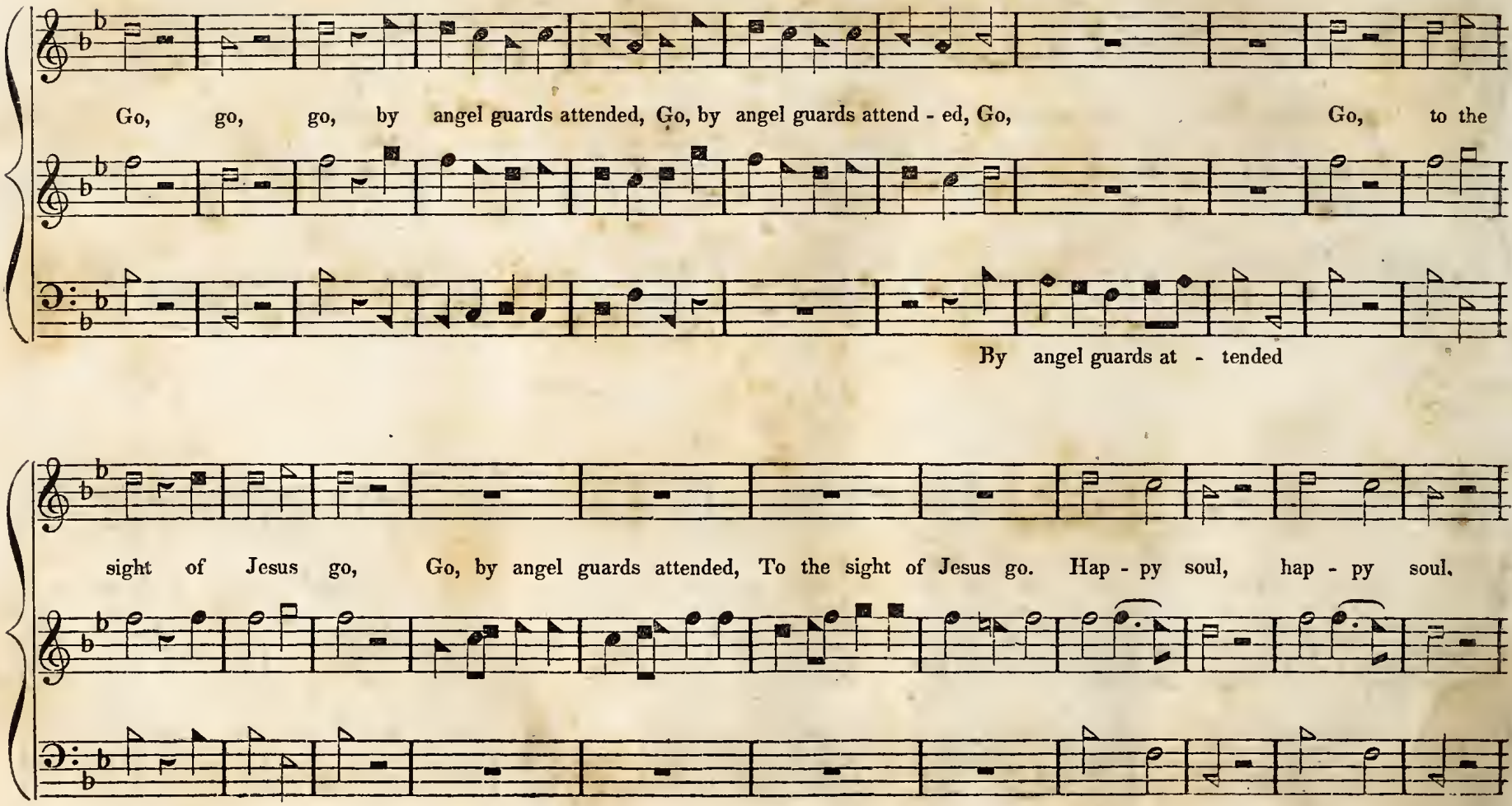
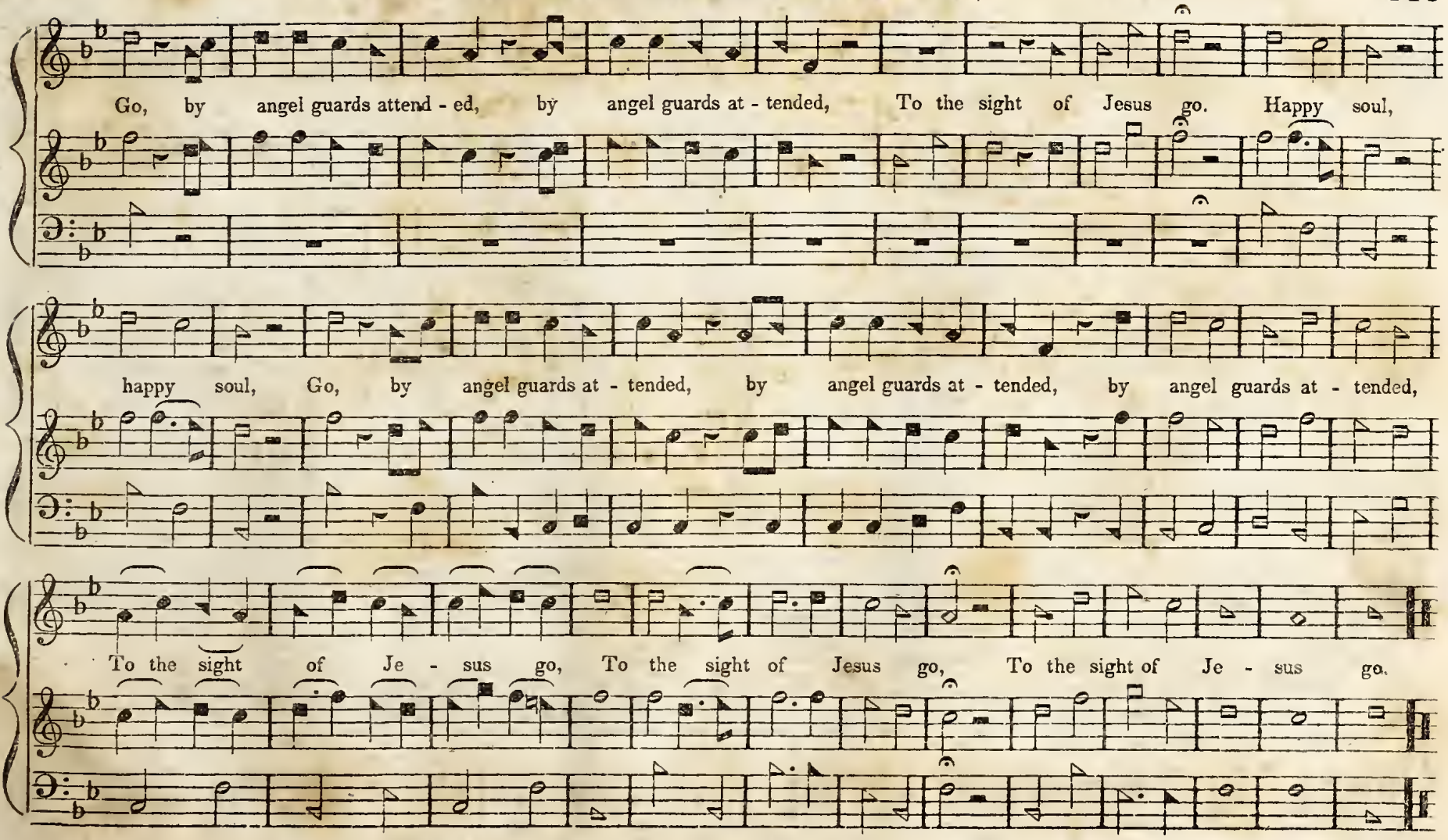
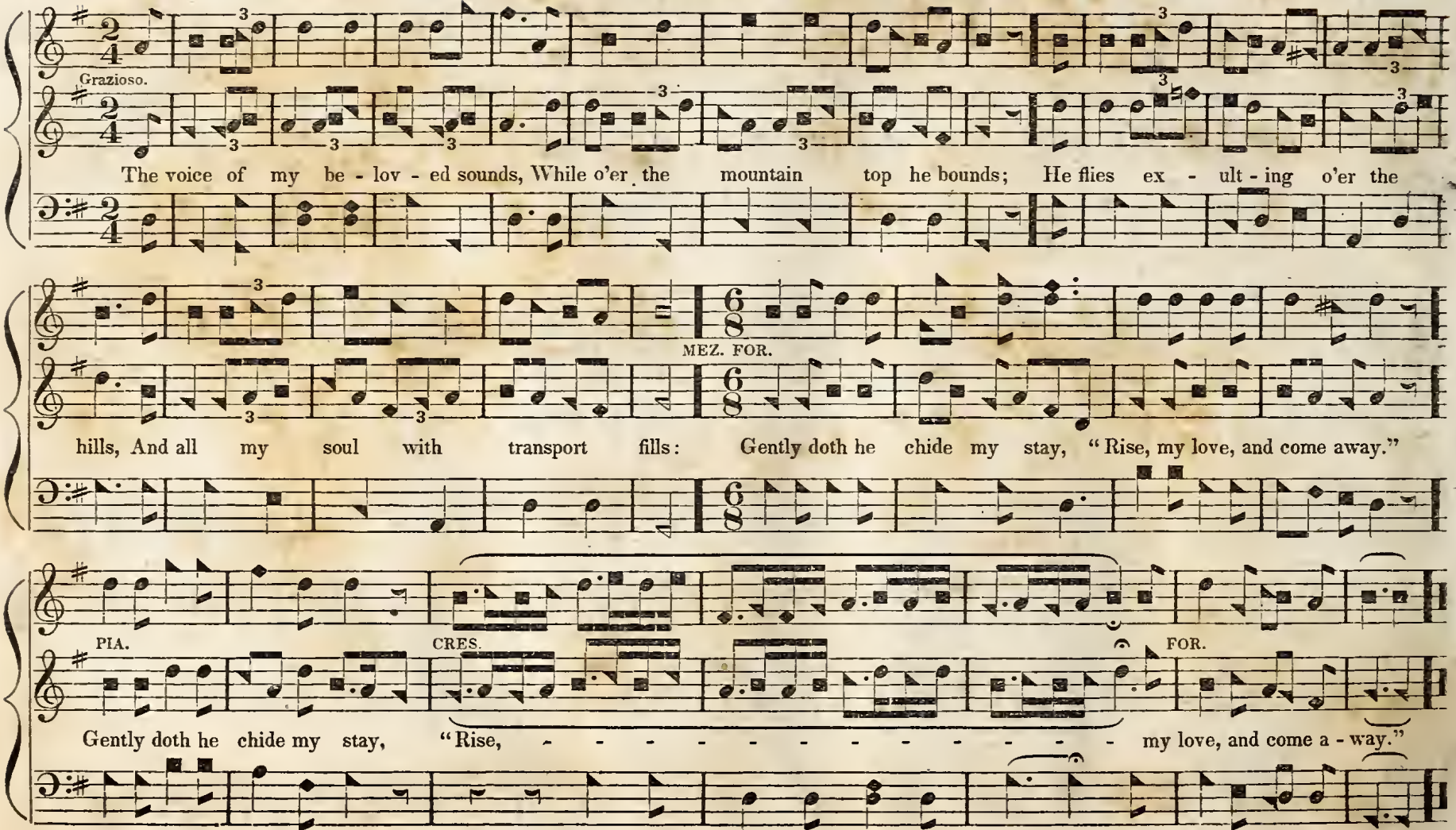

say, they whisper, angels say, Hark,
FOR.
PIA.
FOR.
say, Hark, Hark, they whisper, an - gels say, Sister spirit, come a - way, Sister spirit, come away.
Hark, they whisper, an - gels say, Hark,
PIA.
CRES.
PIA.
CRES.
What is this absorbs me quite, Steals my sen - ses, shuts my sight, Drowns my spirit, draws my breath, Tell me, my soul, can

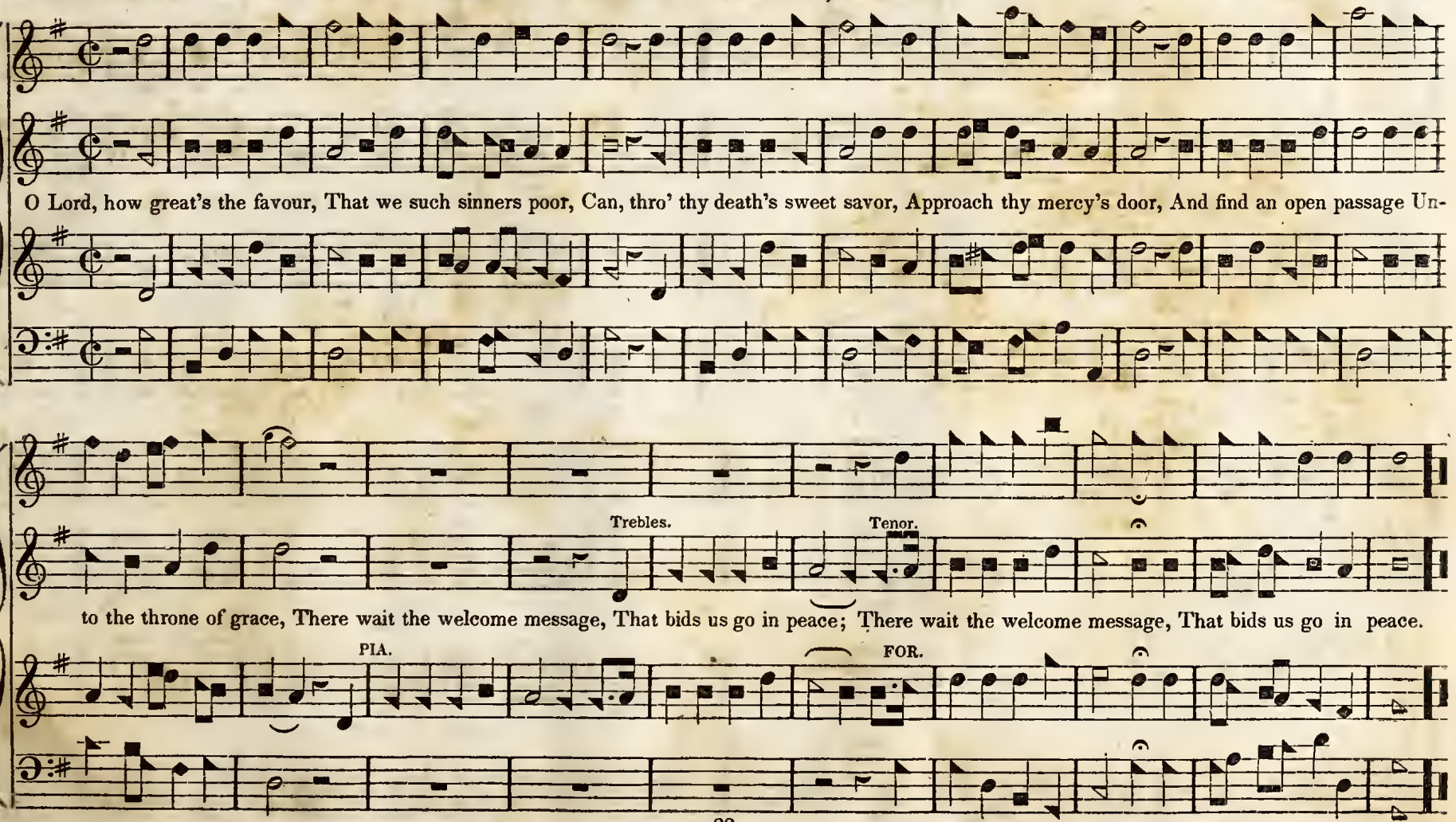

FOR.
PIA. Adagio.
PIA. Andante.
CRES.
this be death! Tell me, my soul, can this be death! The world re - cedes, it dis ap pears, Heav'n
FOR.
DIM.
CRES.
Vivace. FOR.
opens on my eyes; my ears With sounds se - raph - ic ring. Lend, lend your wings, I mount, I fly, O

grave, where is thy vic - to - ry, O grave, where is thy vic - to - ry, O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy
PIA.
vic - to - ry, O death, where is thy sting? Lend, lend your wings, I mount, I fly, O grave, where is thy


vic - to - ry, thy vic - to - ry, O grave, where is thy victory, thy vic - to - ry, O death, where is thy sting? O death, where is thy sting?
Adagio.
Lend, lend your wings, I mount, I fly. O grave, where is thy victory, thy victory? O death, O death, where is thy sting?

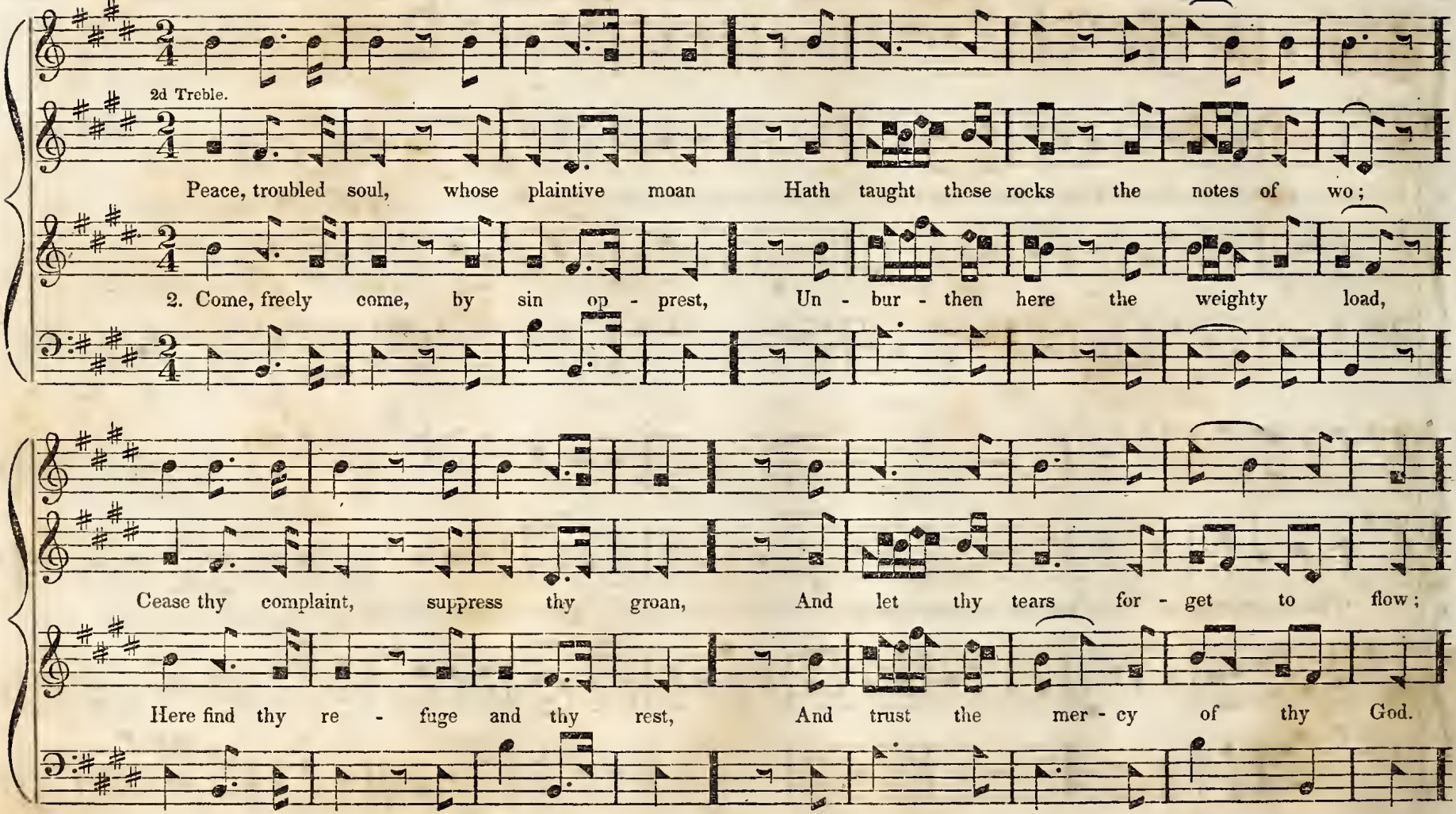

Fain would my eyes my Saviour see,
I wait a
Let my re - li - gious hours a - lone;
Far from my thoughts, vain world, be gone,
visit, Lord, from thee, Fain would my eyes my Saviour see, I wait a vi-sit, Lord, from thee, My heart grows warm with holy fire, And

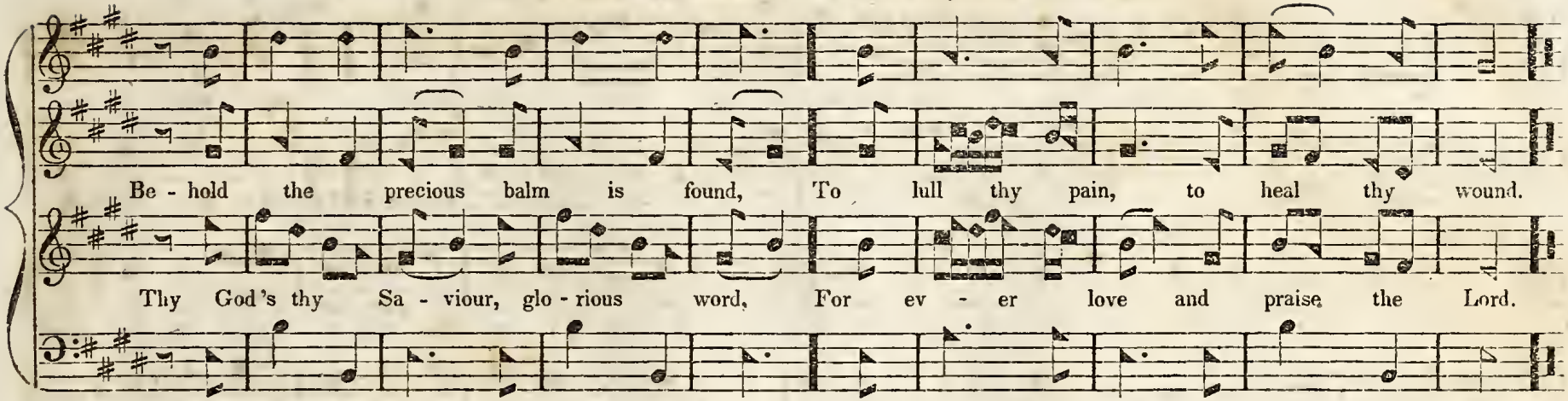

kindles with a pure desire, Come, my dear Jesus, from a - bove, And feed my soul with heav'nly love. Blest Jesus, what delicious fare, How
sweet thine en - ter - tain - ments are! Never did angels taste a - bove, Re - deem-ing grace, and dy-ing love.

Moderato.
2d time FOR.
My soul, my soul, through my Redeemer's care, Sav'd, sav'd from the second death I feel, My eyes from
tears of dark, of dark de - spair, My feet from falling, My feet from falling, My feet from falling in - to hell.
Con Spirito.
Where - fore to him my feet shall run, My eyes on his per - fec - tions gaze, My

soul shall live, shall live, shall live to God a - lone, And all with - in me shout his praise,
tr
And all within me, all within me, And all, And all with - in me shout his praise.
2d time FOR.

Happy soul, happy soul, happy soul, thy days are ended, Thy days are
Lento Affetuoso.
Happy, Happy, Happy soul, thy days are ended,
ended, Happy, hap - py, happy soul, thy days are ended, Happy, happy soul, happy, happy soul
thy days are ended,


Happy, happy soul, thy days are ended, thy days are end - ed, All thy mourning days be - low, All thy
PIA.
FOR.
mourning days be - low, All thy mourning days be - low.
CHORUS.—Vivace.
Go, go, by angel guards at - tend - ed,

Go, go, go, by angel guards attended, Go, by angel guards attend - ed, Go, Go, to the
By angel guards at - tended
sight of Jesus go, Go, by angel guards attended, To the sight of Jesus go. Hap - py soul, hap - py soul.

Go, by angel guards attend - ed, by angel guards at - tended, To the sight of Jesus go. Happy soul,
happy soul, Go, by angel guards at - tended, by angel guards at - tended, by angel guards at - tended,
To the sight of Je - sus go, To the sight of Jesus go, To the sight of Je - sus go.

Grazioso.
The voice of my be - lov - ed sounds, While o'er the mountain top he bounds; He flies ex - ult - ing o'er the
MEZ. FOR.
hills, And all my soul with transport fills: Gently doth he chide my stay, "Rise, my love, and come away."
PIA.
CRES.
FOR.
Gently doth he chide my stay, "Rise, - - - - - - - - - - - - my love, and come a - way."
Rise, my love, and come a - way.

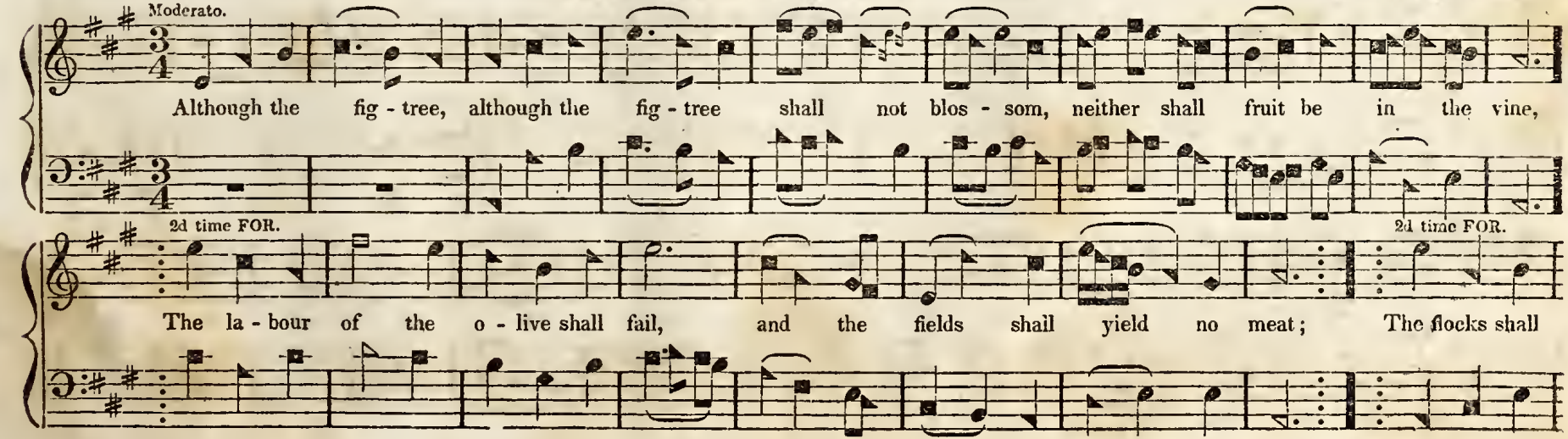

O Lord, how great's the favour, That we such sinners poor, Can, thro' thy death's sweet savor, Approach thy mercy's door, And find an open passage Un-
Trebles.
Tenor.
to the throne of grace, There wait the welcome message, That bids us go in peace; There wait the welcome message, That bids us go in peace.
PIA.
FOR.

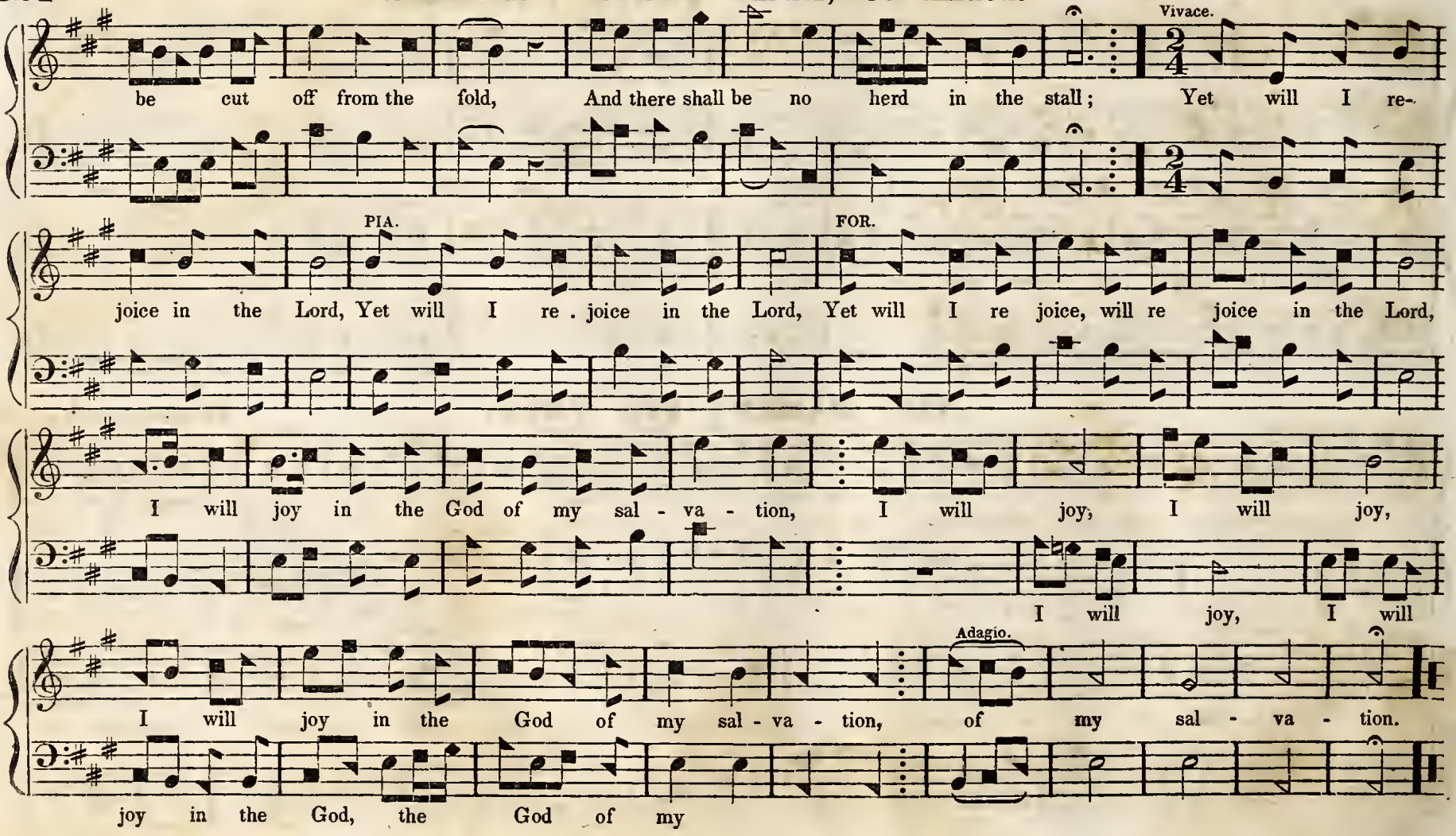
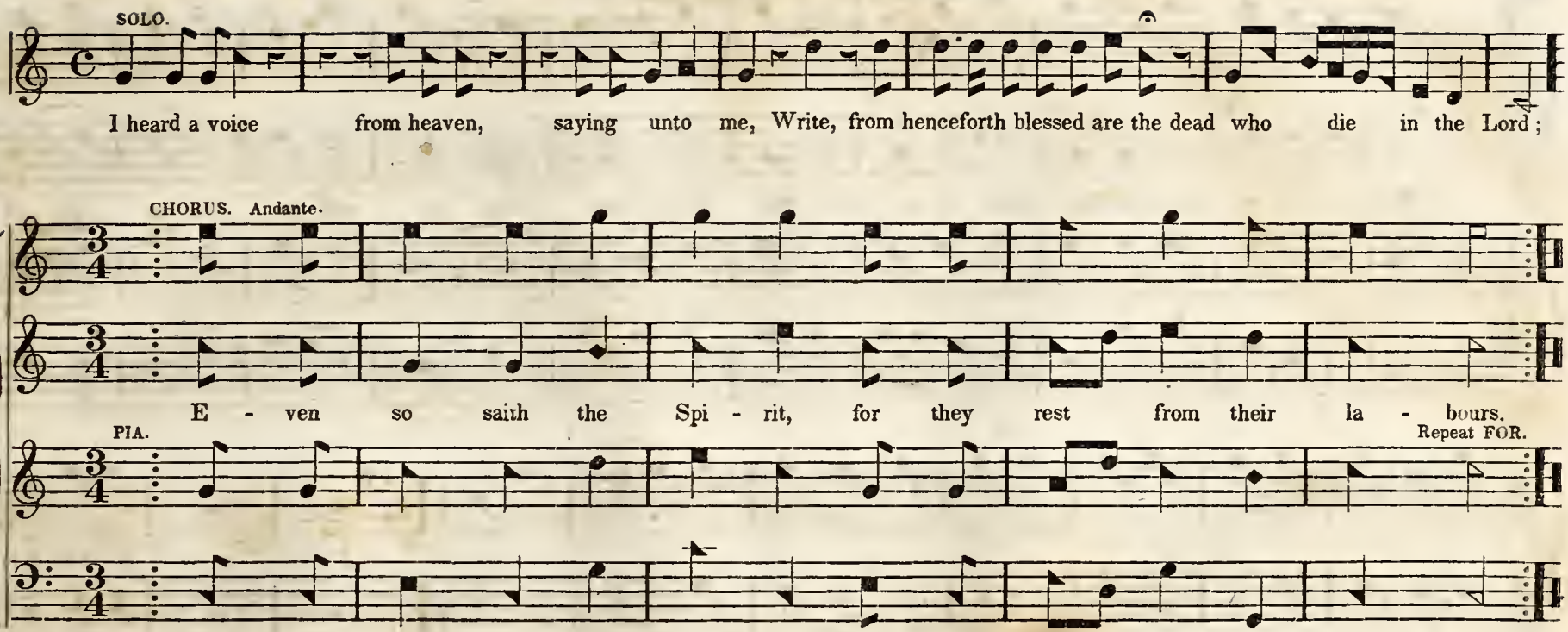
THE VOICE OF PEACE.

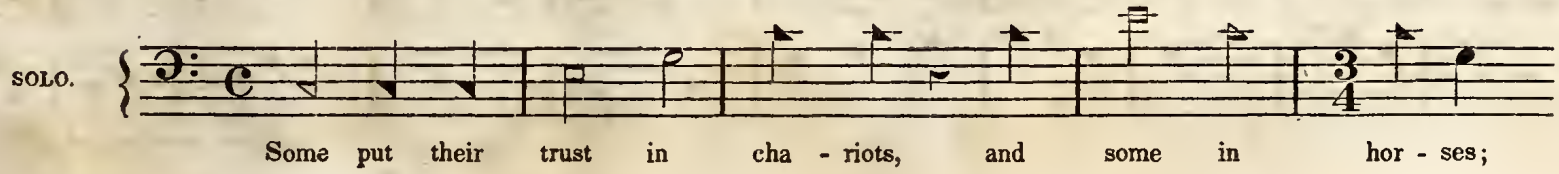
Mazzinghi.

2d Treble.
Peace, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan Hath taught these rocks the notes of wo;
2. Come, freely come, by sin op - prest, Un - bur - then here the weighty load,
Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan, And let thy tears for - get to flow;
Here find thy re - fuge and thy rest, And trust the mer - cy of thy God.

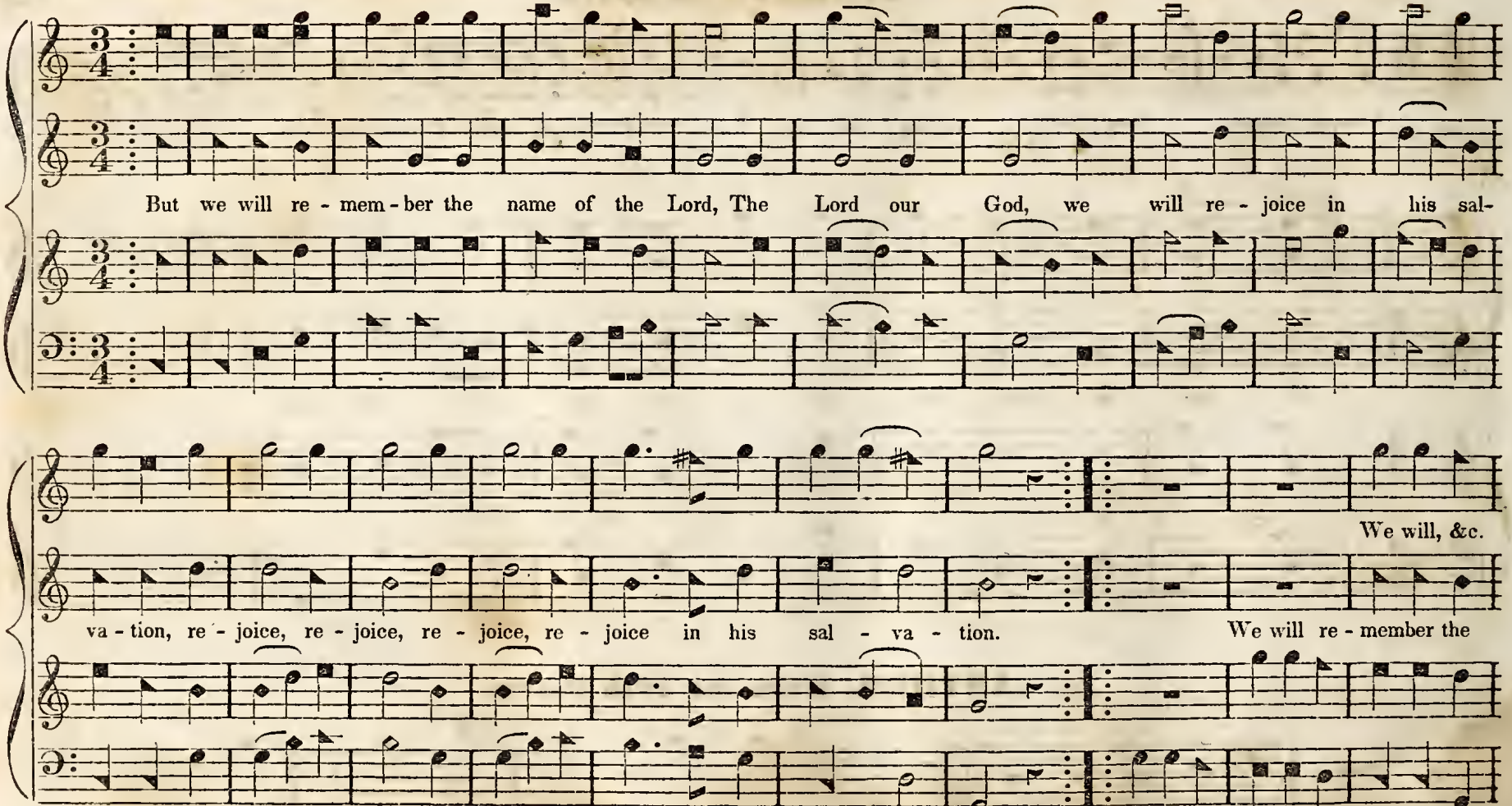
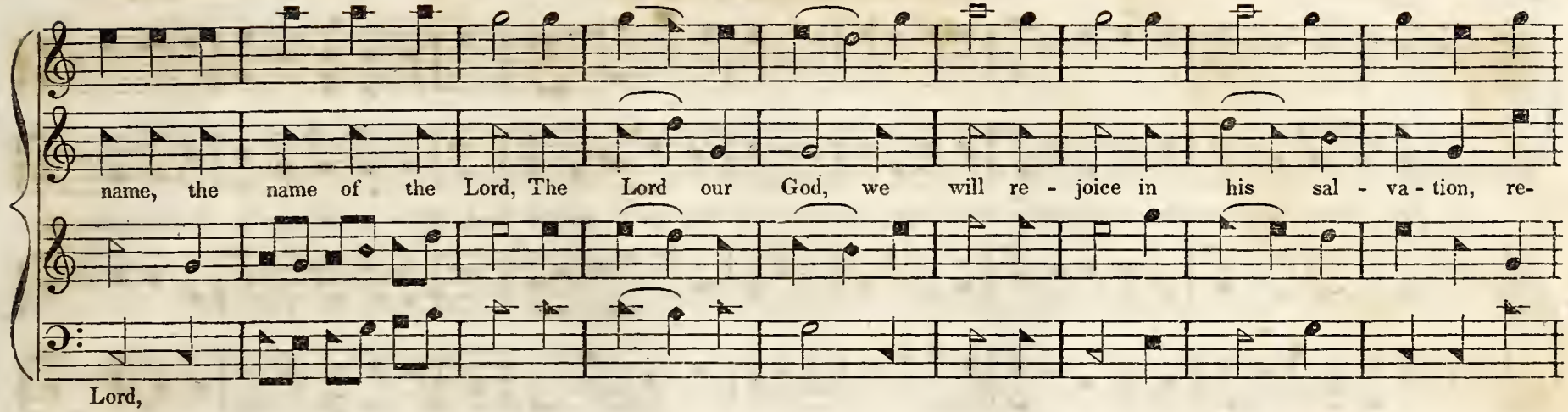
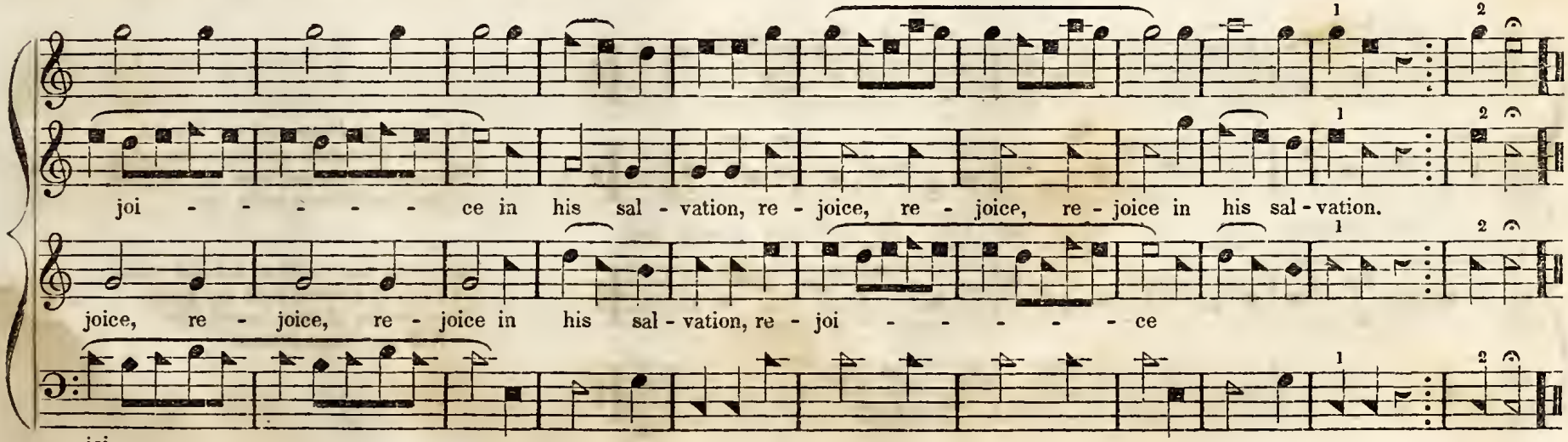
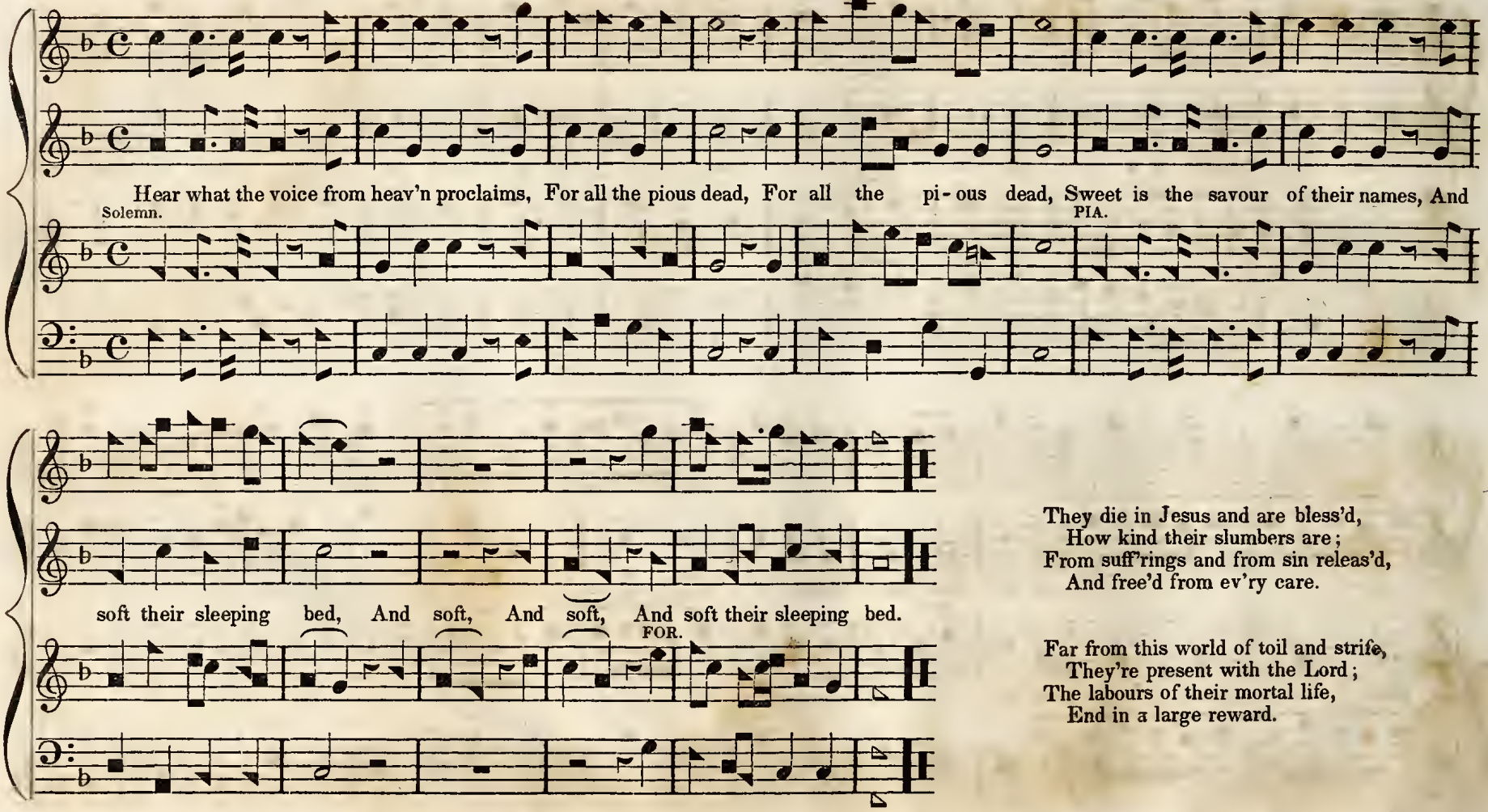

Be - hold the precious balm is found, To lull thy pain, to heal thy wound.
Thy God's thy Sa - viour, glo - rious word, For ev - er love and praise the Lord.

THE BARREN FIG TREE.

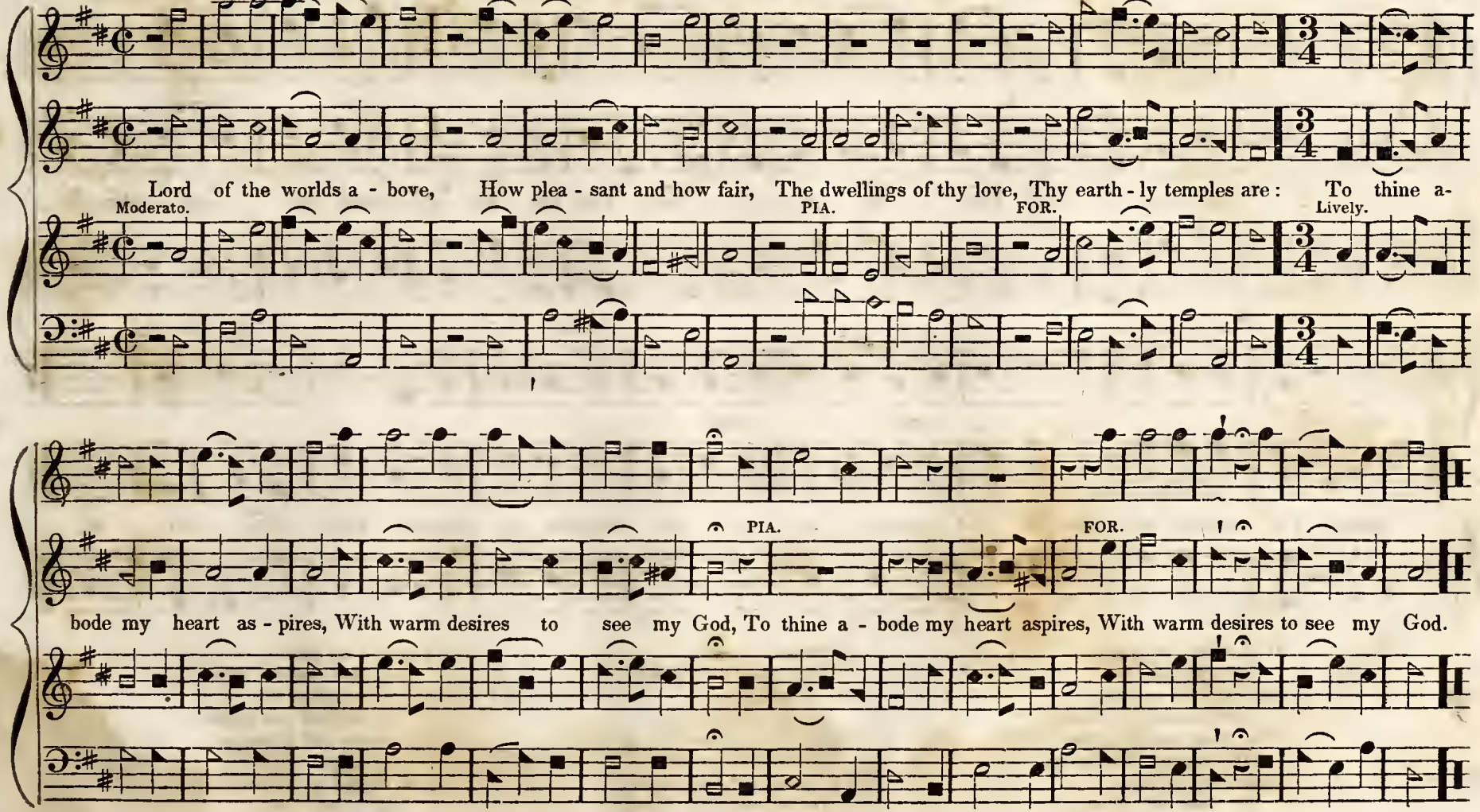
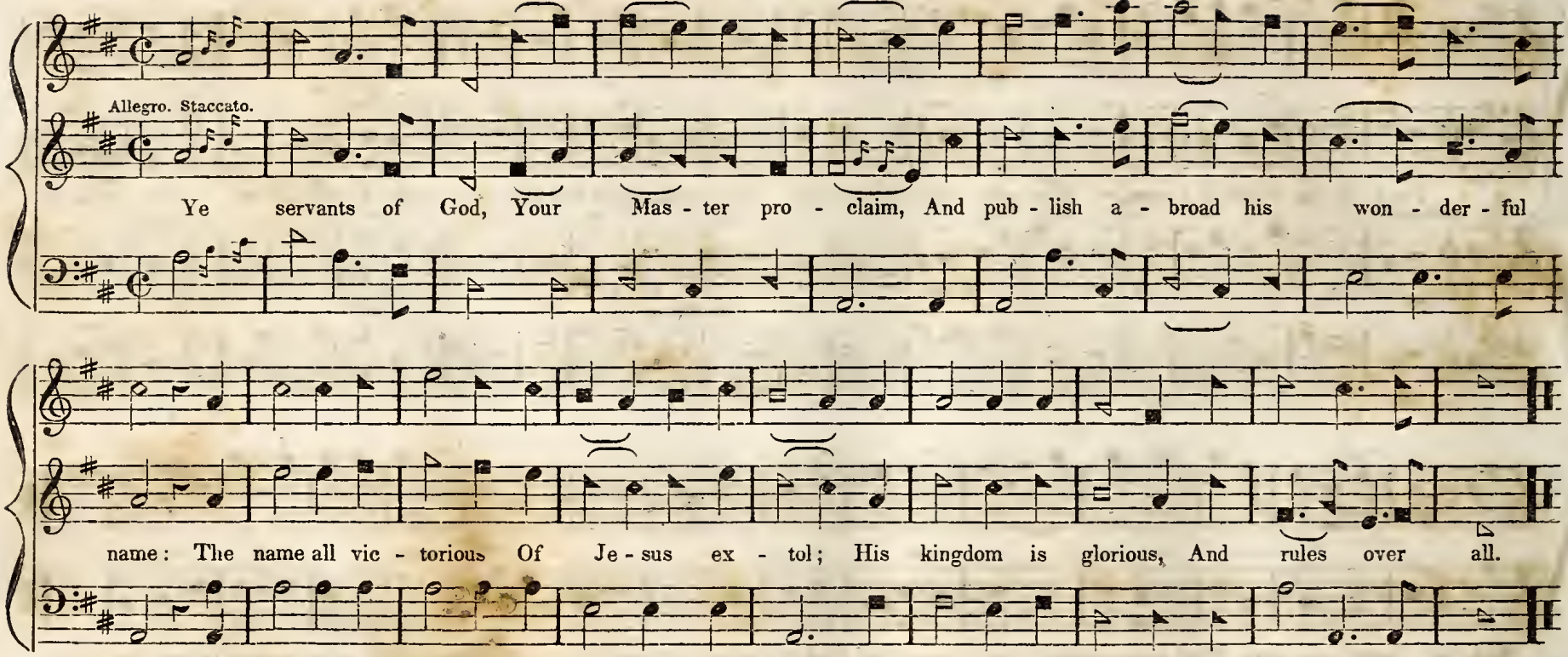
Beaumont.

Moderato.
Although the fig - tree, although the fig - tree shall not blos - som, neither shall fruit be in the vine,
2d time FOR.
2d time FOR.
The la - bour of the o - live shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; The flocks shall

THE BARREN FIG TREE, Continued.

Vivace.
be cut off from the fold, And there shall be no herd in the stall; Yet will I re-
PIA.
FOR.
joice in the Lord, Yet will I re . joice in the Lord, Yet will I re joice, will re joice in the Lord,
I will joy in the God of my sal - va - tion, I will joy, I will joy,
I will joy, I will
Adagio.
I will joy in the God of my sal - va - tion, of my sal - va - tion.
joy in the God, the God of my

SOLO.
I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, from henceforth blessed are the dead who die in the Lord;
CHORUS. Andante.
E - ven so saith the Spi - rit, for they rest from their la - bours.
PIA.
Repeat FOR.

ANTHEM, from the 20th Psalm.

ANTHEM, Continued.


But we will re - mem - ber the name of the Lord, The Lord our God, we will re - joice in his sal-
We will, &c.
va - tion, re - joice, re - joice, re - joice, re - joice in his sal - va - tion.
We will re - member the
We will re - member the name of the

name, the name of the Lord, The Lord our God, we will re - joice in his sal - va - tion, re-
Lord,

joi - - - - - - ce in his sal - vation, re - joice, re - joice, re - joice in his sal - vation.
joice, re - joice, re - joice in his sal - vation, re - joi - - - - - - ce
joi - - - - - - - ce

Hear what the voice from heav'n proclaims, For all the pious dead, For all the pi-ous dead, Sweet is the savour of their names, And
Solemn.
PIA.
soft their sleeping bed, And soft, And soft, And soft their sleeping bed.
FOR.

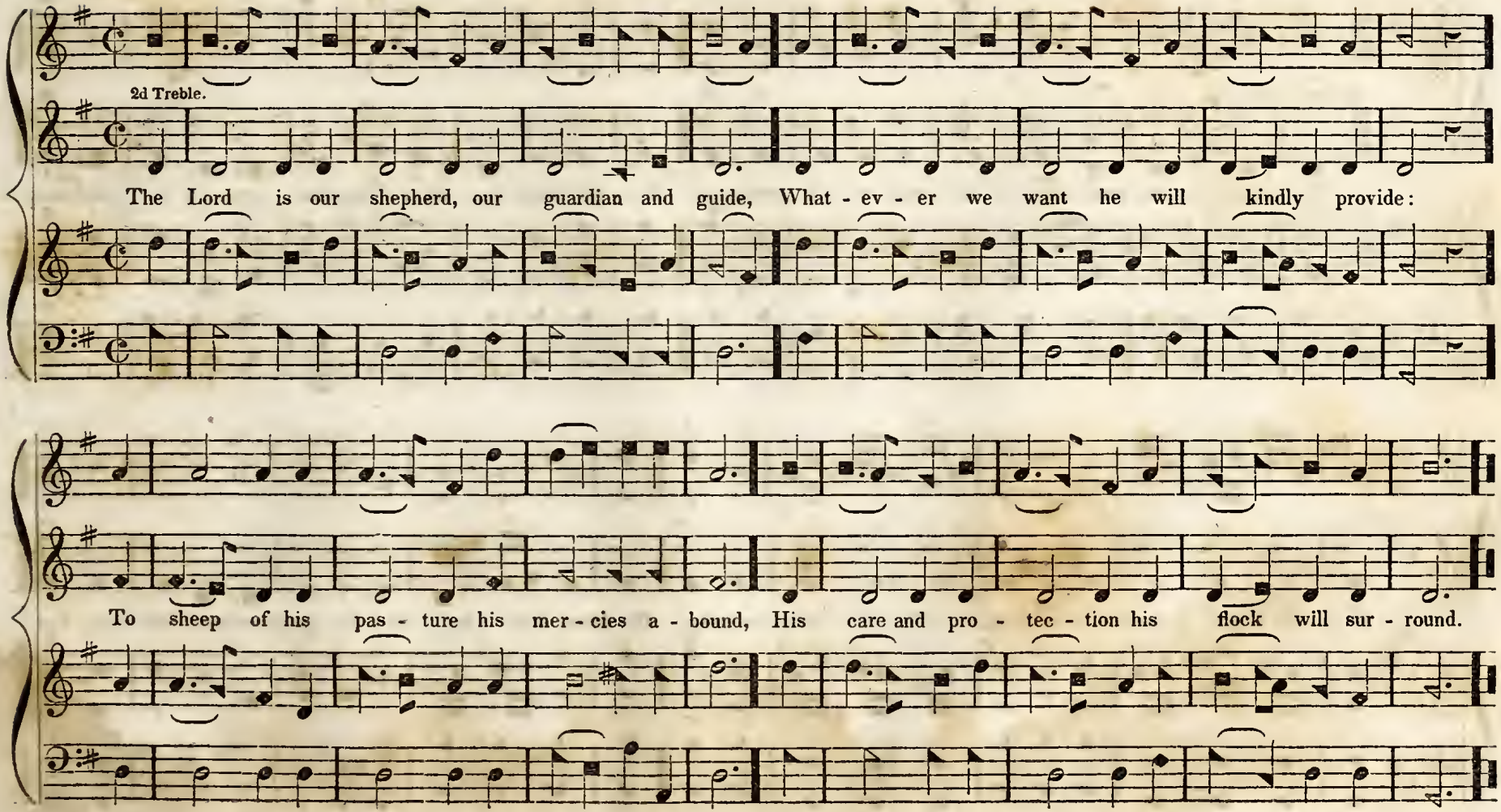
They die in Jesus and are bless'd,
How kind their slumbers are;
From suff'rings and from sin releas'd,
And free'd from ev'ry care.

Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord;
The labours of their mortal life,
End in a large reward.

Lord of the worlds a - bove, How plea - sant and how fair, The dwellings of thy love, Thy earth - ly temples are: To thine a-
Moderato.
PIA.
FOR.
Lively.
PIA.
FOR.
bode my heart as - pires, With warm desires to see my God, To thine a - bode my heart aspires, With warm desires to see my God.

Allegro. Staccato.
Ye servants of God, Your Mas - ter pro - claim, And pub - lish a - broad his won - der - ful
name: The name all vic - torious Of Je - sus ex - tol; His kingdom is glorious, And rules over all.

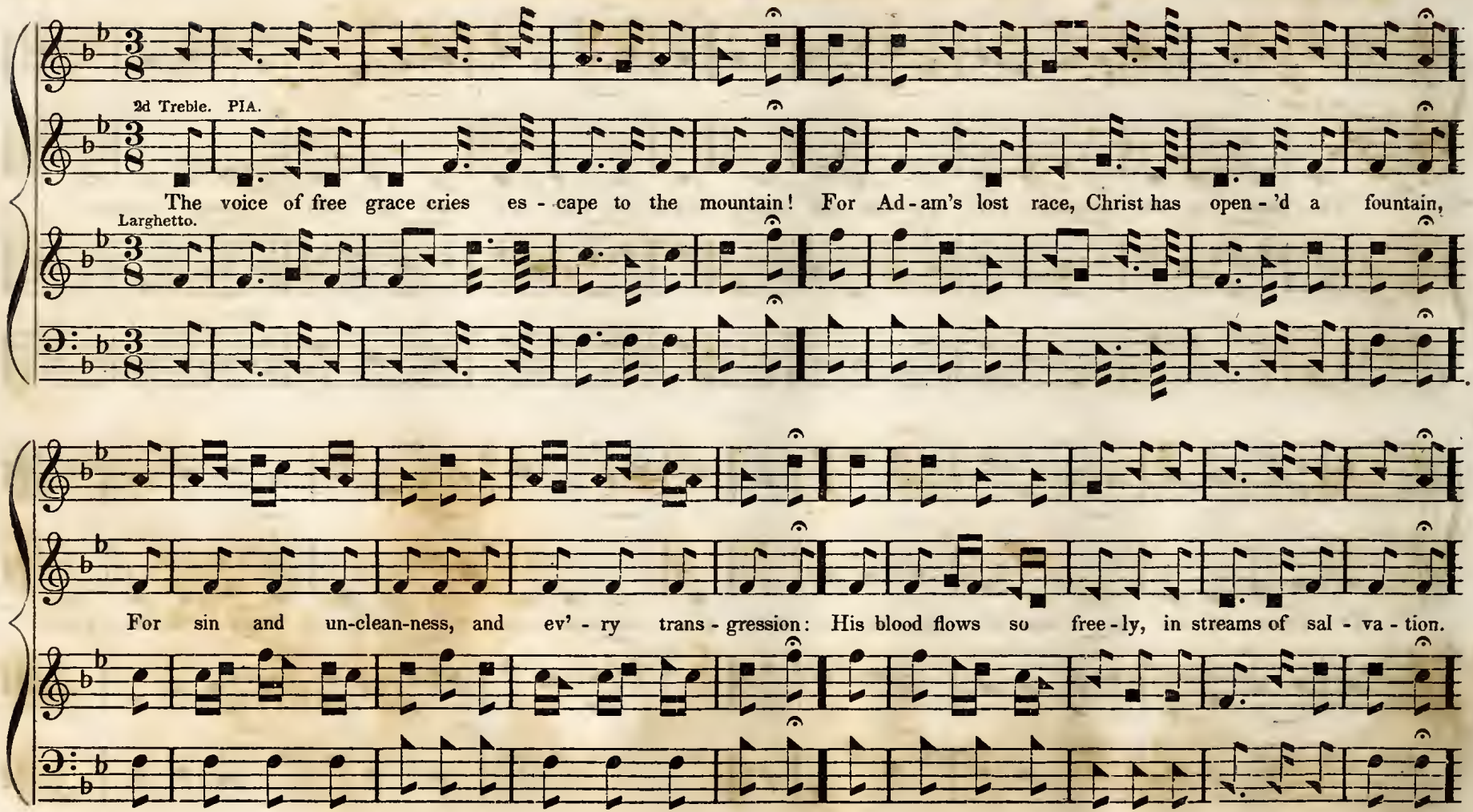
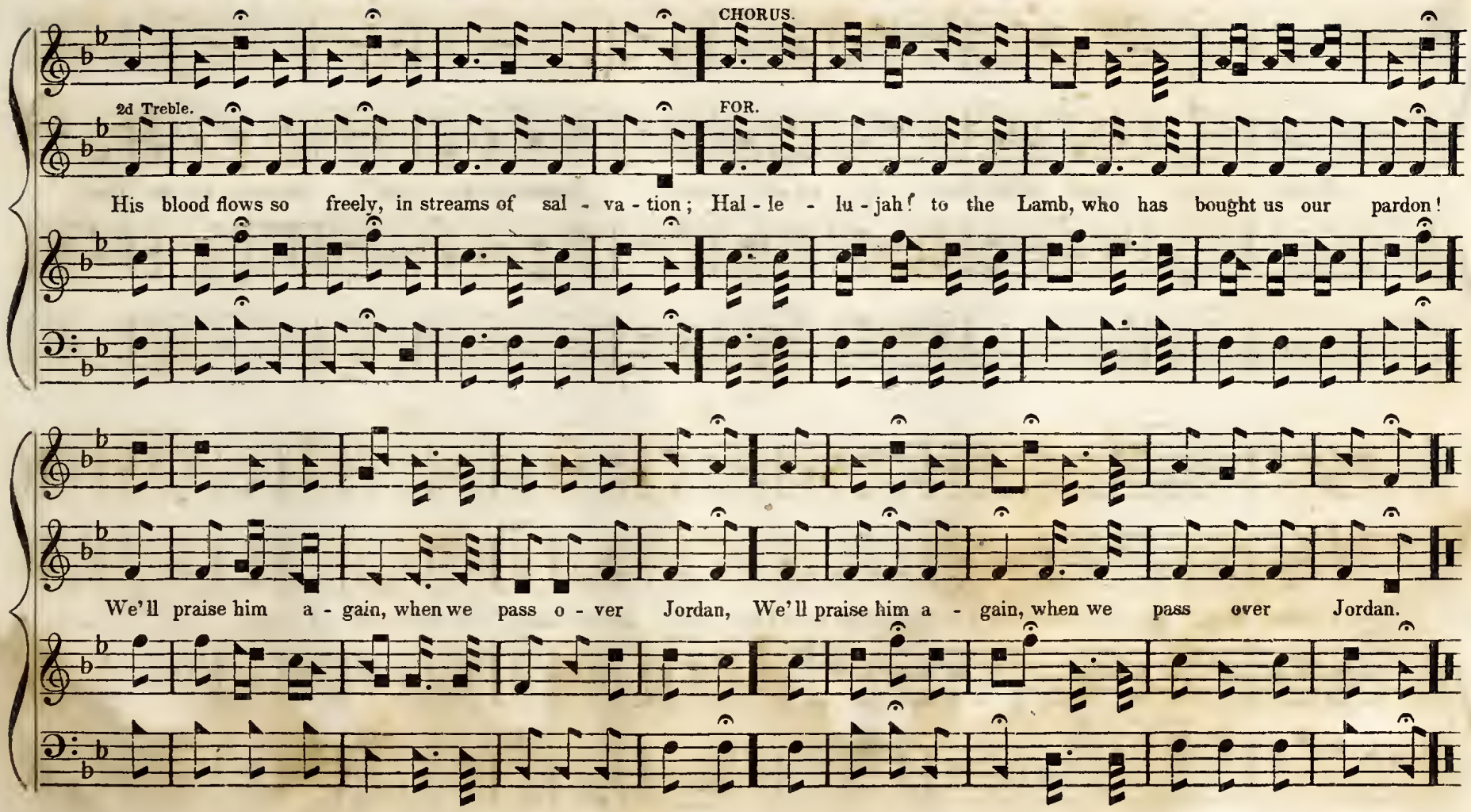
God ruleth on high,
Almighty to save;
And still he is nigh,
His presence we have:
The great congregation
His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation
To Jesus our King.

Salvation to God
Who sits on the throne;
Let all cry aloud,
And honour the Son:
Our Jesus's praises
The angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces
And worship the Lamb.

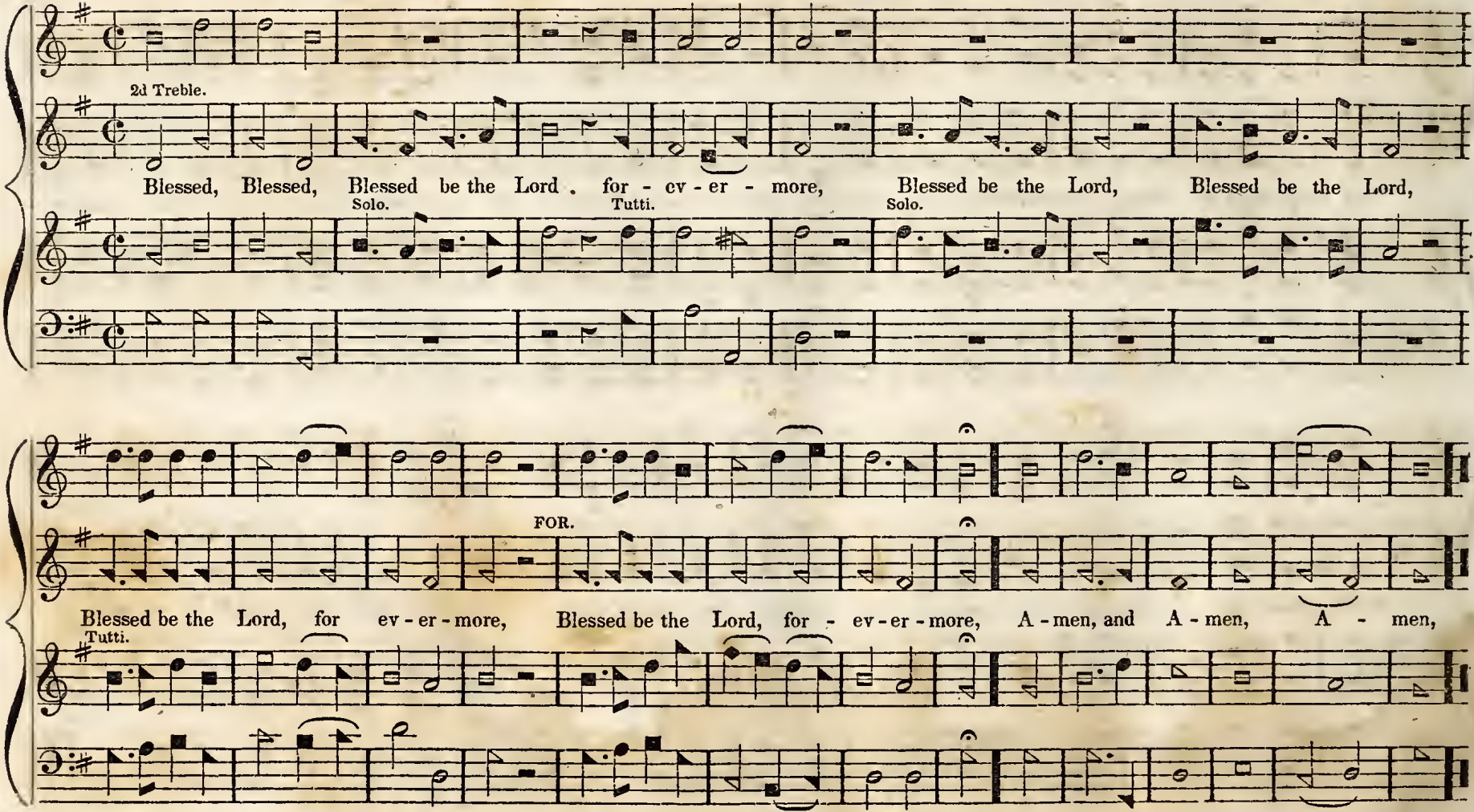
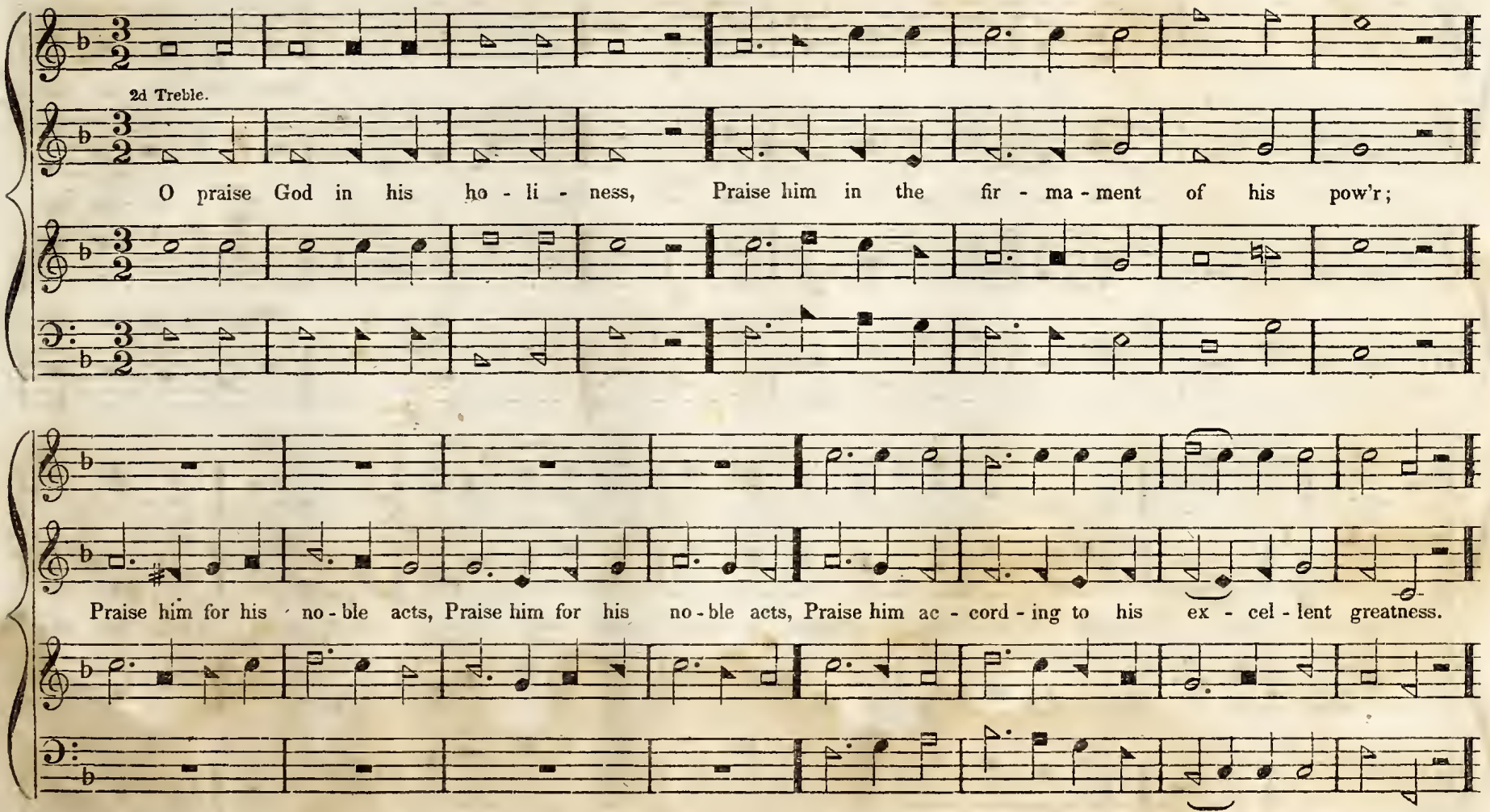
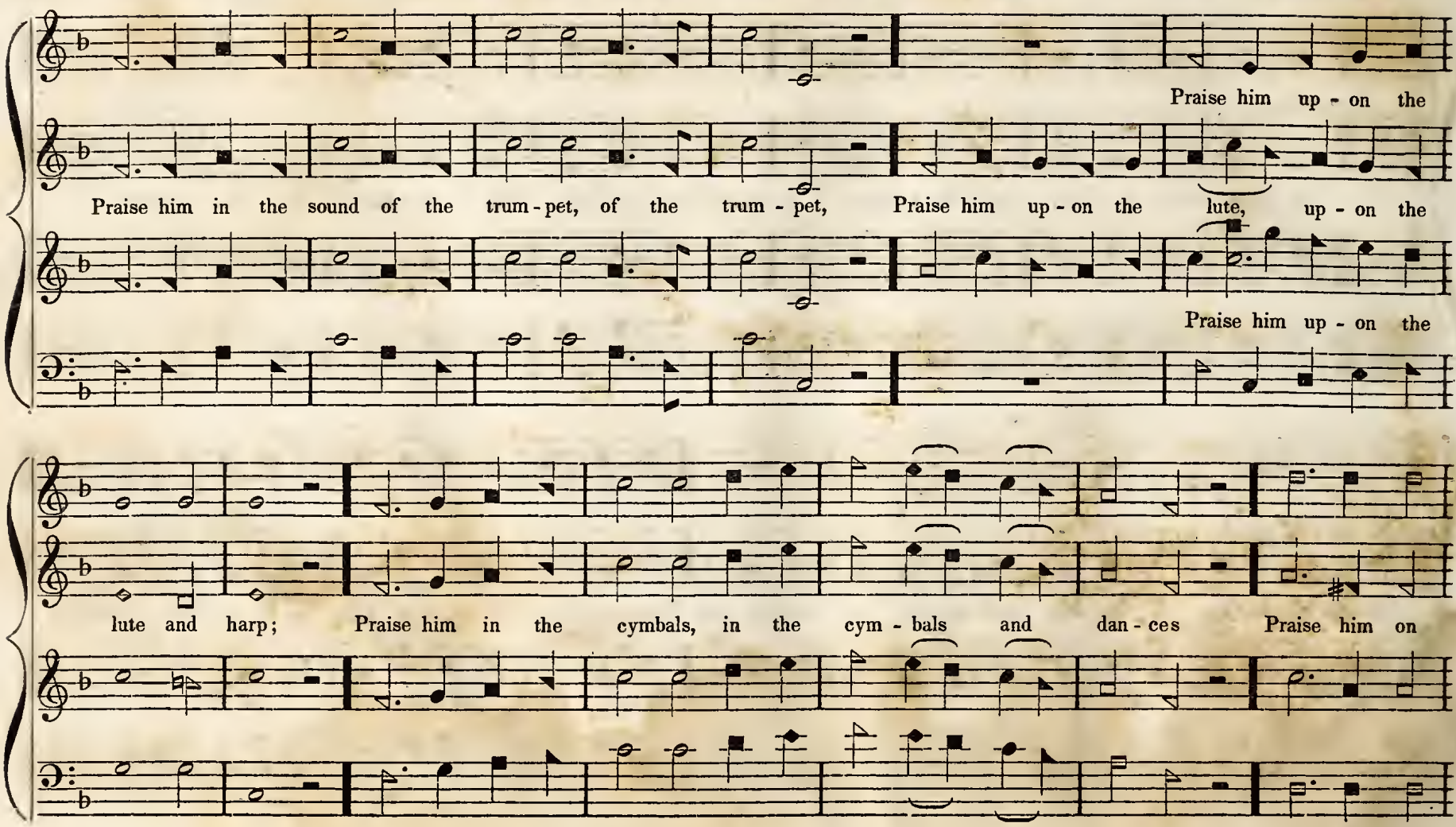
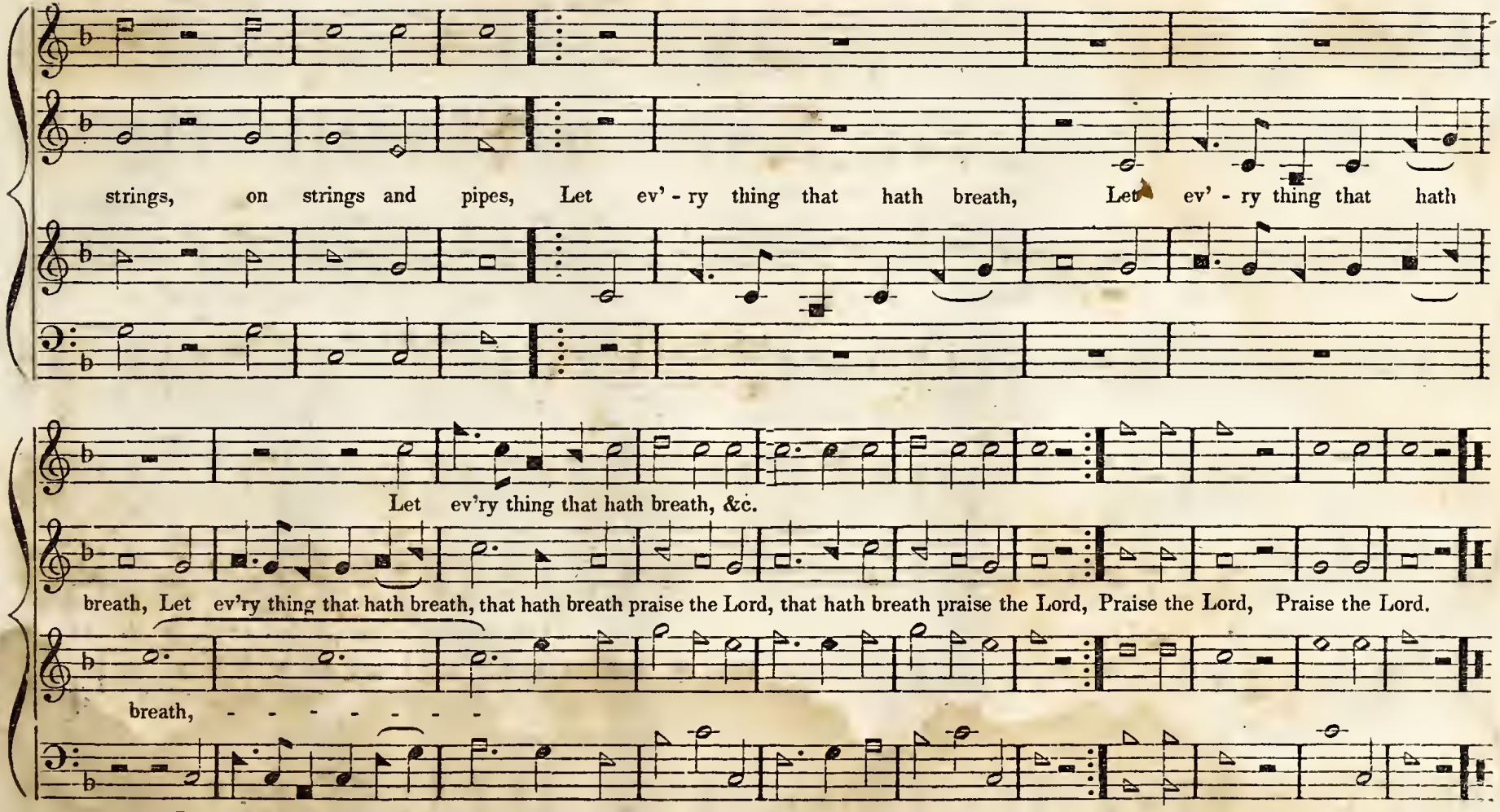
Then let us adore,
And give him his right;
All glory and pow'r,
And wisdom and might,
All honour and blessing,
With angels above,
And thanks never ceasing,
And infinite love.

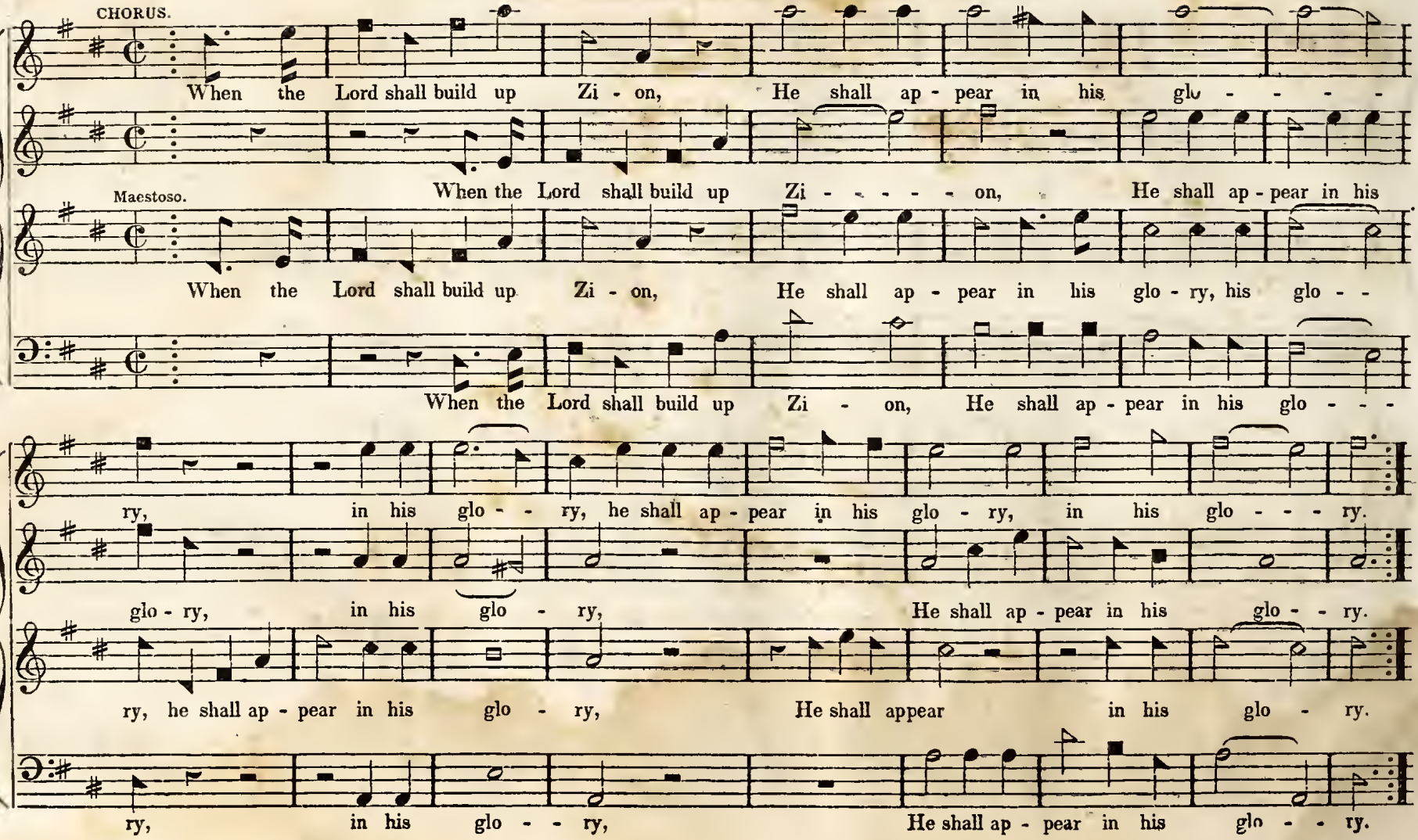
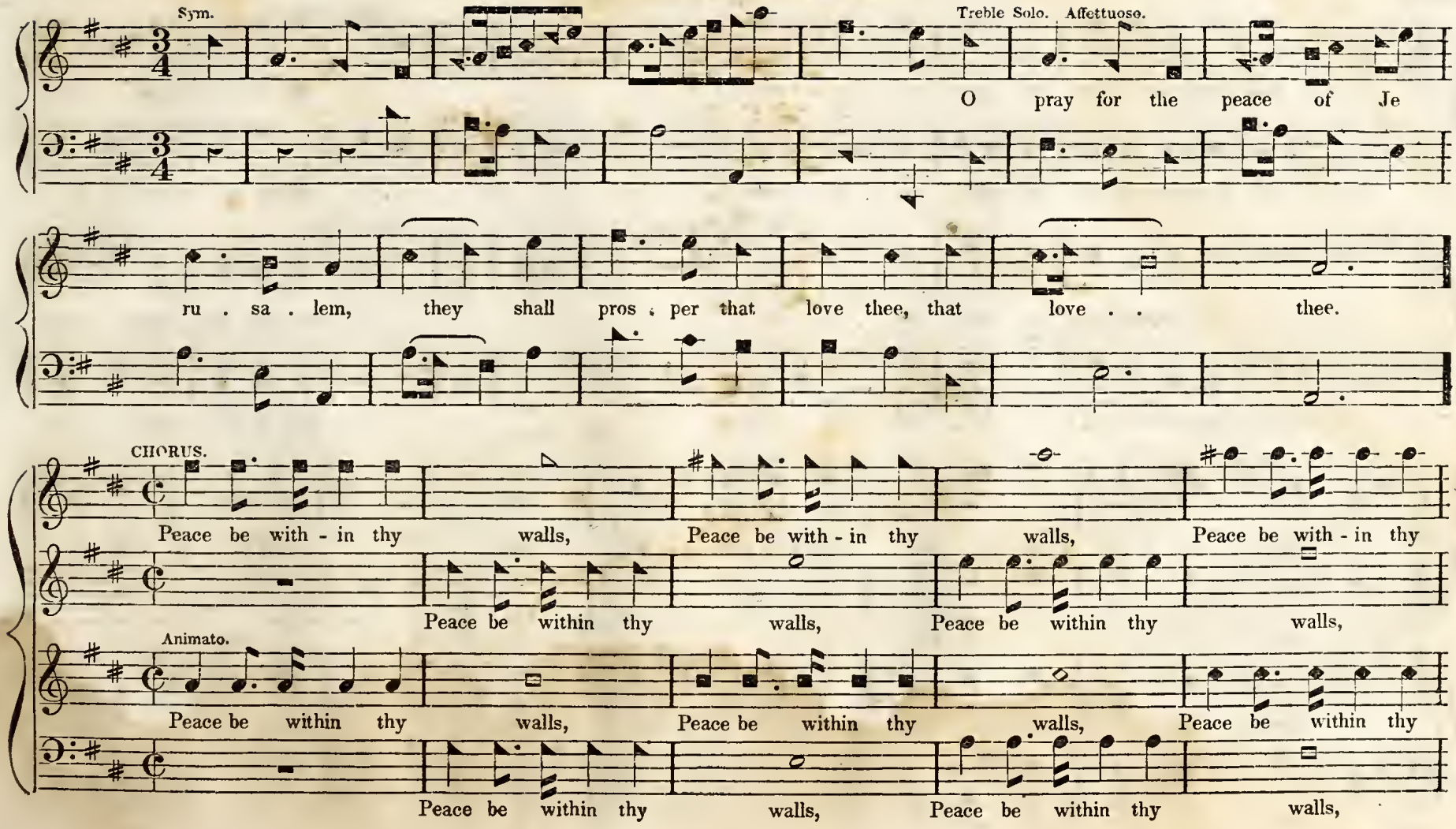

2d Treble.
The Lord is our shepherd, our guardian and guide, What - ev - er we want he will kindly provide:
To sheep of his pas - ture his mer - cies a - bound, His care and pro - tec - tion his flock will sur - round.

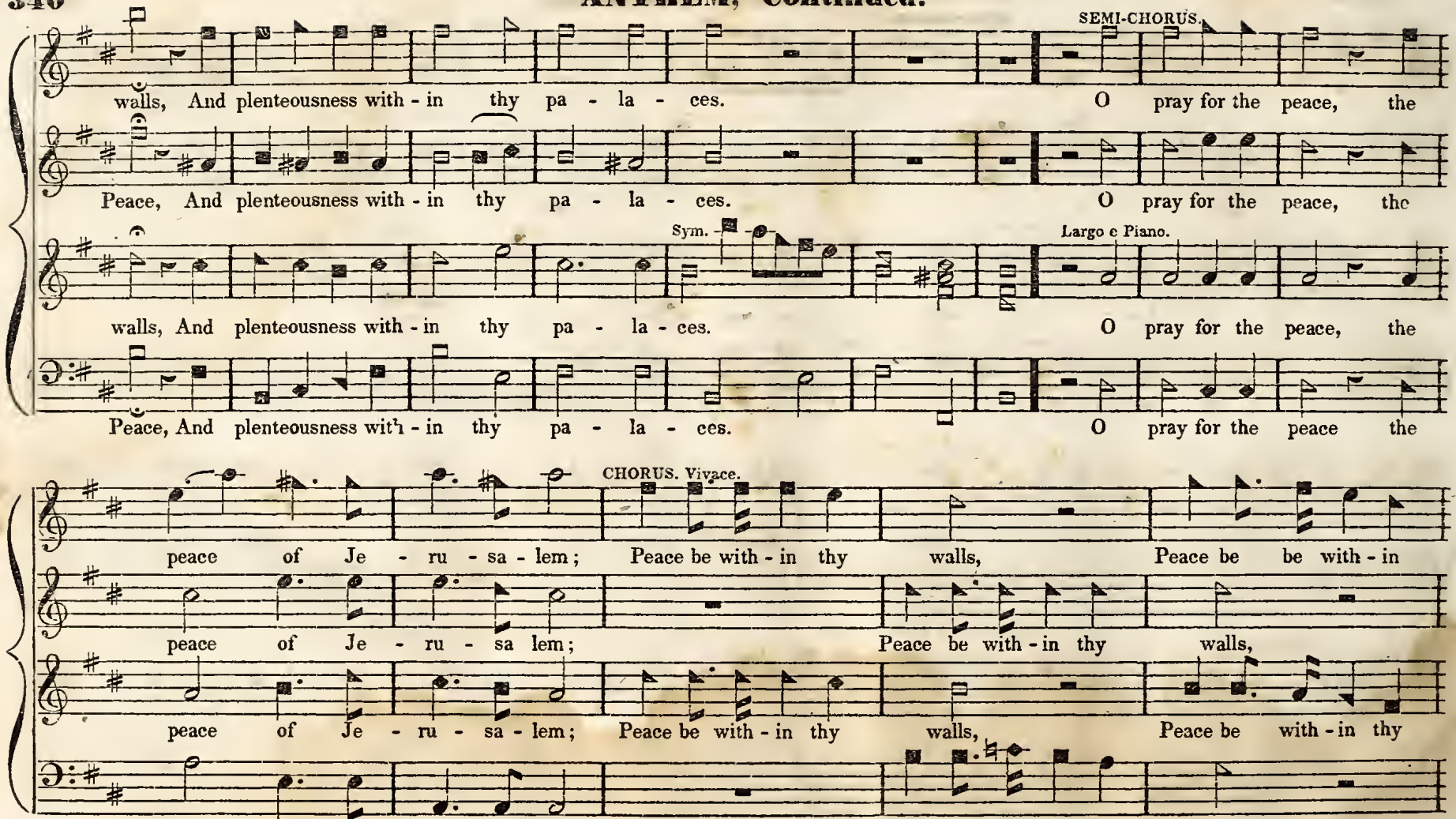
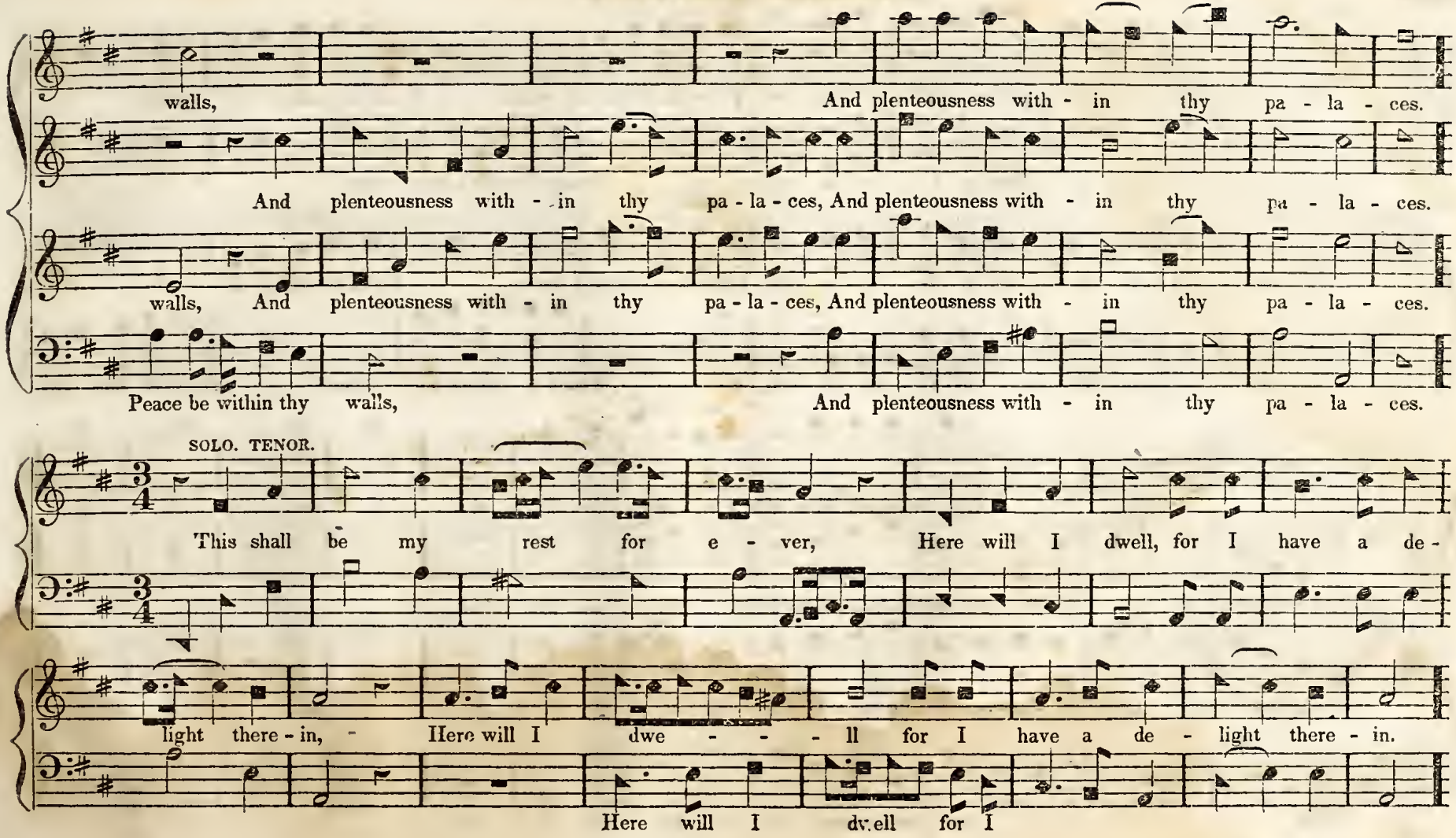
THE VOICE OF FREE GRACE.

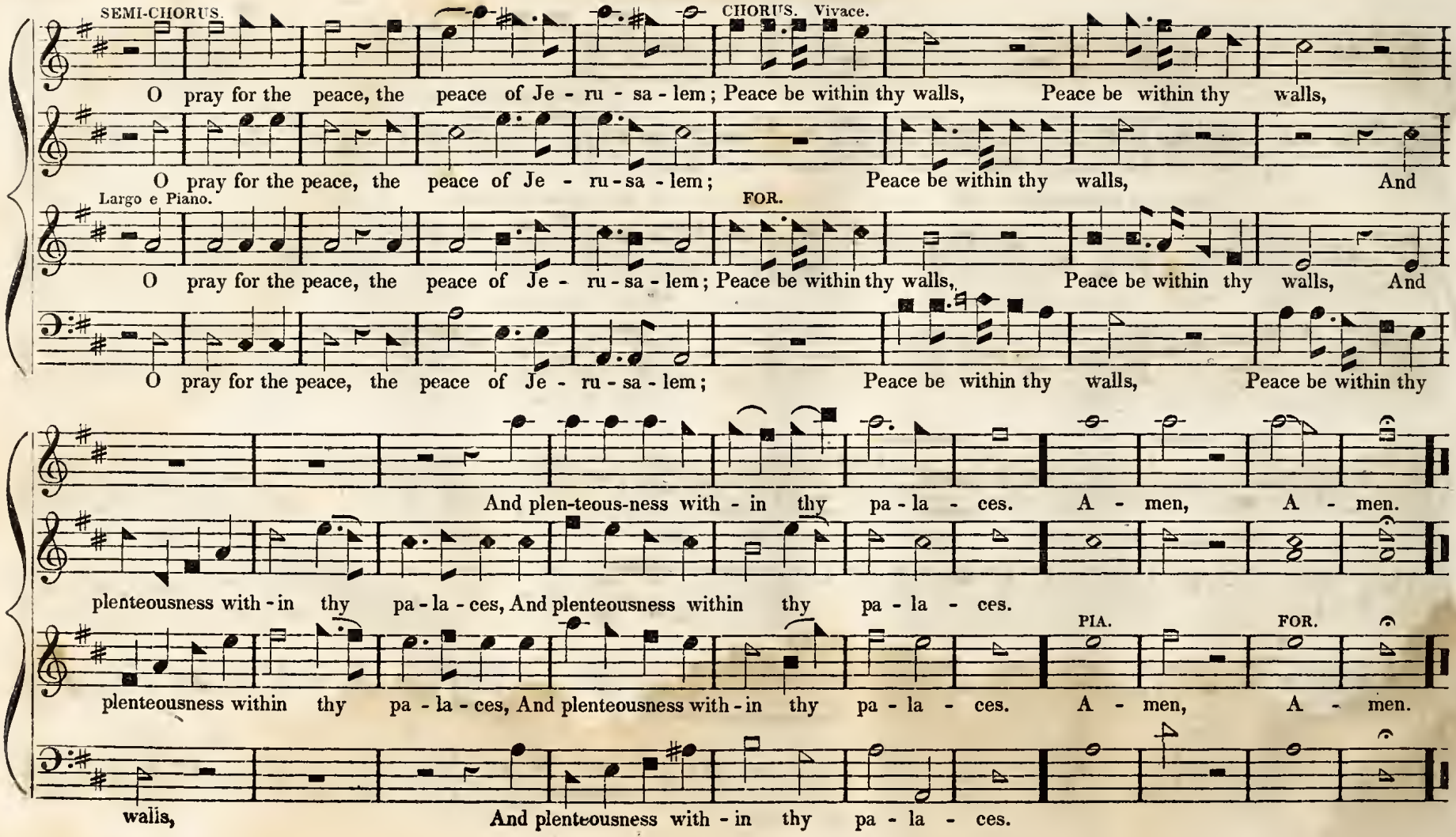
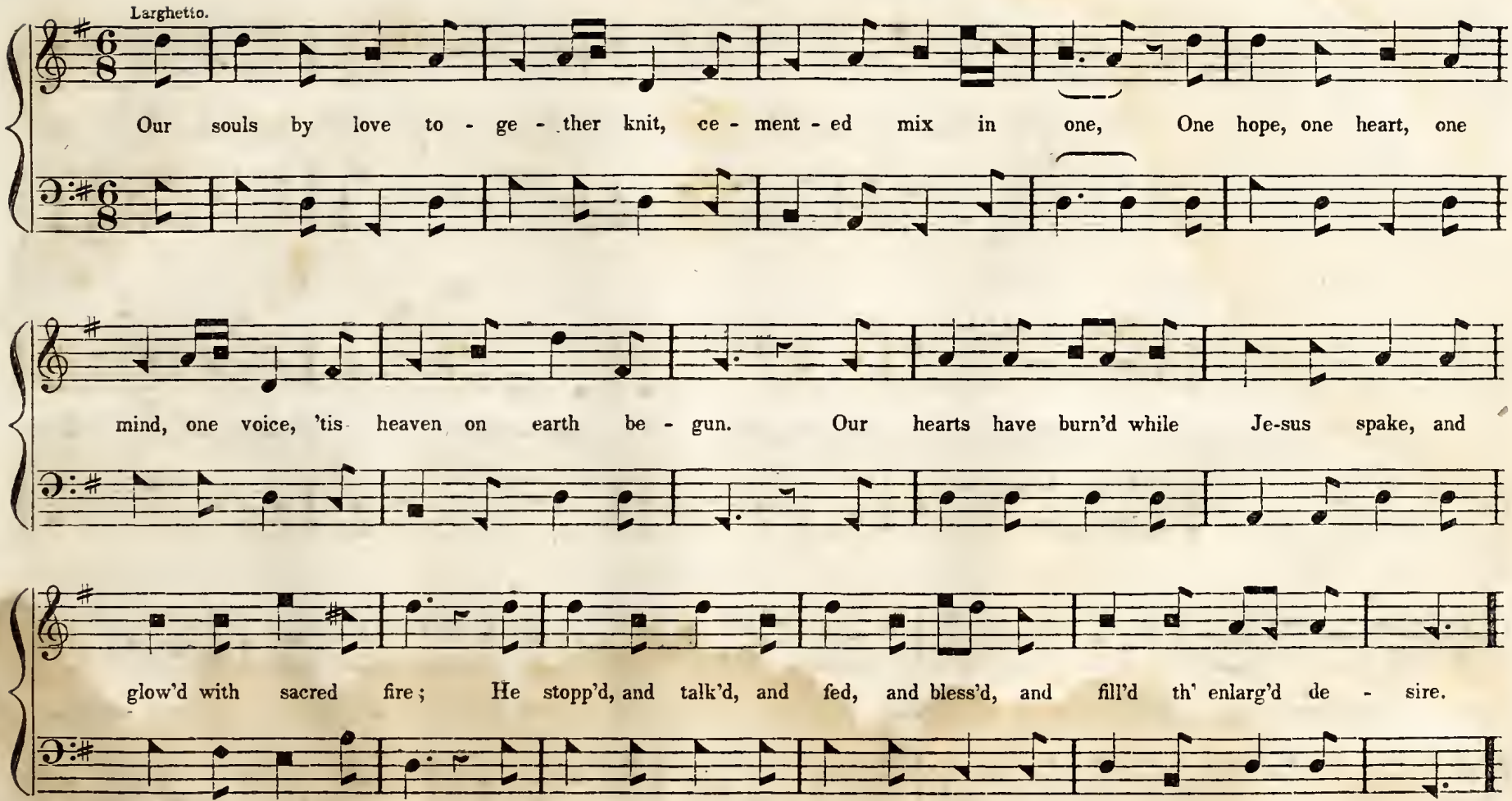
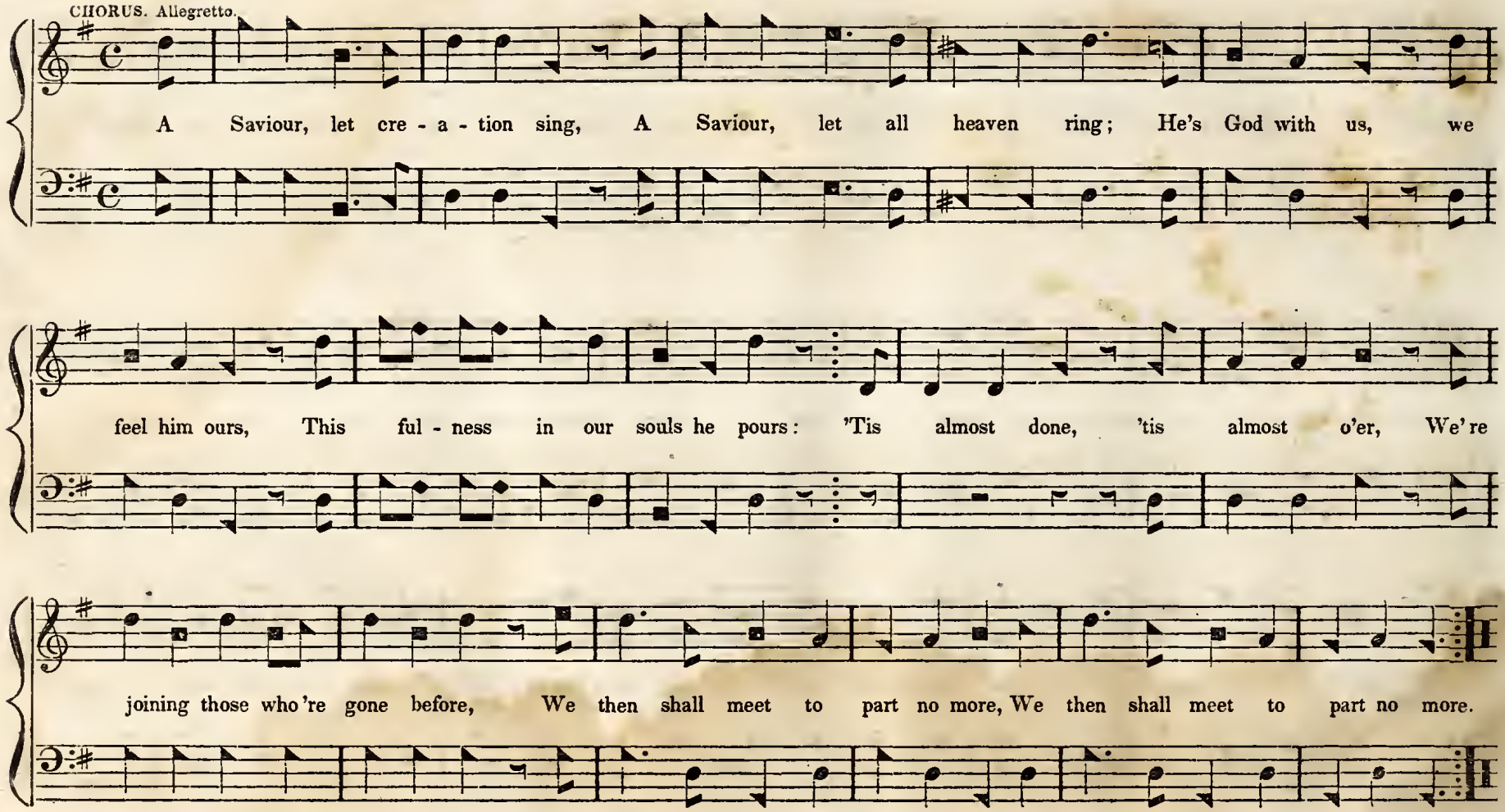
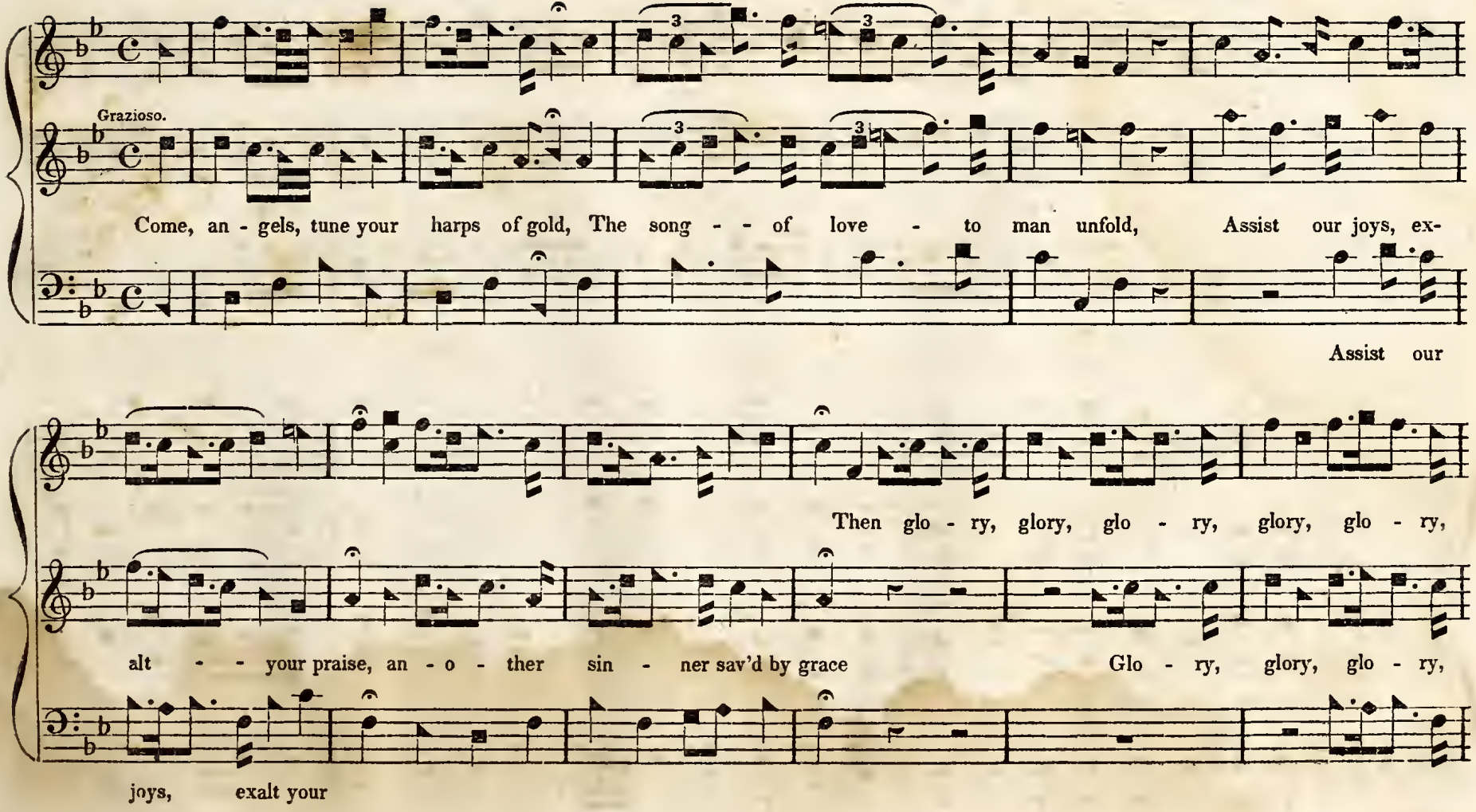
Dr. Clark.

2d Treble. PIA.
Larghetto.
The voice of free grace cries es - cape to the mountain! For Ad - am's lost race, Christ has open - 'd a fountain,
For sin and un-clean-ness, and ev' - ry trans - gression: His blood flows so free - ly, in streams of sal - va - tion.

CHORUS.
2d Treble.
FOR.
His blood flows so freely, in streams of sal - va - tion; Hal - le - lu - jah! to the Lamb, who has bought us our pardon!
We'll praise him a - gain, when we pass o - ver Jordan, We'll praise him a - gain, when we pass over Jordan.

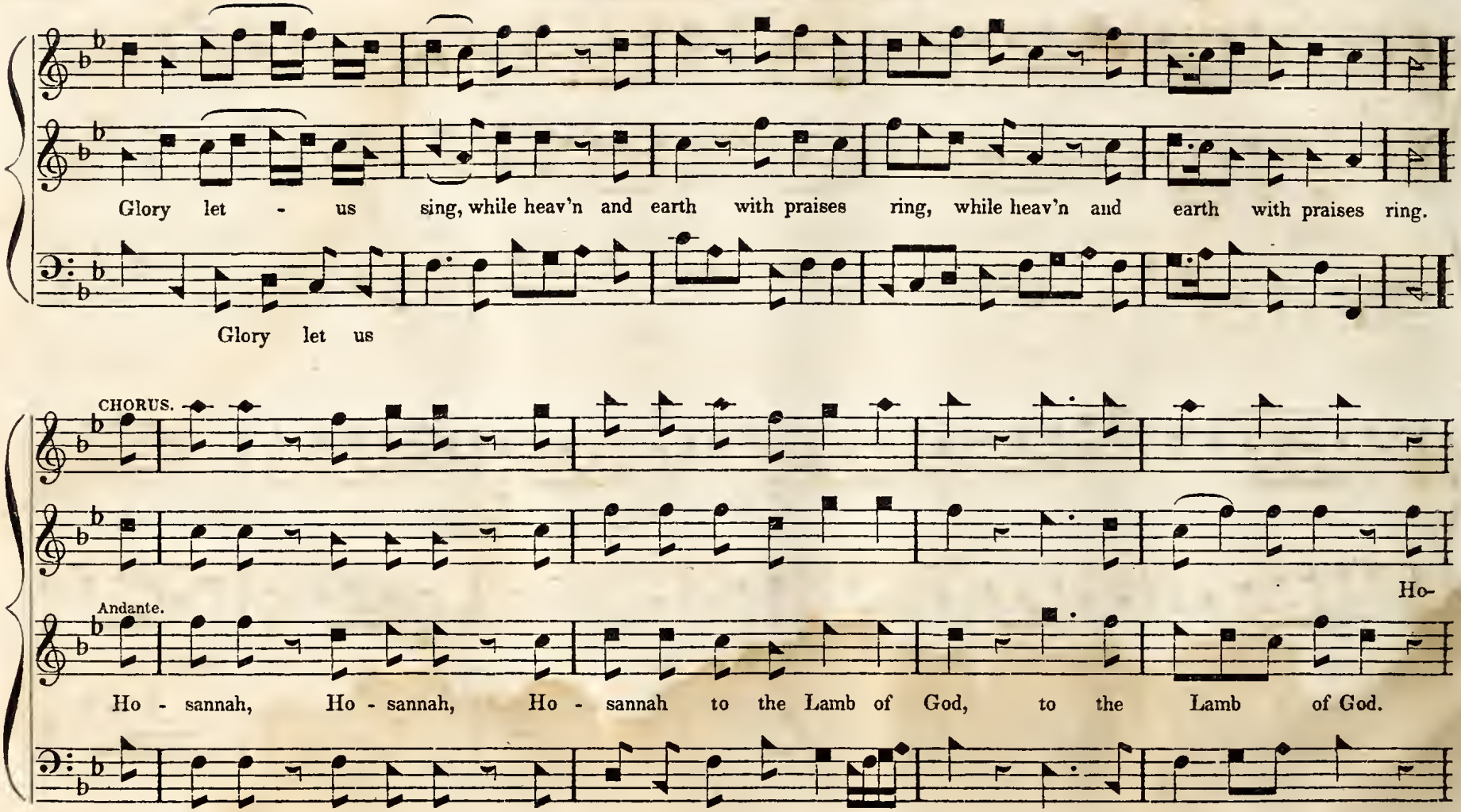
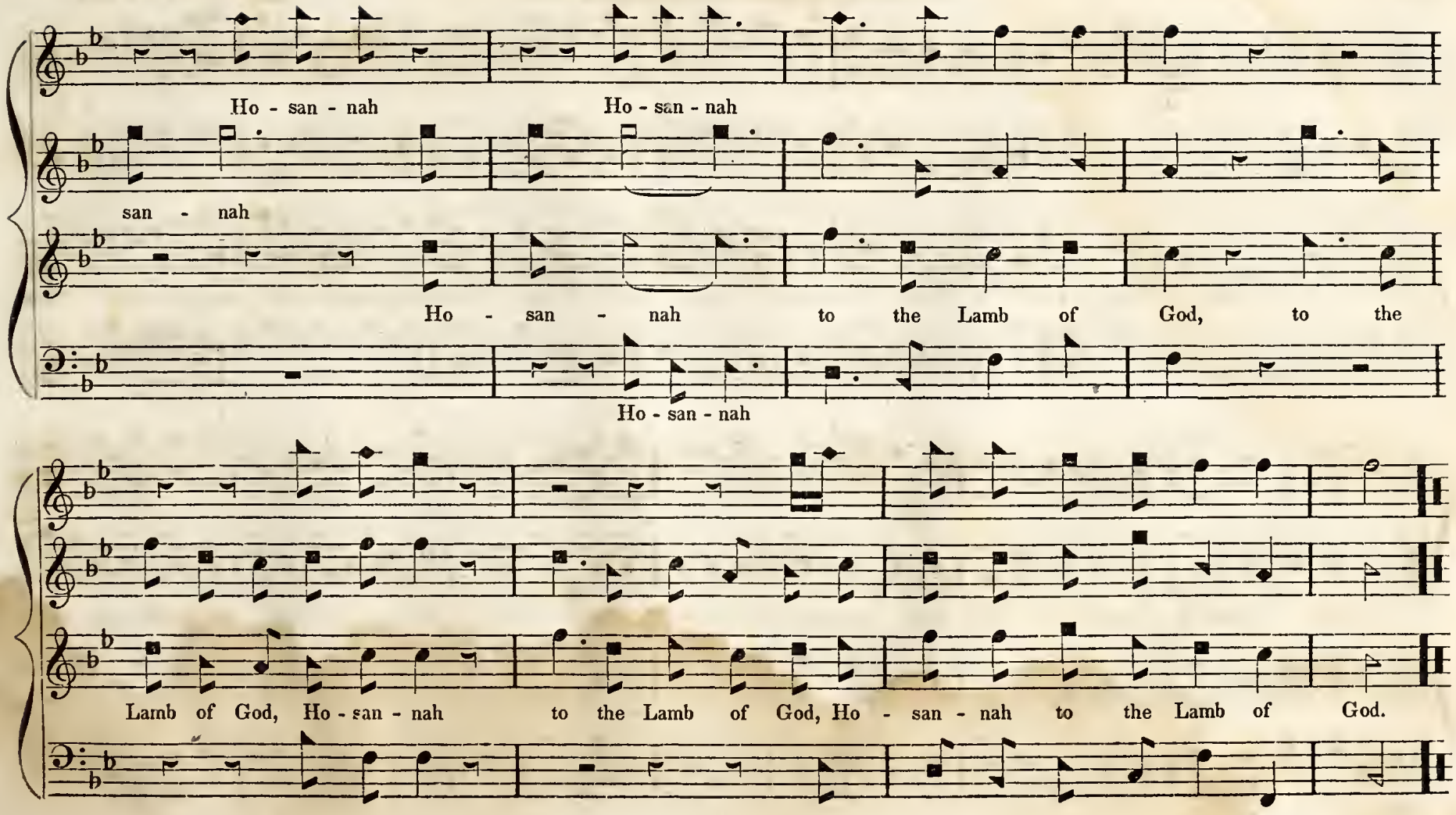
BLESSED BE THE LORD FOR EVERMORE.

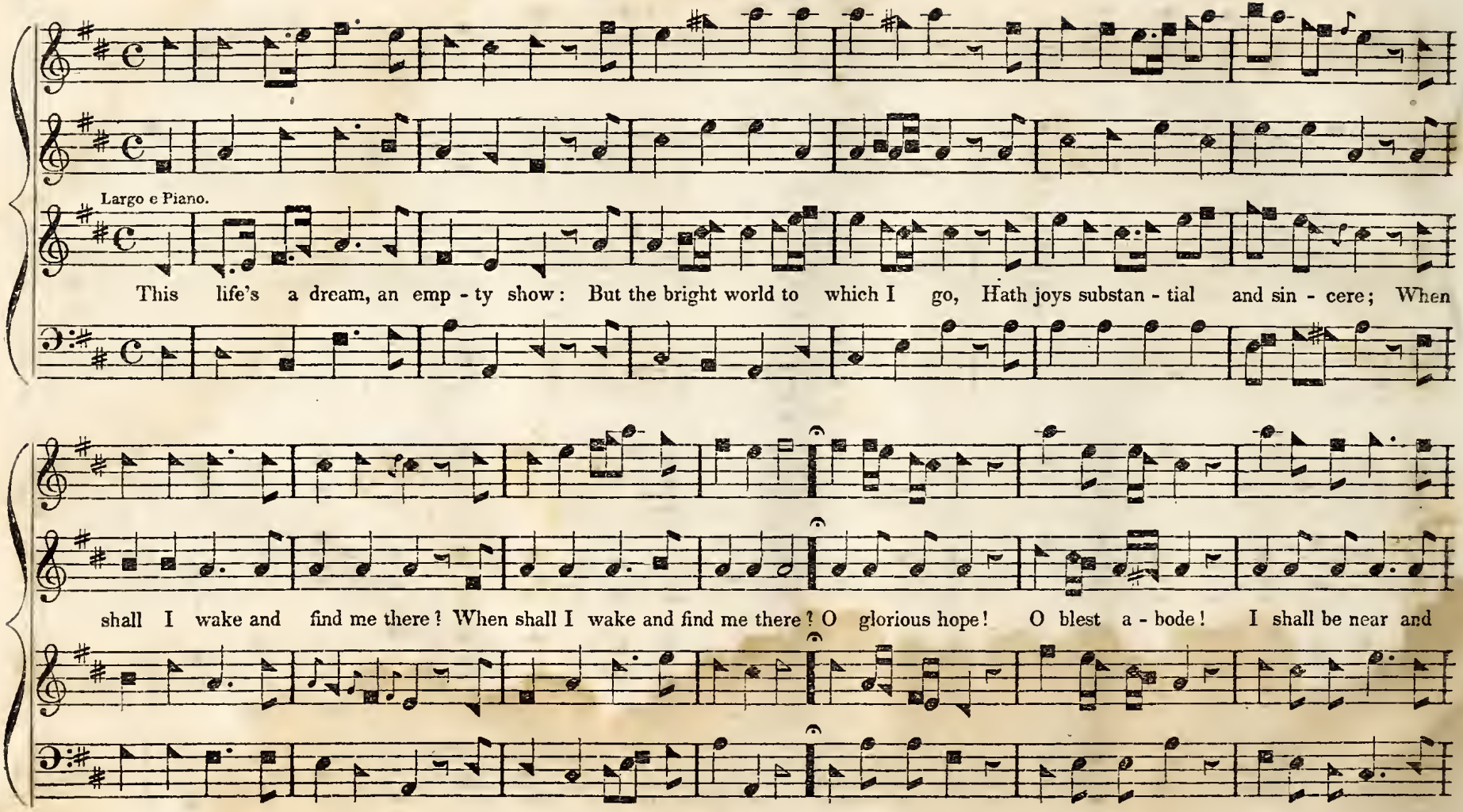
Rev. A. Thompson.

2d Treble.
Blessed, Blessed, Blessed be the Lord . for - ev - er - more,
Solo.
Tutti.
Solo.
Blessed be the Lord, Blessed be the Lord,
FOR.
Blessed be the Lord, for ev - er - more, Blessed be the Lord, for - ev - er - more, A - men, and A - men, A - men,
Tutti.

2d Treble.
O praise God in his ho - li - ness, Praise him in the fir - ma - ment of his pow'r;
Praise him for his no - ble acts, Praise him for his no - ble acts, Praise him ac - cord - ing to his ex - cel - lent greatness.

Praise him up - on the
Praise him in the sound of the trum - pet, of the trum - pet, Praise him up - on the lute, up - on the
Praise him up - on the
lute and harp; Praise him in the cymbals, in the cym - bals and dan - ces Praise him on

strings, on strings and pipes, Let ev' - ry thing that hath breath, Let ev' - ry thing that hath
Let ev'ry thing that hath breath, &c.
breath, Let ev'ry thing that hath breath, that hath breath praise the Lord, that hath breath praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord.
breath, - - - - - - -
Let ev'ry thing that hath breath, &c.

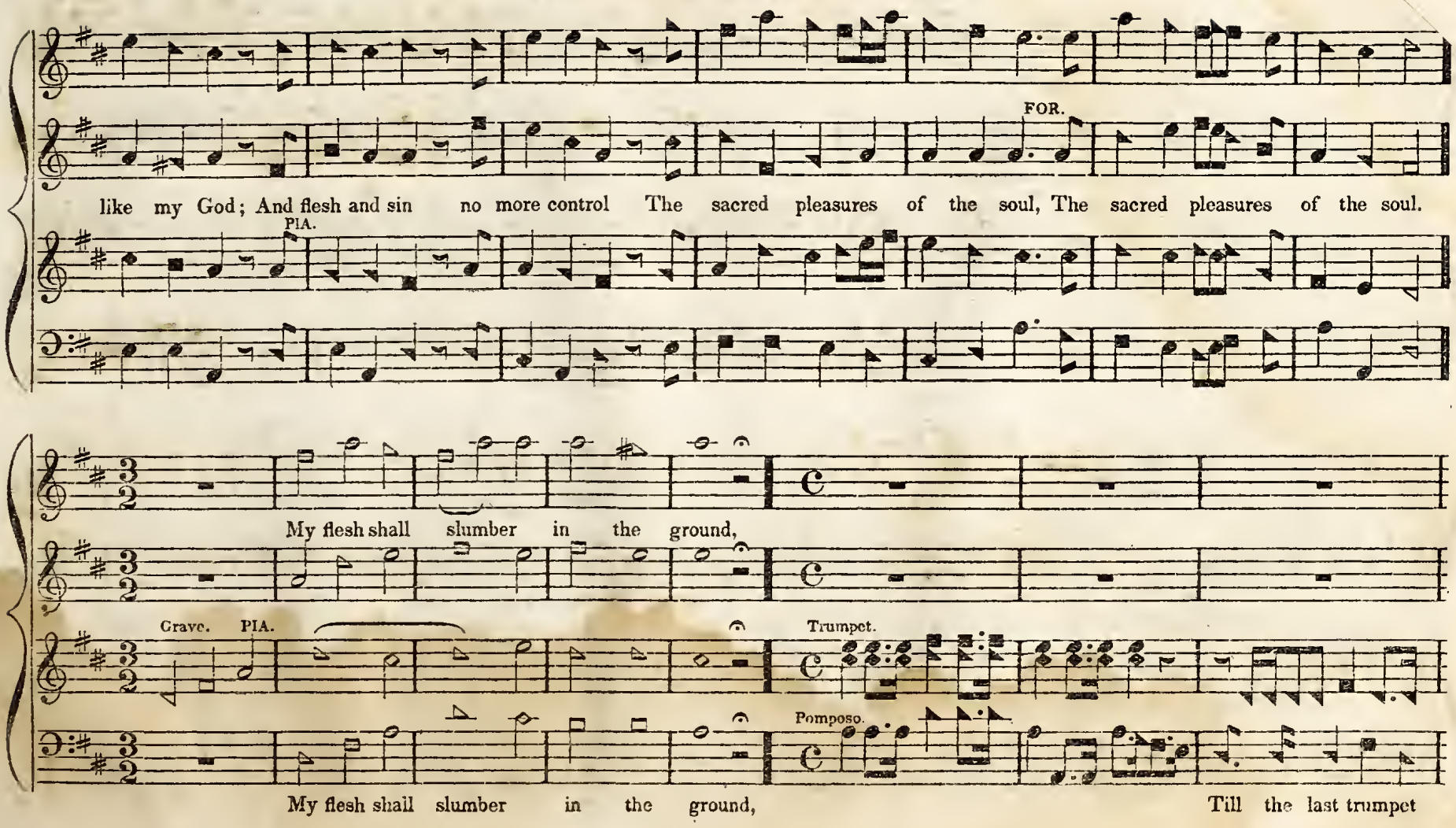
ANTHEM. "When the Lord shall build up Zion." J. Cole.

CHORUS.
When the Lord shall build up Zi - on, He shall ap - pear in his glo - - - - -
When the Lord shall build up Zi - - - - - on, He shall ap - pear in his
Maestoso.
When the Lord shall build up Zi - on, He shall ap - pear in his glo - ry, his glo - -
When the Lord shall build up Zi - on, He shall ap - pear in his glo - - -
ry, in his glo - - ry, he shall ap - pear in his glo - ry, in his glo - - - ry.
glo - ry, in his glo - ry, He shall ap - pear in his glo - - ry.
ry, he shall ap - pear in his glo - ry, He shall appear in his glo - ry.
ry, in his glo - - ry, He shall ap - pear in his glo - - ry.

Sym.
Treble Solo. Affettuoso.
O pray for the peace of Je
ru . sa . lem, they shall pros . per that love thee, that love . . thee.
CHORUS.
Peace be with - in thy walls, Peace be with - in thy walls, Peace be with - in thy
Peace be within thy walls, Peace be within thy walls,
Animato.
Peace be within thy walls, Peace be within thy walls, Peace be within thy
Peace be within thy walls, Peace be within thy walls,

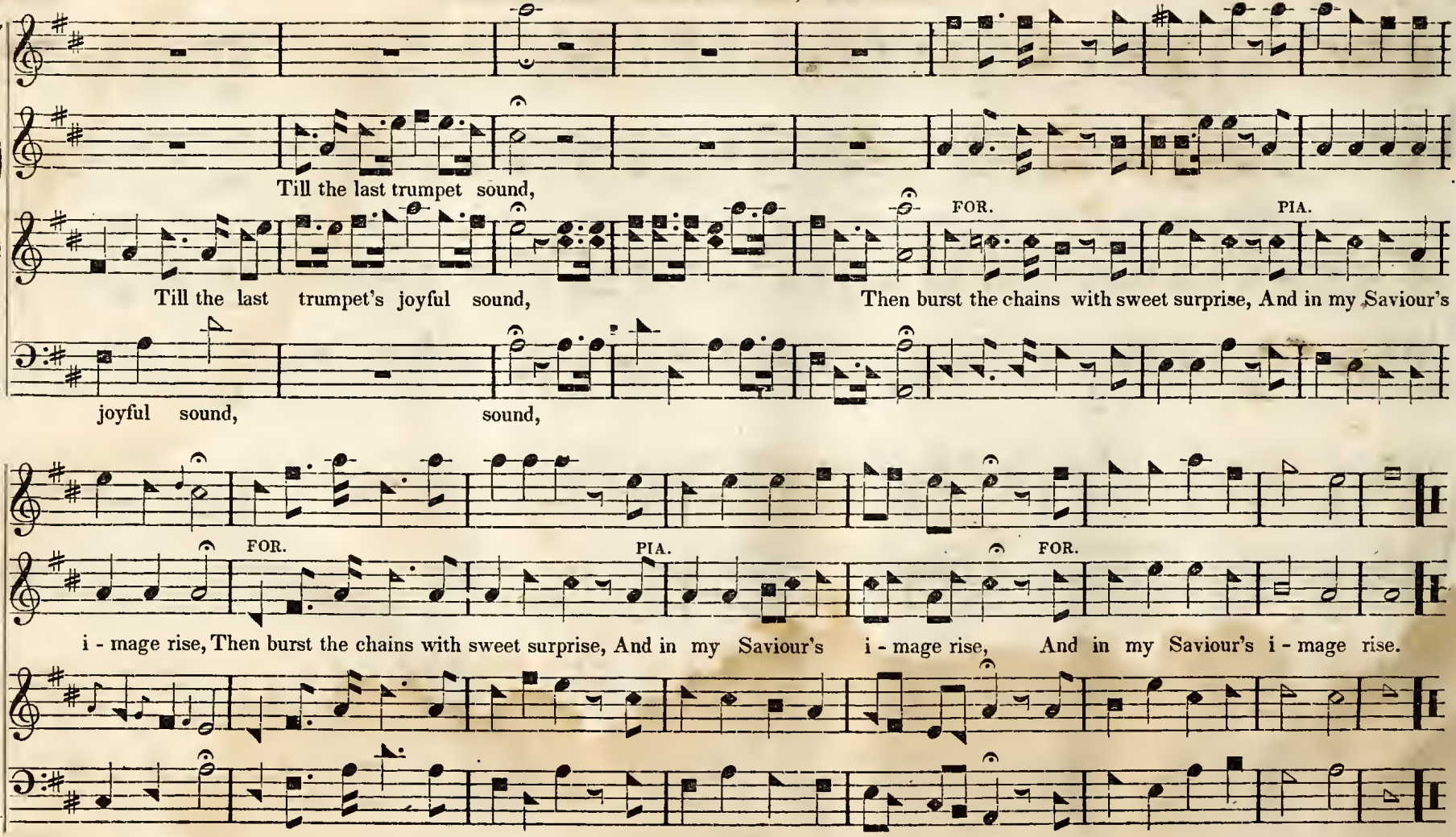

SEMI-CHORUS.
walls, And plenteousness with - in thy pa - la - ces. O pray for the peace, the
Peace, And plenteousness with - in thy pa - la - ces. O pray for the peace, the
Sym.
Largo e Piano.
walls, And plenteousness with - in thy pa - la - ces. O pray for the peace, the
Peace, And plenteousness with - in thy pa - la - ces. O pray for the peace the
CHORUS. Vivace.
peace of Je - ru - sa - lem; Peace be with - in thy walls, Peace be be with - in
peace of Je - ru - sa lem; Peace be with - in thy walls,
peace of Je - ru - sa - lem; Peace be with - in thy walls, Peace be with - in thy
peace of Je - ru - sa - lem; Peace be with - in thy walls,

walls, And plenteousness with - in thy pa - la - ces.
And plenteousness with - in thy pa - la - ces, And plenteousness with - in thy pa - la - ces.
walls, And plenteousness with - in thy pa - la - ces, And plenteousness with - in thy pa - la - ces.
Peace be within thy walls, And plenteousness with - in thy pa - la - ces.
SOLO. TENOR.
This shall be my rest for e - ver, Here will I dwell, for I have a de -
light there - in, Here will I dwe - - - ll for I have a de - light there - in.
Here will I dwell for I

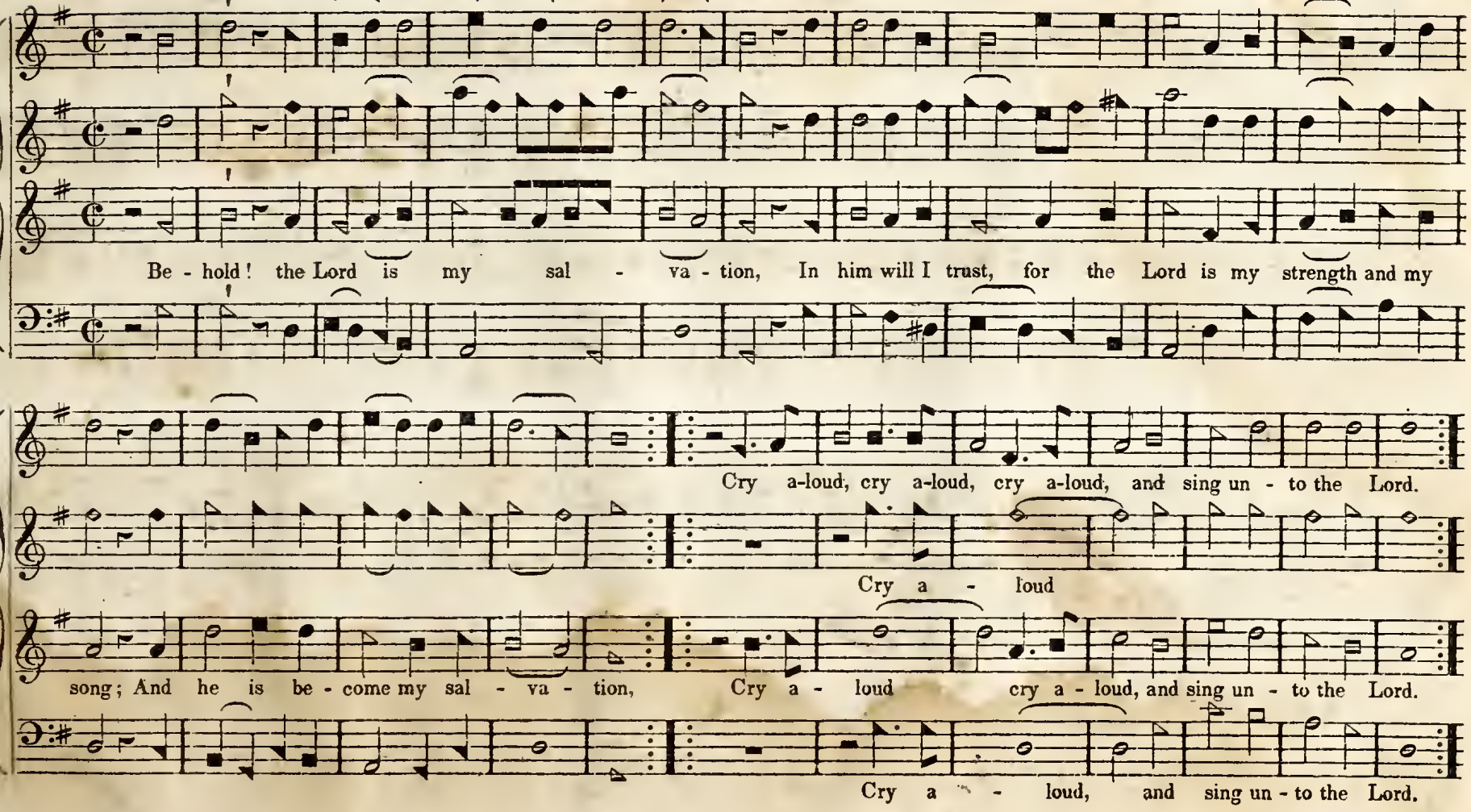
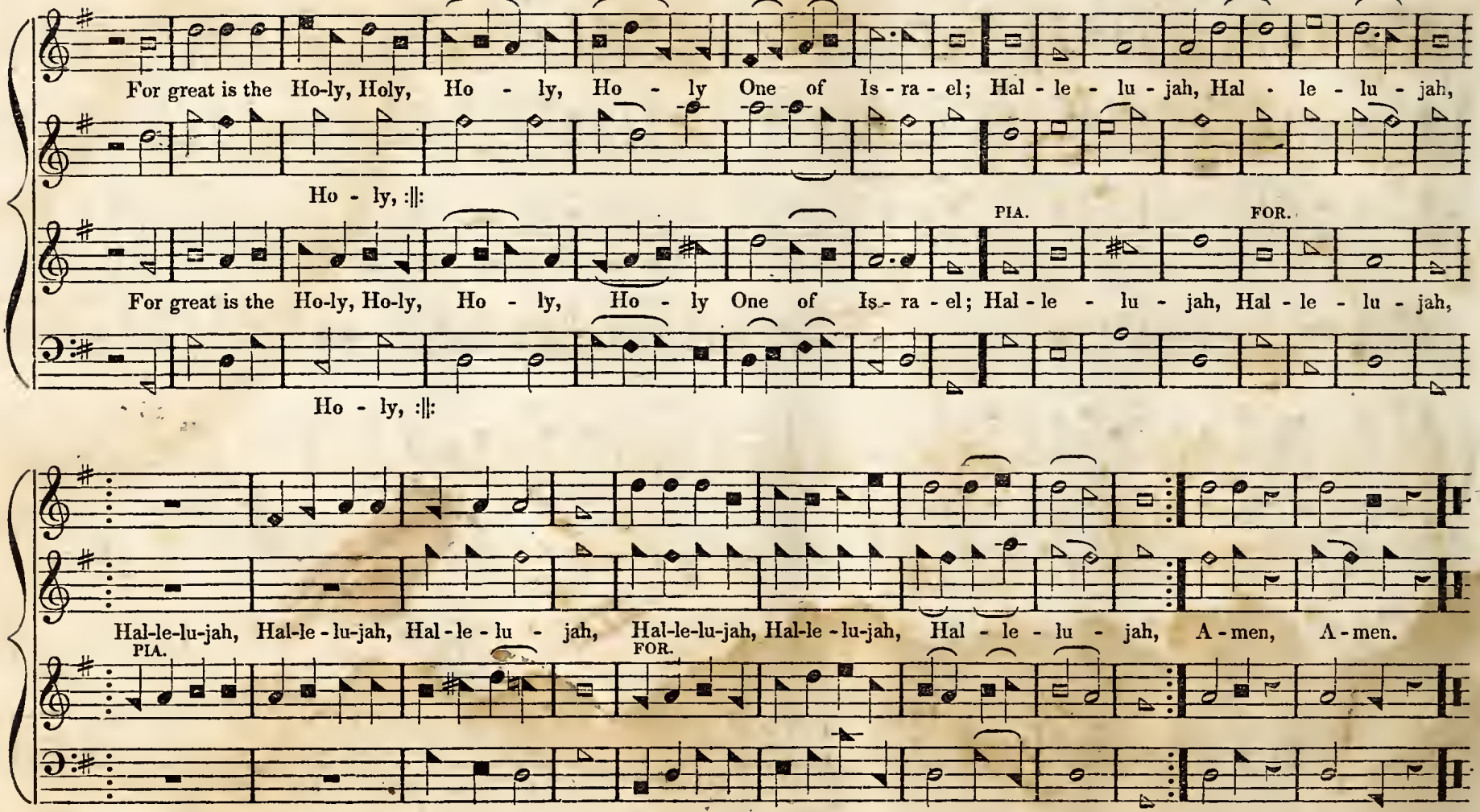
ANTHEM, Concluded.

SEMI-CHORUS.
CHORUS. Vivace.
O pray for the peace, the peace of Je - ru - sa - lem; Peace be within thy walls, Peace be within thy walls,
O pray for the peace, the peace of Je - ru - sa - lem; Peace be within thy walls, And
Largo e Piano.
FOR.
O pray for the peace, the peace of Je - ru - sa - lem; Peace be within thy walls, Peace be within thy walls, And
O pray for the peace, the peace of Je - ru - sa - lem; Peace be within thy walls, Peace be within thy
And plen-teous-ness with - in thy pa - la - ces. A - men, A - men.
plenteousness with - in thy pa - la - ces, And plenteousness within thy pa - la - ces.
PIA.
FOR.
plenteousness within thy pa - la - ces, And plenteousness with - in thy pa - la - ces. A - men, A - men.
walls, And plenteousness with - in thy pa - la - ces.

Larghetto.
Our souls by love to - ge - ther knit, ce - ment - ed mix in one, One hope, one heart, one
mind, one voice, 'tis heaven on earth be - gun. Our hearts have burn'd while Je-sus spake, and
glow'd with sacred fire; He stopp'd, and talk'd, and fed, and bless'd, and fill'd th' enlarg'd de - sire.

CHORUS. Allegretto.
A Saviour, let cre - a - tion sing, A Saviour, let all heaven ring; He's God with us, we
feel him ours, This ful - ness in our souls he pours: 'Tis almost done, 'tis almost o'er, We're
joining those who're gone before, We then shall meet to part no more, We then shall meet to part no more.

Grazioso.
Come, an - gels, tune your harps of gold, The song - - of love - to man unfold, Assist our joys, ex-
Assist our
Then glo - ry, glory, glo - ry, glory, glo - ry,
alt - - your praise, an - o - ther sin - ner sav'd by grace Glo - ry, glory, glo - ry,
joys, exalt your

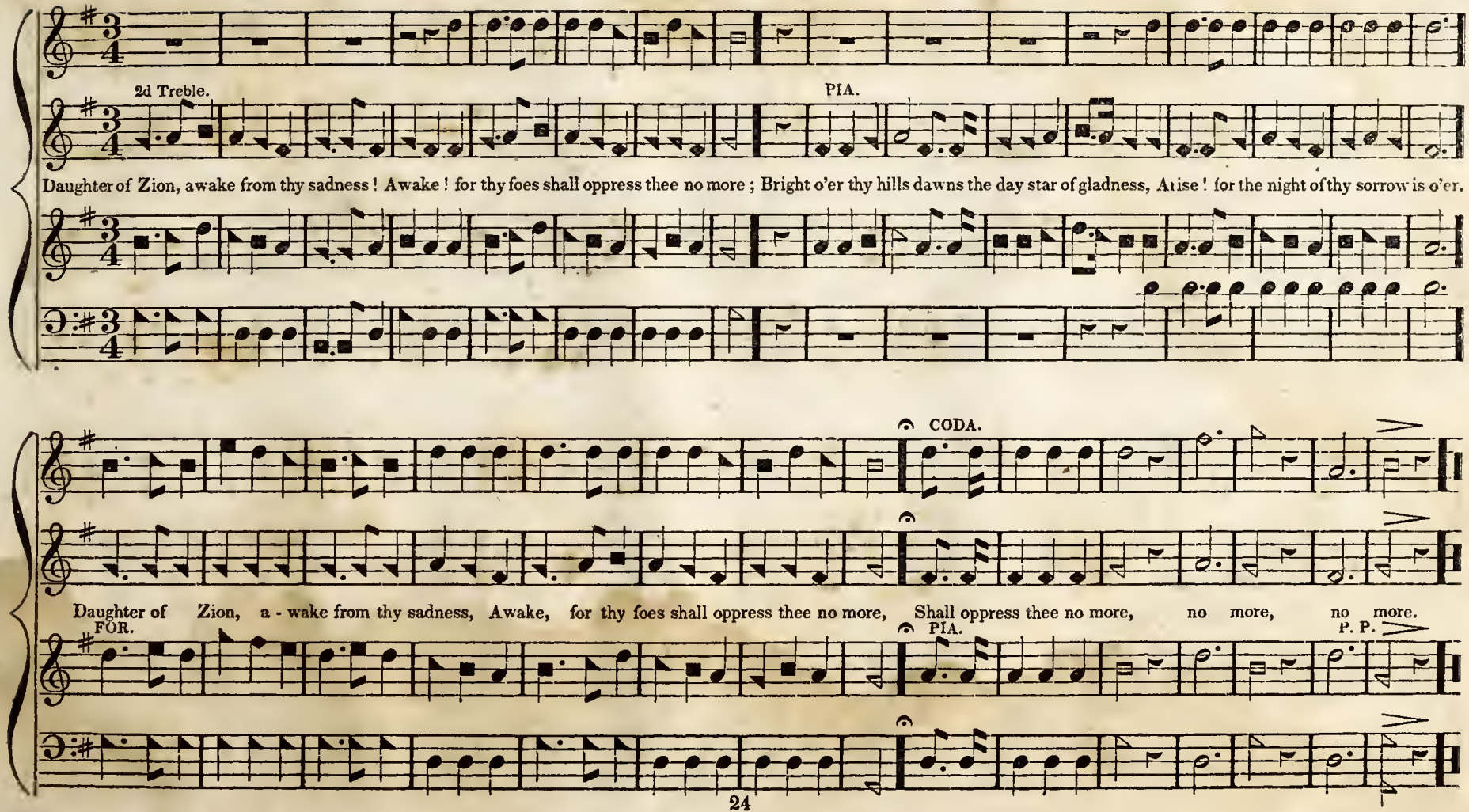
HOSANNAH, Continued.

Glory let - us sing, while heav'n and earth with praises ring, while heav'n and earth with praises ring.
Glory let us
CHORUS.
Andante.
Ho-
Ho - sannah, Ho - sannah, Ho - sannah to the Lamb of God, to the Lamb of God.

Ho - san - nah
Ho - san - nah
san - nah
Ho - san - nah to the Lamb of God, to the
Ho - san - nah
Lamb of God, Ho - san - nah to the Lamb of God, Ho - san - nah to the Lamb of God.

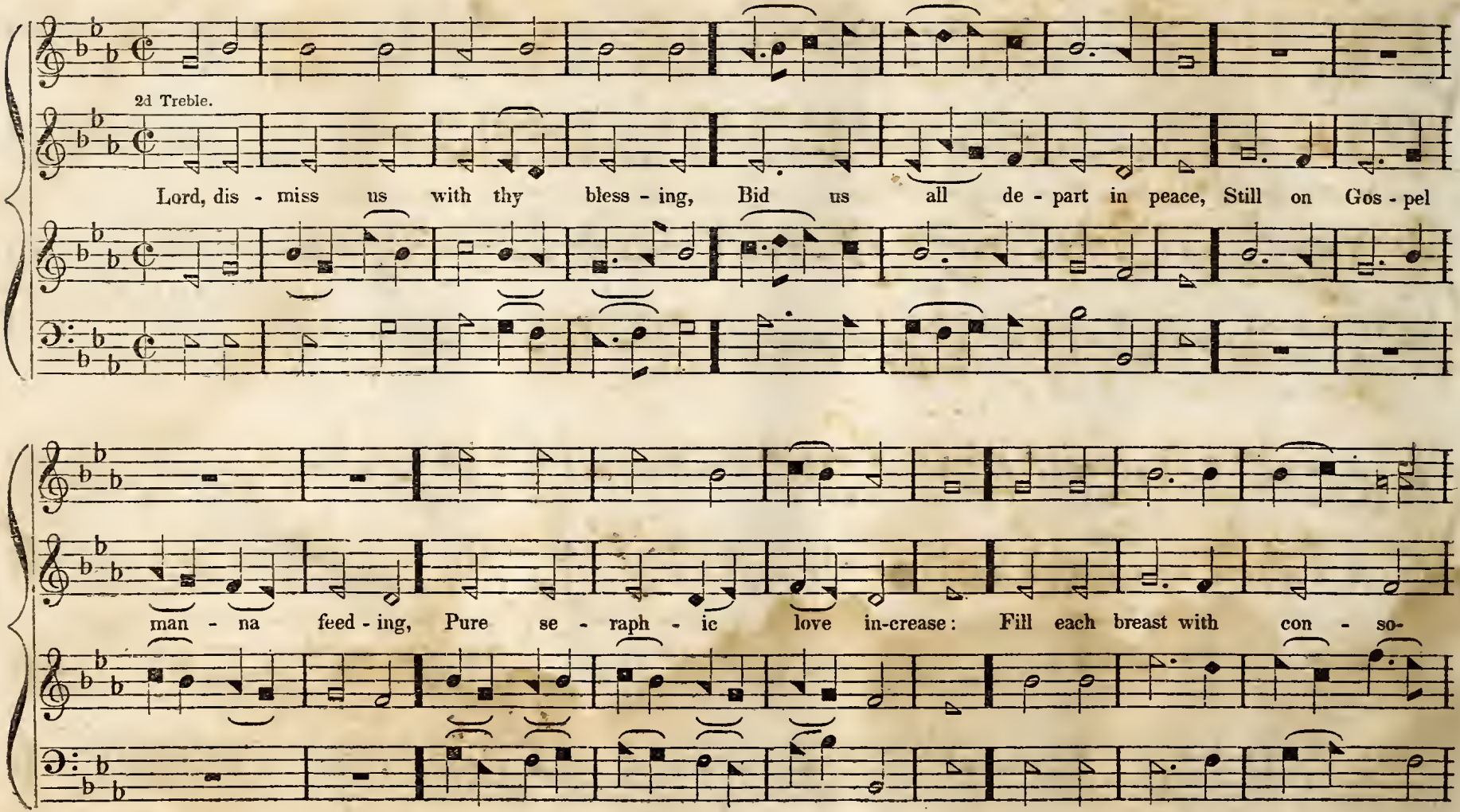

Largo e Piano.
This life's a dream, an emp - ty show: But the bright world to which I go, Hath joys substan - tial and sin - cere; When
shall I wake and find me there? When shall I wake and find me there? O glorious hope! O blest a - bode! I shall be near and

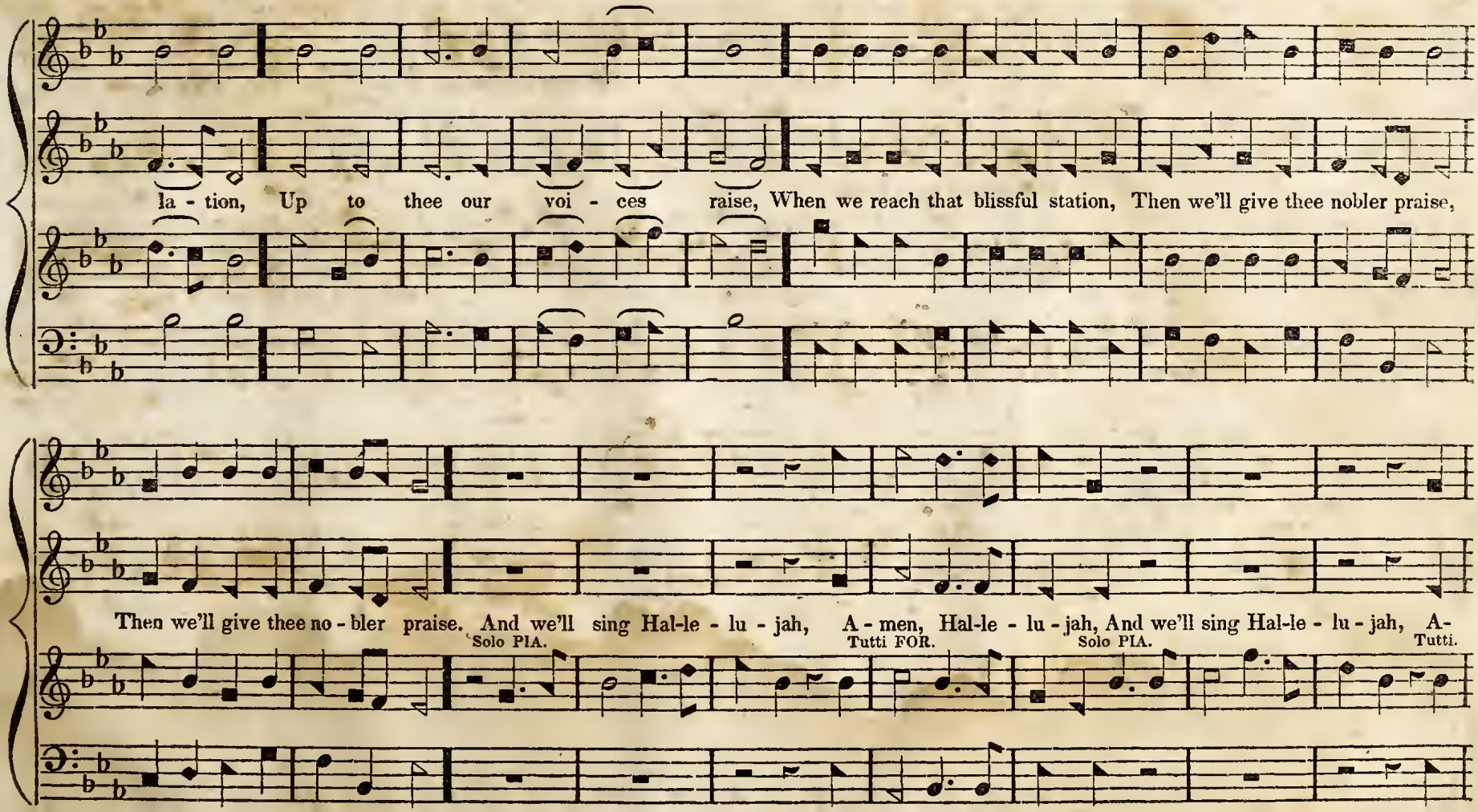
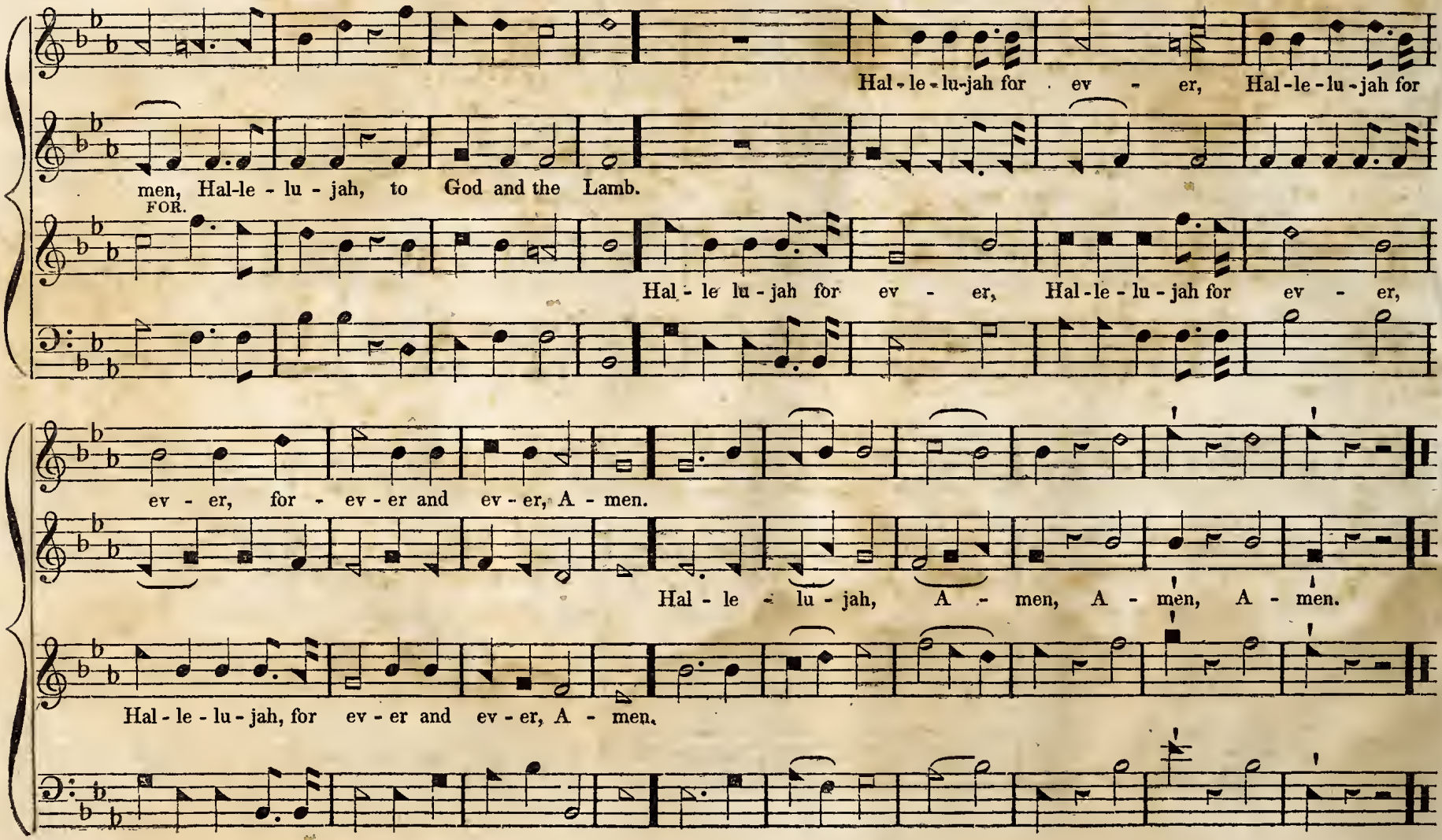
MOUNT VERNON, Continued.

FOR.
like my God; And flesh and sin no more control The sacred pleasures of the soul, The sacred pleasures of the soul.
PIA.
My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Grave. PIA.
Trumpet.
Pomposo.
My flesh shall slumber in the ground, Till the last trumpet

MOUNT VERNON, Concluded.

Till the last trumpet sound,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound,
FOR.
PIA.
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise, And in my Saviour's
joyful sound,
sound,
FOR.
PIA.
FOR.
i - mage rise, Then burst the chains with sweet surprise, And in my Saviour's i - mage rise, And in my Saviour's i - mage rise.


Be - hold! the Lord is my sal - va - tion, In him will I trust, for the Lord is my strength and my
Cry a-loud, cry a-loud, cry a-loud, and sing un - to the Lord.
Cry a - loud
song; And he is be - come my sal - va - tion, Cry a - loud cry a - loud, and sing un - to the Lord.
Cry a - loud, and sing un - to the Lord.

For great is the Ho-ly, Holy, Ho - ly, Ho - ly One of Is - ra - el; Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah,
Ho - ly, :‖:
PIA.
FOR.
For great is the Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly One of Is - ra - el; Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah,
Ho - ly, :‖:
Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu - jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, A - men.
PIA.
FOR.


2d Treble.
PIA.
Daughter of Zion, awake from thy sadness! Awake! for thy foes shall oppress thee no more; Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day star of gladness, Arise! for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.
CODA.
Daughter of Zion, a - wake from thy sadness, Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more, Shall oppress thee no more, no more, no more.
FOR.
PIA.
P. P.

LORD, DISMISS US WITH THY BLESSING.

2d Treble.
Lord, dis - miss us with thy bless - ing, Bid us all de - part in peace, Still on Gos - pel
man - na feed - ing, Pure se - raph - ic love in-crease: Fill each breast with con - so-


la - tion, Up to thee our voi - ces raise, When we reach that blissful station, Then we'll give thee nobler praise,
Then we'll give thee no - bler praise. And we'll sing Hal-le - lu - jah, A - men, Hal-le - lu - jah, And we'll sing Hal-le - lu - jah, A-
Solo PIA.
Tutti FOR.
Solo PIA.
Tutti.

Hal - le - lu - jah for ev - er, Hal - le - lu - jah for
men, Hal-le - lu - jah, to God and the Lamb.
FOR.
Hal - le lu - jah for ev - er, Hal - le - lu - jah for ev - er,
ev - er, for - ev - er and ev - er, A - men.
Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, A - men, A - men.
Hal - le - lu - jah, for ev - er and ev - er, A - men.

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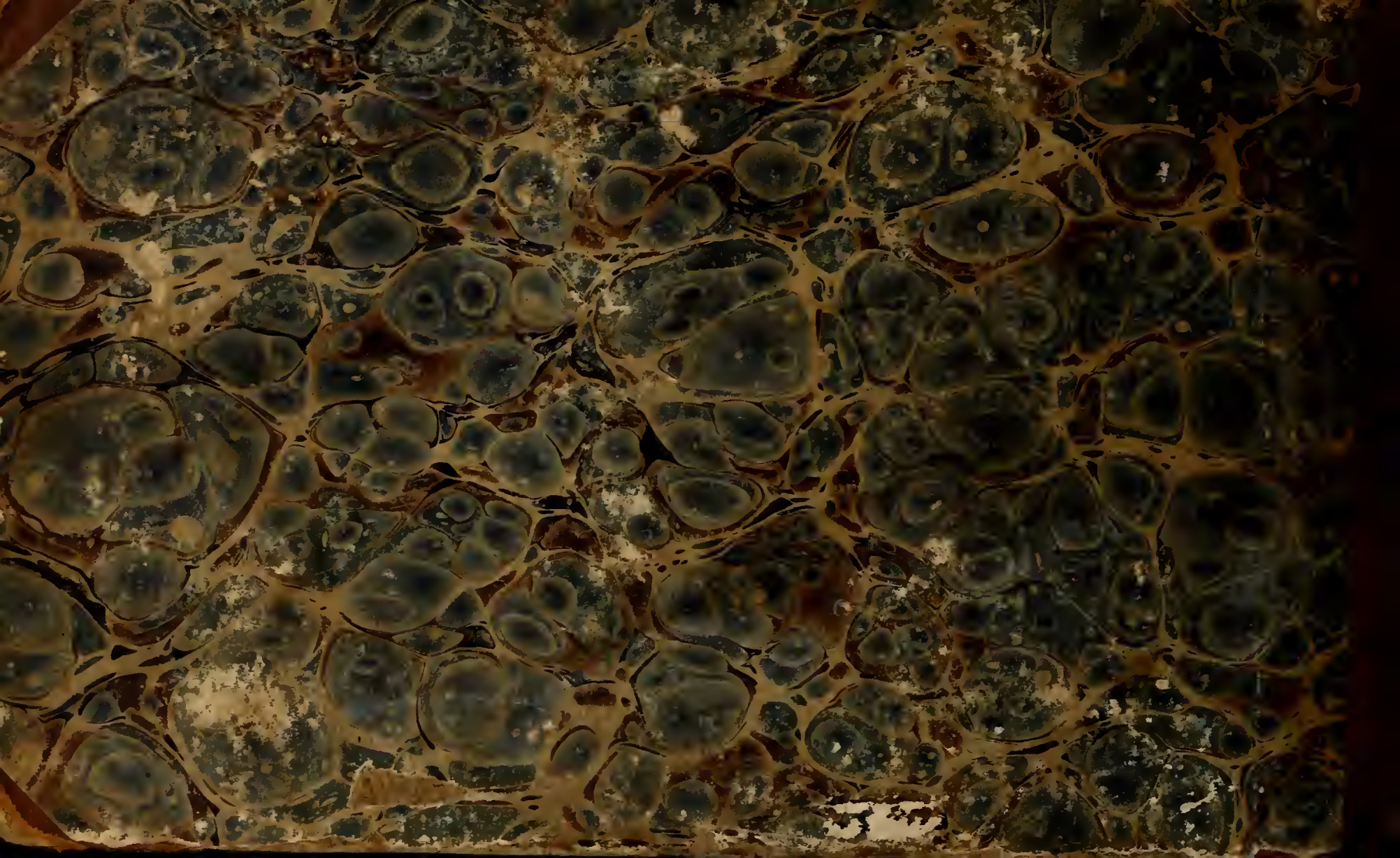
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